F WAR COMES, WHAT WILL IRELAND DO? BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

JULY 29,
1939

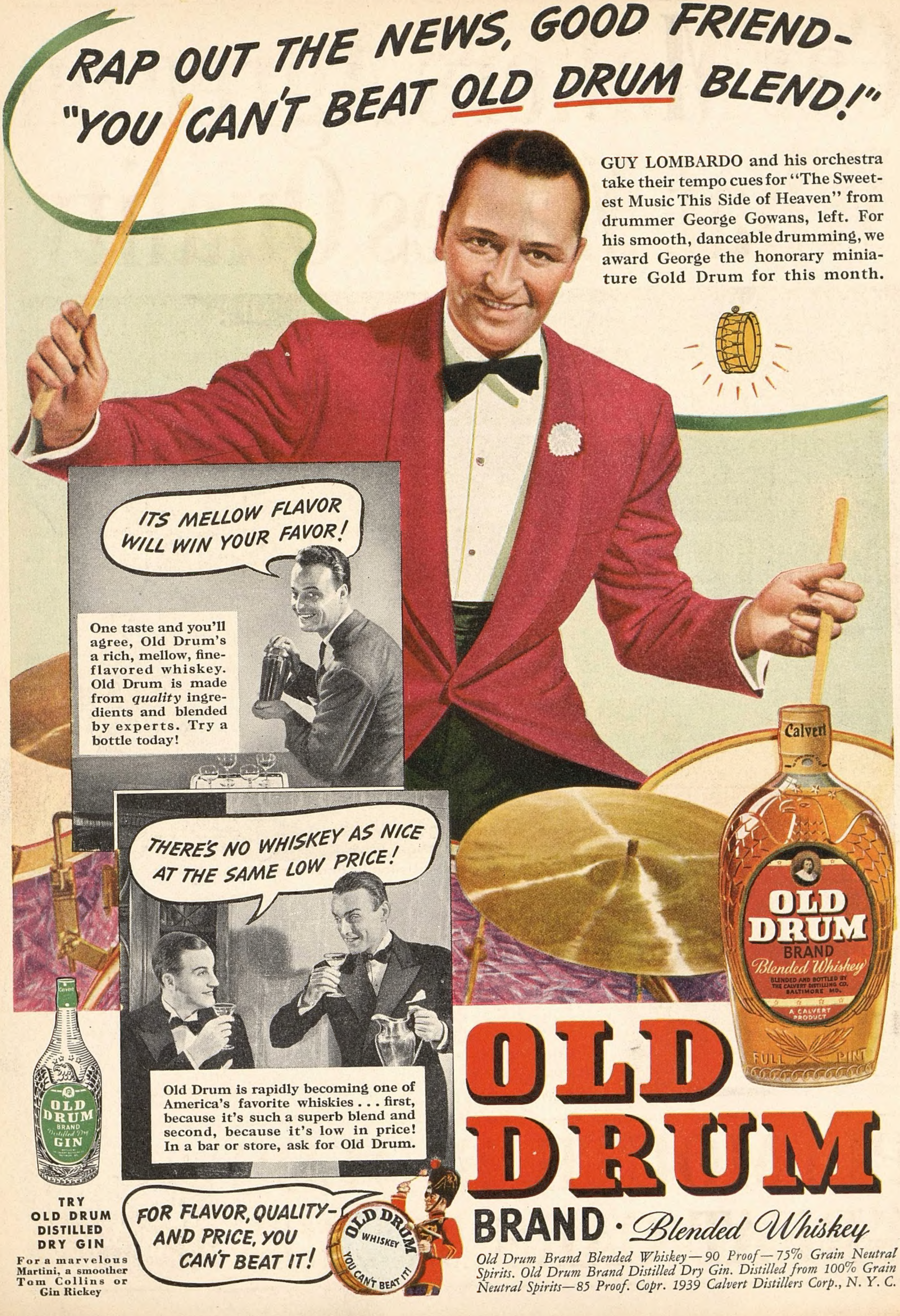
★ Liberty

5¢

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN AND THE JEWS—A LIE SMASHED!

I HAD A BABY AFTER FORTY

RAP OUT THE NEWS, GOOD FRIEND– "YOU CAN'T BEAT OLD DRUM BLEND!"


ITS MELLOW FLAVOR WILL WIN YOUR FAVOR!
THERE'S NO WHISKEY AS NICE AT THE SAME LOW PRICE!
Calvert
OLD DRUM BRAND Blended Whiskey
BLENDED AND BOTTLED BY THE CALVERT DISTILLING CO. BALTIMORE MD.
A CALVERT PRODUCT
FULL PINT
OLD DRUM BRAND Distilled Dry GIN
FOR FLAVOR, QUALITY– AND PRICE, YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!
OLD DRUM WHISKEY YOU CAN'T BEAT IT!

GUY LOMBARDO and his orchestra take their tempo cues for "The Sweetest Music This Side of Heaven" from drummer George Gowans, left. For his smooth, danceable drumming, we award George the honorary miniature Gold Drum for this month.

One taste and you'll agree, Old Drum's a rich, mellow, fine-flavored whiskey. Old Drum is made from *quality* ingredients and blended by experts. Try a bottle today!

Old Drum is rapidly becoming one of America's favorite whiskies . . . first, because it's such a superb blend and second, because it's low in price! In a bar or store, ask for Old Drum.

TRY OLD DRUM DISTILLED DRY GIN

For a marvelous Martini, a smoother Tom Collins or Gin Rickey

OLD DRUM

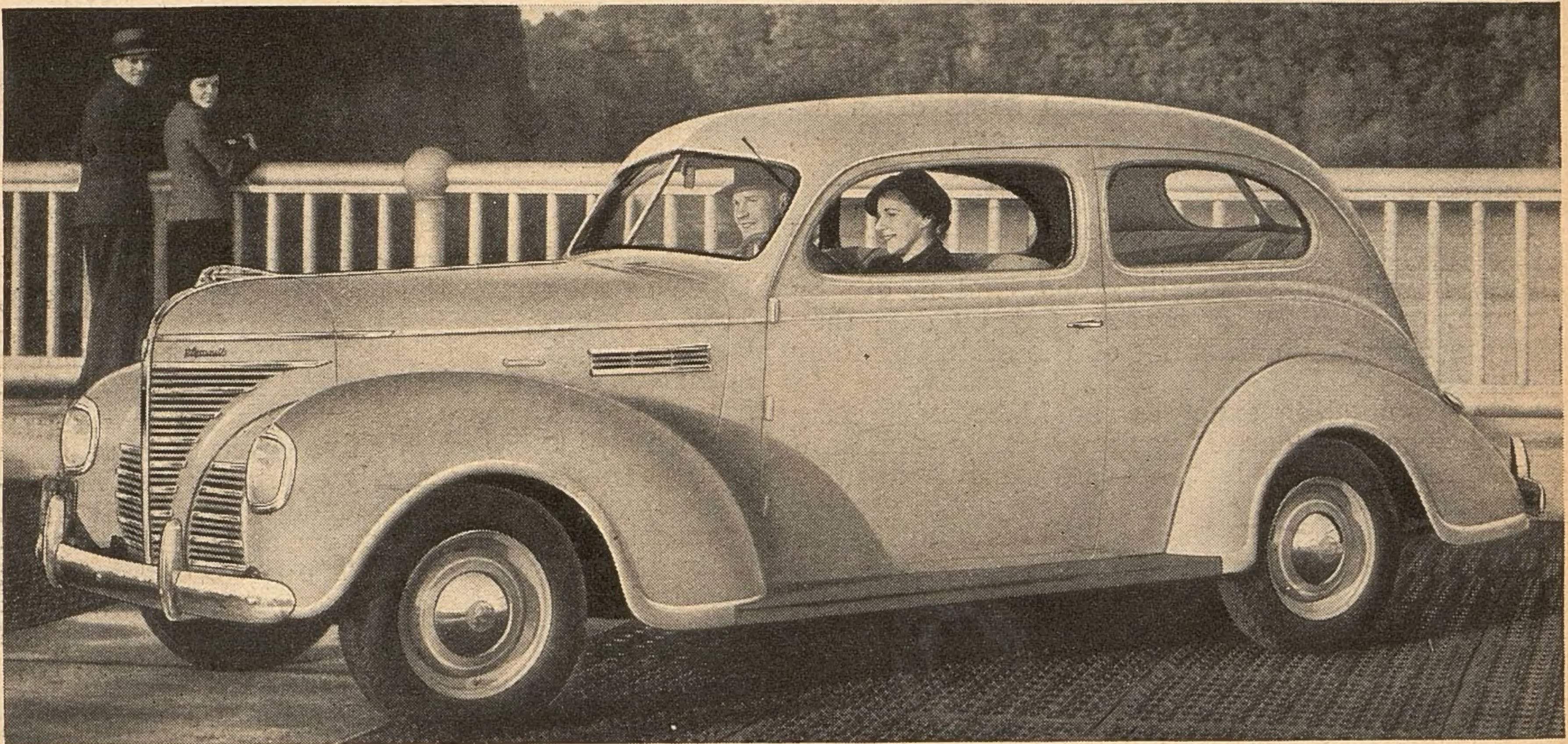
BRAND · *Blended Whiskey*

Old Drum Brand Blended Whiskey—90 Proof—75% Grain Neutral Spirits. Old Drum Brand Distilled Dry Gin. Distilled from 100% Grain Neutral Spirits—85 Proof. Copr. 1939 Calvert Distillers Corp., N. Y. C.

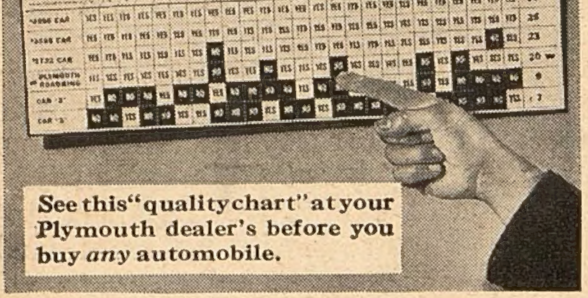
Car Makers Agree on What Makes Quality

YOU'LL FIND Most High-Priced Cars Resemble each other on 25 Important Features. Car Makers Agree on the Fundamental Quality of these 25 Points!

But How do "All 3" Low-Priced Cars Compare on these Same Features?
PLYMOUTH ***Has 20***
CAR "2" ***Has 9...*** **CAR "3"** ***Has 7***



BIGGEST OF "ALL THREE" low-priced cars, Plymouth has time-proven Hydraulic Brakes and Floating Power engine mountings!



See this "quality chart" at your Plymouth dealer's before you buy *any* automobile.

No guesswork here...Plymouth *is* the one low-priced car most like high-priced cars! Note a few of the 25 big features car makers agree spell extra quality:

- X-Braced Frame
- Four Rings per Piston
- "L-Head" Engine
- Coil Springs—(All Models!)

The Plymouth "Roadking" has 20 of the 25 features...the De Luxe has 24!

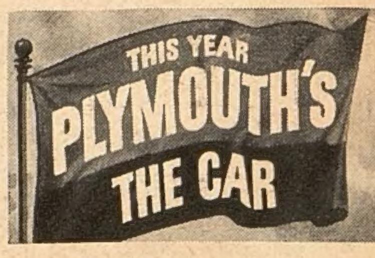
COUPES START AT $645
SEDANS START AT $685

—DELIVERED IN DETROIT. Plymouth prices include all federal taxes; transportation and state, local taxes, if any, not included. **EASY TO BUY.** Trade now. Your present car will probably cover a large part of Plymouth's low delivered price—balance in low monthly instalments. PLYMOUTH DIVISION OF CHRYSLER CORPORATION, Detroit, Michigan.

TUNE IN MAJOR BOWES' AMATEUR HOUR, C. B. S. NETWORK, THURSDAYS, 9 TO 10 P. M., E. D. S. T.

PLYMOUTH BUILDS GREAT CARS

THE "ROADKING"
THE "DE LUXE"



JULY 29, 1939 **Liberty** VOL. 16, NO. 30

BERNARR MACFADDEN
PUBLISHER

FULTON OURSLER
EDITOR IN CHIEF

HEYWORTH CAMPBELL
ART EDITOR

A RECKLESS, SPENDTHRIFT GOVERNMENT

BERNARR MACFADDEN

We hear many comments at this time about balancing the budget. The average individual has but faint understanding of this subject. He earns a certain amount of money that comes to him each payday, and he tries to "make ends meet."

Many are tempted to buy beyond their means, and debts often accumulate. There are, however, but few of our citizens who budget their expenses.

Every business intelligently managed schedules (budgets) expenses for each year in advance. They know how much they will spend, and month by month, or even in some cases day by day, they have a clear understanding of the status of their business.

Now, budgeting expenses should be made clear to every householder. If you are earning, say, $150 a month, if your living expenses are restricted to keep within that amount, you are complying with requirements referred to as budgeting, and if your expenses are kept within your income, your budget is balanced.

Or, in other words, you are not living beyond your income.

Now, if your income is $150 a month and you spend $200 or $250 month after month, your indebtedness increases until finally you cannot pay your bills, and you are unable to buy anything on credit . . . you have to pay cash for everything you purchase.

If you are conducting a business and you make the same mistake, ultimately you become insolvent and end in the bankruptcy courts.

Balancing the budget in a household or in a business means identically the same thing as it does for the government.

The government has been collecting five or six billion dollars a year from all sources, and has been spending from eight to ten billion dollars, almost twice the amount collected.

Beginning July 1, the next fiscal year, the expenses of the federal government have been estimated as follows:

Normal government expenses (including Social Security) approximately	$2,000,000,000
National Defense	1,386,000,000
Relief and Public Works	2,916,000,000
Veterans' payments and interest on Public Debt	1,596,000,000
Agriculture	1,493,000,000
Total	$9,391,000,000
Increase of expenses from 1927 to 1932	+ 66 per cent
1932 to 1939	+116 per cent
1927 to 1939	+259 per cent

The total federal expenditures, excluding Post Office expenses for the seven years from July 1, 1932, to June 30, 1939, will amount to $53,000,000,000, twice as much as the national government spent since its time of creation in 1789 to 1916—a period of 127 years.

With an income of only five or six billion dollars to meet this gigantic yearly expense, some governmental officials are still wondering why investors are scared . . . why they are doubtful of the stability of our government. The government cannot spend beyond its income year after year without entirely destroying its credit, which means complete insolvency, destruction of all values, currency, government bonds, etc.

The credit of this government is limited, just the same as any business or corporation. An artificial value can be maintained by the government through buying bonds and other governmental properties, but such a procedure cannot be continued indefinitely, and most members of Congress seem resigned to a continuance of the reckless extravagance initiated by this administration.

Realizing as they apparently have that there is no hope of balancing the budget, there appears to be no limit to their demands for government money.

"God help our country!" is an exclamation that will come from the lips of every well balanced intelligent citizen as he views this wild untrammeled waste of the assets of this nation.

Bernarr Macfadden

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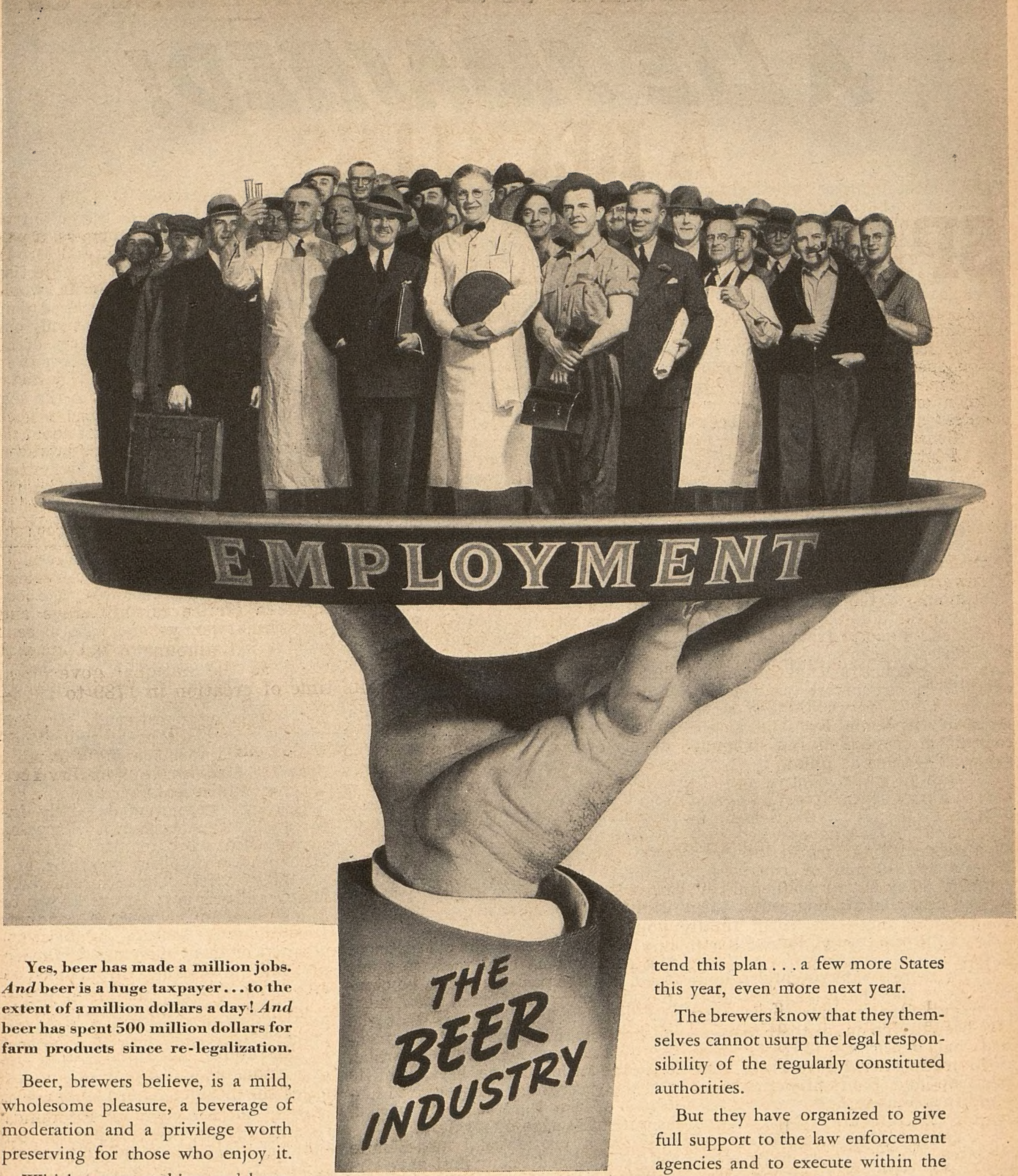
BEER . . . A BEVERAGE OF MODERATION FOR THE NATION



Yes, beer has made a million jobs. *And* beer is a huge taxpayer . . . to the extent of a million dollars a day! *And* beer has spent 500 million dollars for farm products since re-legalization.

Beer, brewers believe, is a mild, wholesome pleasure, a beverage of moderation and a privilege worth preserving for those who enjoy it.

Which means making and keeping beer retailing as wholesome as beer itself.

So . . . to protect the vast number of responsible retailers, the brewers are now carefully developing in selected areas a program unusual in American business: A "clean-up or close-up" plan. The plan is one of strict local self-regulation in conjunction with local law enforcement authorities. Results already realized in several States encourage us to extend this plan . . . a few more States this year, even more next year.

The brewers know that they themselves cannot usurp the legal responsibility of the regularly constituted authorities.

But they have organized to give full support to the law enforcement agencies and to execute within the industry a strict code of social responsibility.

* * *

FREE *booklet describing details of this plan, will be sent on request to United Brewers Industrial Foundation, Dept. C5, 21 E. 40th St., New York.*

. . . IT HELPS SUPPORT A MILLION FAMILIES

BENJAMIN FRANKLIN and A LIE SMASHED!

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

THE most important political figure—the most widely quoted and perhaps the most influential—in last fall's gubernatorial campaign in New York State was not Governor Herbert H. Lehman, great in victory, or District Attorney Thomas E. Dewey, great in defeat — but Benjamin Franklin.

Poor Richard made just one campaign speech—or so it is alleged—and he made it not in Madison Square Garden on election eve but over a hundred and fifty years ago, before the Constitutional Convention at Philadelphia. It was, or purported to be, a violent attack on Jews.

The voters of New York State got it in pamphlets and handbills left in trains, buses, public waiting rooms and lavatories; in chain letters sent, contrary to law, through the United States mails.

Versions of the so-called "prophecy" varied. The most common one—headed "Excerpt from the Journal of Charles Pinckney of South Carolina, of the Constitutional Convention of 1789 [the correct year is, of course, 1787] regarding the statement of Benjamin Franklin at the convention concerning Jewish immigration"—reads as follows:

"There is great danger for the United States of America. This great danger is the Jew. Gentlemen, in every land the Jews have settled, they have depressed the moral level and lowered the degree of commercial honesty. They have remained a-part and un-assimilated; oppressed, they attempt to strangle the nation financially, as in the case of Portugal and Spain.

"For more than seventeen hundred years they have lamented their sorrowful fate—namely, that they have been driven out of their motherland; but, gentlemen, if the civilized world today should give them back Palestine and their property, they would immediately find pressing reason for not returning there. Why? . . . Because they are vampires and vampires cannot live on other vampires—they cannot live among themselves. They must live among Christians and others who do not belong to their race.

"If they are not expelled from the United States by the Constitution within less than one hundred years, they will stream into this country in such numbers that they will rule and destroy us and change our form of Government for which we Americans shed our blood and sacrificed our life, property and personal freedom. If the Jews are not excluded within two hundred years, our children will be working in the fields to feed Jews while they remain in counting houses, gleefully rubbing their hands.

"I warn you, gentlemen, if you do not exclude the Jews forever, your children and your children's children will curse you in their graves. Their ideas are not those of Americans, even when they lived among us for ten generations. The leopard cannot change his spots. The Jews are a danger to this land and if they are allowed to enter, they will imperil our institutions. They should be excluded by the Constitution."

Of course this is not the first time that religious and racial prejudice has reared its ugly head on the American political scene. But with the rise of Hitlerism, attacks on both Jews and Catholics on this side of the water have gathered force and bitterness.

Some of the Jew-haters and Pope-haters are obviously ignorant fanatics. But others are clever professional publicists and propagandists, with offices and office staffs, operating openly over their own names or the names of companies or associations.

Compared with current statements and activities of living Jew-baiters, the 150-year-old alleged phrases of Benjamin Franklin may seem rather mild. There are two potent reasons, however, why they have become far more influential than any other factor in the campaign for anti-Semitism in America.

The first reason is the character of the man who is said to have made them and the position which he occupies in the imagination of the American people. The other is that the alleged warning is clothed in the mantle of that awesome respect which clings to antiquity and, because of its not being recorded in recognized histories of the Revolutionary period, acquires the aura of mystery.

When a professional anti-Semite publicist named Pelley first gave circulation in February, 1934, to the supposed excerpt from the Pinckney "private diary," which he said the author called "Chit-chat around the Table during Intermissions," scholars, historians, and literate persons generally gave it little attention.

According to any accepted standards of reputable scholarship, authorities on the Revolutionary period were justified in treating this unsupported specimen of alleged Franklinana as beneath consideration.

Mr. Pelley—who is head of an organization known as Silver Shirts, which is, as its name implies, a pale copy of Europe's Black and Brown Shirts—swept aside the objection that the diary, if authentic, would certainly have been discovered long ago, with the assertion that only one copy, said to be the property of an unidentified Pinckney descendant in Georgia, had escaped the devastation of Sherman's march to the sea.

American scholarship had a good laugh on that one, and went about its business. Nazi publicists, however, were less willing to drop the matter. Beginning in August, 1934, anti-Semite organs and news agencies in Europe began reissuing the diatribe, sometimes ascribing it to American and sometimes to German sources.

The following month an American publicist named Edmondson, who conducts a service for brokerage and investment houses and others, sent out to his subscribers a somewhat different version of the "prophecy," similar in intent but varying greatly in phraseology.

Upon being questioned, Mr. Edmondson stated that he understood that the document had "emanated from Mr. Madison Grant of New York City, unauthenticated."

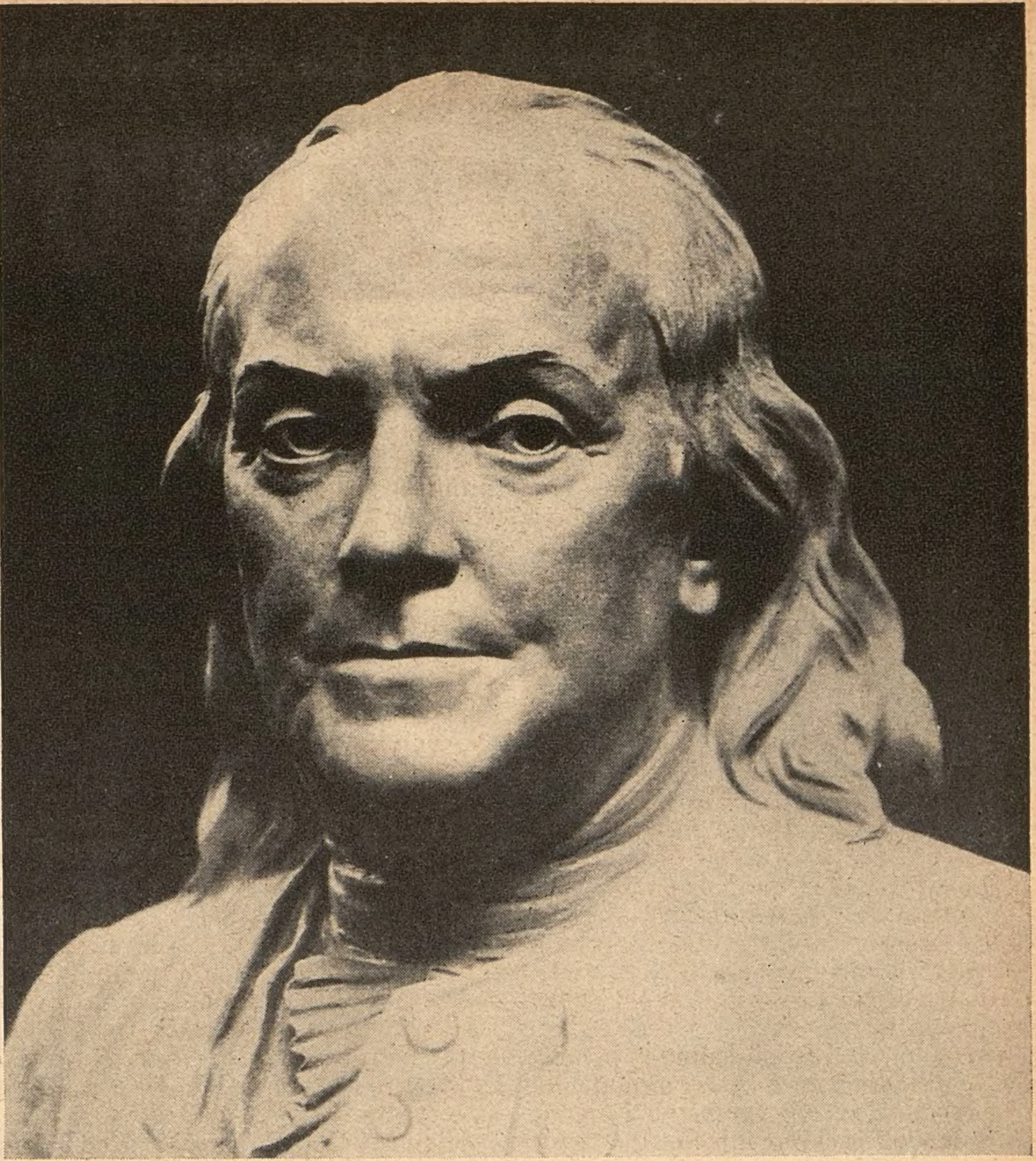
Scholars were now definitely interested, from their own viewpoint of historical enlightenment, because, although the prophecy might be, and probably was, "unauthenticated," Mr. Grant was not; he was known to be a student and collector of standing. Dr. Charles A. Beard, Columbia University's eminent historian, forthwith pursued the subject with that zeal as an investigator for which he is famed.

"I wrote to Mr. Grant on October 20," said Professor Beard, "asking him to be good enough to tell me where I could find the original document. In reply, Mr. Grant stated that some years ago he had received what 'purported' to be a copy of Franklin's remarks before the convention in Philadelphia, but had 'no information whatever as to the authenticity of the paper.'"

The historian then consulted various other authorities on the Franklin and Pinckney period with uniformly negative results.

"I still had the historian's suspicion," Beard continued, "that there might be somewhere in Franklin's writings one or more remarks derogatory to the Jews, which could furnish some slender basis for the fabrication. So I searched Franklin's writings myself, and had searches made

e JEWS-



An investigation of one of those cruel tales that malicious anti-Semites like to whisper

BY FREDERICK LEWIS

by scholarly assistants in the available records, including the vast collections of Frankliniana in Philadelphia. I have sought the alleged Diary of Pinckney.

"All these searches have produced negative results. I cannot find a single original source that gives the slightest justification for believing that the 'Prophecy' is anything more than a barefaced forgery."

On the positive side, scholars found the "prophecy" itself the best evidence against its own authenticity.

The idea of turning the Holy Land over to the Jews, so familiar to us in these days of Zionist movements, was not, so far as is known, a thought in any one's mind in 1787. And the phraseology of the "prophecy" is not only unlike Franklin's but it is unlike that of the time in which he lived. It is not the phraseology of the eighteenth century, but of the twentieth.

So, satisfied after all this research that the Franklin "prophecy" was just another one of those things, American scholarship once more decided to forget it.

But the propagators of the apparent canard did not. After making it a feature of broadcasts throughout Germany and Italy, they decided to use it in the 1938 American campaigns. Feeling, apparently, that the vague authorities previously quoted as responsible for the "prophecy" should be replaced by a source well known to the American public, the distributors added these words:

"The Original of This Copy Is in the Franklin Institute, Philadelphia, Pa."

The librarian of the Institute immediately issued a complete denial. To make the matter official and conclusive, the Franklin Institute's distinguished director, Mr. Henry Butler Allen, published a statement in the Institute News, official periodical of his venerable organization, in which he said:

"The Charles Pinckney 'private diary' containing Franklin's vitriolic speech is now reported to be in possession of the Franklin Institute.

"The truth is, we *do not* possess the notorious diary. In fact, we know no more about its whereabouts than we did before, and that was nothing.

"Franklin said, 'There is much difference between imitating a good man, and counterfeiting him.' We want to do a good turn wherever we can. We therefore suggest to those engaged in presumably counterfeiting a good man's language, for furthering their hellish desire to fan the flame of racial hatred, that they spend the same amount of time in doing something useful. . . .

"We suggest to our benighted friends that they read what Franklin thought about Honesty, Peace, Virtue, Religion, Industry and Citizenship."

And there the matter rests—except for the testimony of one important character witness, Benjamin Franklin. Was he a man to serve as a mouthpiece of racial and religious hatred?

Some feel that in his own life he answered that question.

Only once in all his voluminous writings did he criticize even slightly a foreign people, and that time, ironically enough, he referred to the Germans, whom he mildly took to task for not learning the English language promptly enough after their arrival on these shores!

As to his attitude toward the Jews specifically, we fortunately have positive as well as negative evidence that it was not what the anti-Semites say it was. When the Hebrew Society of Philadelphia sought to raise money for a "religious house" or synagogue, he was not only one of the signers of the appeal for contributions but personally gave five pounds to the fund.

The question naturally arises: Why, since the "prophecy" was obviously such a barefaced lie, was an attempt made to foist it on the American public?

Well, perhaps the answer is to be found in the published works of the greatest hoaxer of them all.

"A lie is believed," writes Adolf Hitler in Mein Kampf, "because of the unconditional and insolent inflexibility with which it is propagated and because it takes advantage of the sentimental and extreme sympathies of the masses. . . . Therefore something always is retained even from the most impudent of lies."

Poor Richard did not agree with Hitler about lies any more than he did about other things. He said, "A lie stands on one leg, the truth on two."

Let us hope, to the everlasting discomfiture of the ruthless defamers now libeling his name, that Poor Richard was right!

THE END

AMERICAN FAMILY

THE Cow LAUGHS LAST

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

LIFE was never dull for Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Tate. Until recently a part of the humming big business and social world of New York, they were now inconspicuous owners of a three-acre "ranch" in California. Their four children furnished the entertainment.

Rodney said, "If we'd paid more attention to them in the old days we might outguess them now."

Carol nodded. "The dear little twigs are already bent in the way they're growing. But we only find that out when we see the way they meet a new crisis."

A crisis developed with the advent of the cow. Not that the pretty creature—shining with goodness from her small hoofs to her aristocratic head with the big kind eyes—gave evidence of any proclivities toward precipitating crises. The Tates' two sons, Jonathan and Douglas, led her home one drowsy late afternoon. She came docilely enough, content as long as the spotted calf skittered at her heels.

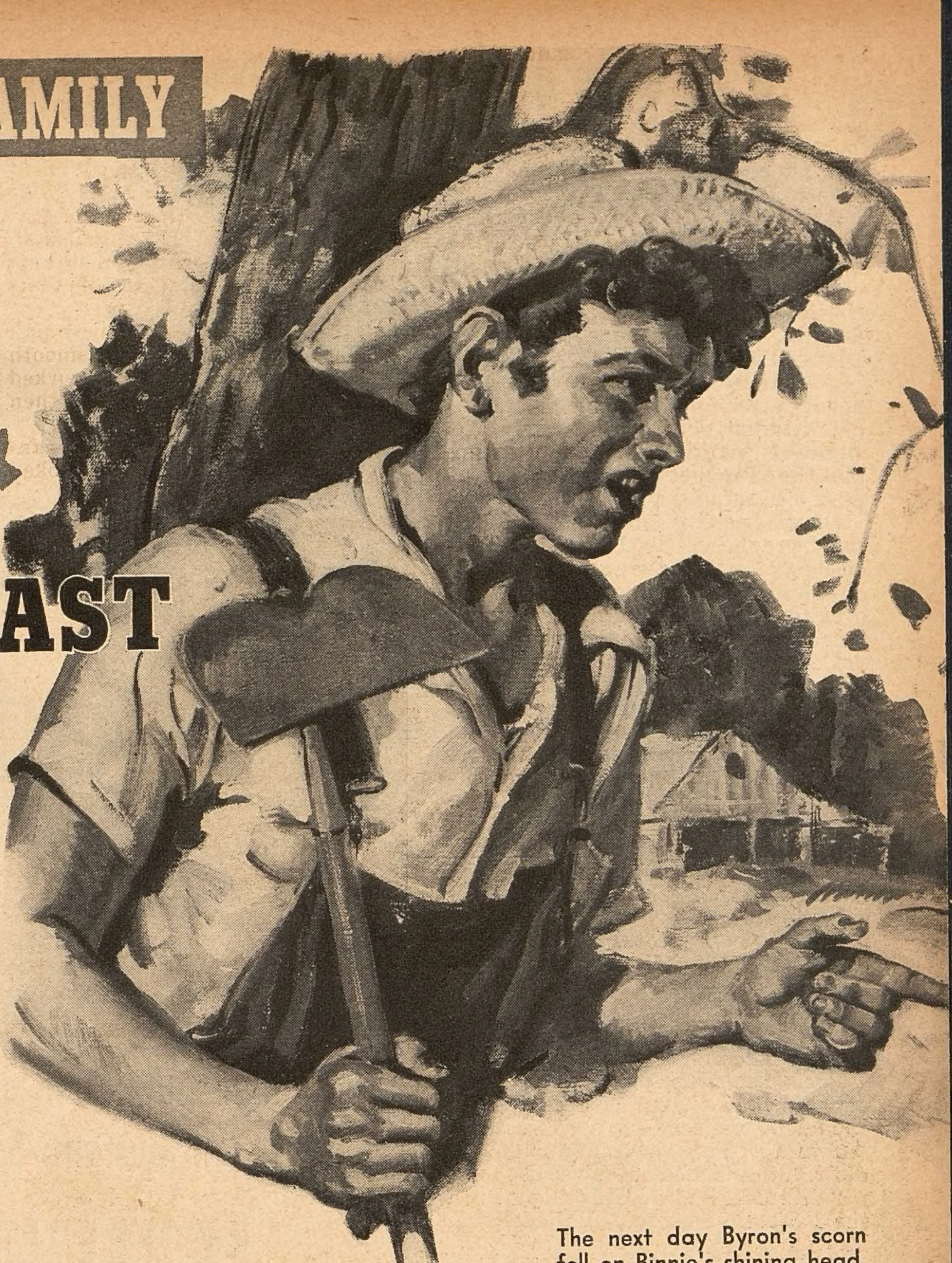
Rodney Tate strolled down to the gate to inspect her as his sons hove in sight, calling back to Carol and the girls to come and see his choice. He had driven down to the Parkers' farm the day before to effect the purchase—the first time he had left his invalid's couch for that long since arriving from New York. Paula and Binnie outstripped him to the gate.

Douglas shouted, "She gives six quarts a day!"

Rodney held the gate open for them. "You can't count on all six quarts for a while. Her calf will take some."

The small Binnie's clear hazel eyes were fastened on the calf in wonderment. "Do they always come in twos, daddy?"

"Mrs. Parker said the baby wasn't quite ready to be weaned. They'll come for it in a few days."



The next day Byron's scorn fell on Binnie's shining head.

Carol came up, imploring them: "Don't any of you get attached to that calf. Remember, it doesn't belong to us."

"We'll just love Ferdinand," Binnie assured her, picking a dusty geranium from the hedge and holding it out to the cow.

"Ferdinand!" Douglas scoffed. "It's a she!"

Binnie looked so crestfallen that her mother hastened to say: "Let's call her Isabella, after Ferdinand's consort."

"Isabella!" Paula exclaimed appreciatively. "That's a lovely name—for a lovely cow! Sort of queenly, you know."

Rodney flashed a gratified smile at his fifteen-year-old daughter, for her words expressed approval, and in a way this cow was largely Paula's. The Tates had already begun their small-farm experiment with a few chickens and some rabbits, but Paula could not be satisfied without a cow. It was written in her great-grandmother's diary how that highborn lady had started a farm in California too, some ninety years before, and a cow had been the beginning, the symbol of the new way, the first great comfort.

Amanda Tate had sold her silk dresses to buy the cow. Her descendant, Paula Tate, had overruled all her parents' hesitation over the purchase of a cow, because of the cost, when she sent her velvet frocks, her little chiffon negligee, her short fur jacket to a firm in Los Angeles, and received $21.95 in exchange.

Rodney and Carol had been amazed, for they knew how Paula loved her clothes, and heaven only knew when, if ever, she would have more like them.

"I won't need them here," Paula had insisted, "and I want us to do as Amanda did—maybe I'm superstitious about it."

Her father had asked, looking at

her keenly, "Because Amanda succeeded, in the end?"

"That's the idea, I guess," Paula had admitted. "Can't you dig up enough more to pay for one, daddy? You know the doctor's regime has practically tons of milk on it for you."

Isabella, the tangible result of this conference, was looking at them with patient eyes, and now began to moo disconsolately.

"Her bag's pretty full," observed Rodney. "Think you can milk her, Jonathan?"

"Absolutely! I practiced down at Mrs. Parker's. Come on, *chérie*." Jonathan led the cow off toward the shed, the others following closely.

It was only Rodney who noted with amusement the incongruity of his rather scholarly appearing son of seventeen placing a stool precisely toward the hindquarters of the cow. For Rodney was the only one of them who had traditions of a farm. These children of his had never been closer to nature in the raw than their erstwhile country place on Long Island. An economic cyclone had landed them somewhere near the point of their father's beginnings.

Jonathan placed a brand-new pail to his satisfaction, petted the smooth flanks near him placatingly, worked his fingers a bit nervously, and then cautiously approached the teats.

Isabella's sweet friendliness vanished. She bellowed suddenly, looked around at Jonathan with an angry glare. They all jumped. Jonathan spoke soothingly. She switched her tail in his face. Jonathan tried again. She protested more loudly, sidling away. Jonathan hitched his stool closer while Rodney gave words of advice. He got a firm hold this time and proceeded to press gently. Then Isabella picked up a delicate hind foot and kicked him off the stool.

Rodney helped him up. "I thought you practiced on her?"

"Not on her," Jonathan said ruefully. "She was down in the pasture. Mrs. Parker showed me how to milk another cow."

Binnie, all sympathy for Isabella, demanded: "What are you bothering her like that for? No wonder she kicked you!"

"But, darling, that's where the milk comes from," Carol explained.

"What?" Binnie shrank back. "Oh, no!" She shuddered and clutched at her stomach. "No, I couldn't! I just want my milk out of a milk bottle!"

"Wait till you taste it," Rodney encouraged her, "all fresh and foaming. Here, let me do it, Jonathan."

"No, Rodney!" Carol protested. "You've overtaxed yourself as it is. Your temperature was up this morning—"

"It won't hurt me." Rodney seated himself on the stool. "It's all in the touch, Jonathan." He reached out confidently.

ISABELLA did not wait to protest vocally this time. She kicked again—but Rodney leaped aside in time. He studied the mutinous animal while the others breathlessly awaited his next move.

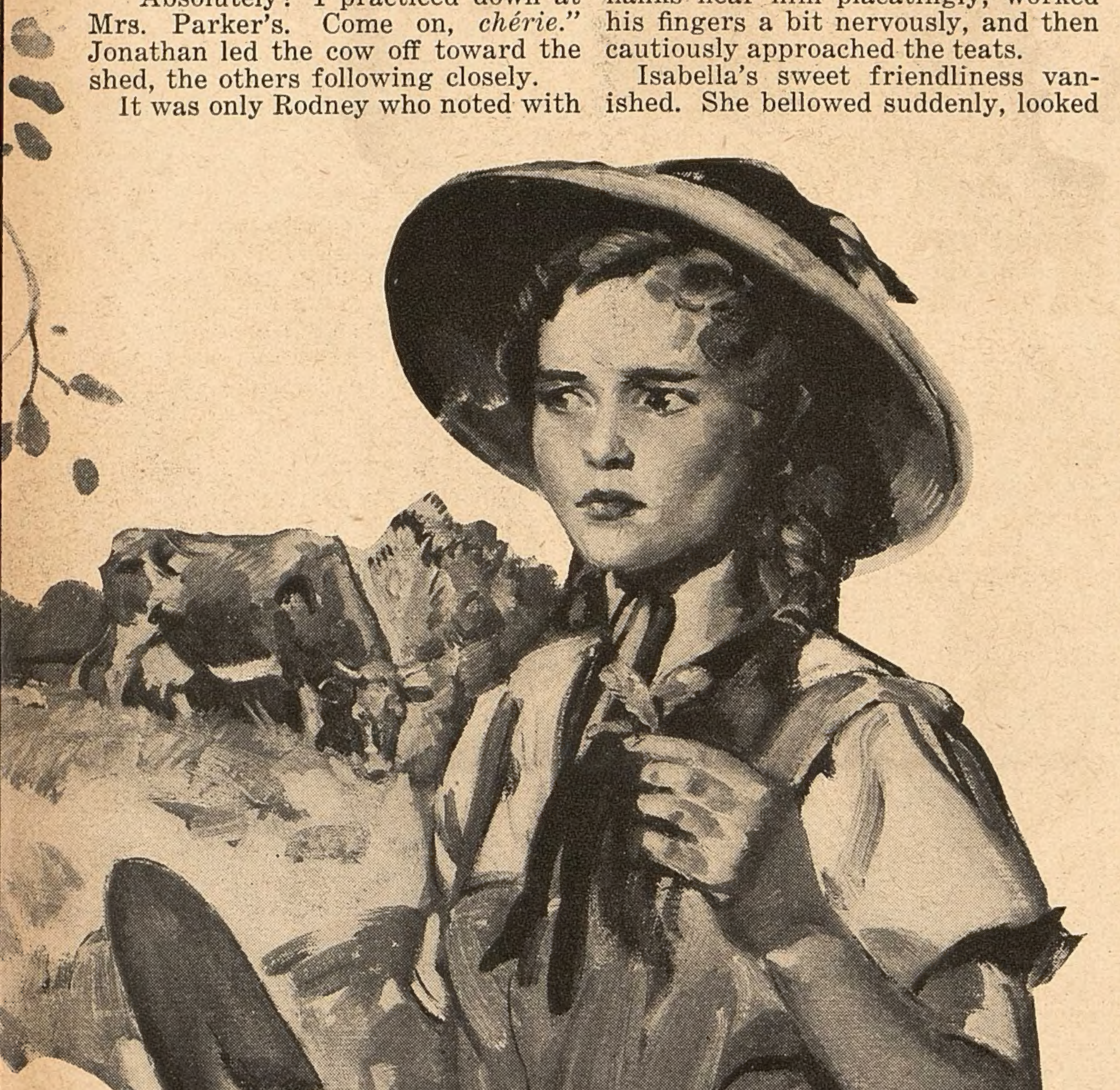
"She's temperamental," he decided. "Too many of us around and she doesn't feel at home. The calf will milk her tonight."

Later, realizing how tired he was, he proposed: "We'll hire a farm boy for a while to get things going. I can see I'm not much good, and you kids have to be taught to care for this livestock we're accumulating, besides planting vegetables."

A call sent out to the neighbors brought the best recommended applicant for the job the following afternoon. The boy came up the path, and they saw that he was a hulking fellow of about Jonathan's age, sandy-haired, freckled. He pulled off an old cap and grinned briefly, disclosing a wide space between his big front teeth.

"Mr. Stutz sent me," he said, looking at Rodney Tate, who was stretched out on the blue tufted garden chair in white shorts and sandals, his thin body browning in the sun. The boy shifted his gaze from one to another of the group as Rodney answered him pleasantly.

Jonathan, in white flannels, was tightening a tennis racquet. Binnie was brushing the coat of their very handsome dog. Douglas was sunk in a book. Paula was intent on stroking blood-red polish over her fingernails.



Merrily they roll along—those Tates!—in another story in which they gaily tackle unaccustomed problems

BY ETHEL DOHERTY and LOUISE LONG

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL LYFORD

Just then Carol came out with a pitcher of iced tea and some cookies, and smiled at the newcomer.

Rodney was explaining: "I want you to teach these four how to milk a cow, make a garden, and care for chickens and rabbits."

Douglas glanced up. "Hello, teacher dear!"

"No clowning," his father admonished him, then turned back to the farm lad. "Mr. Stutz says you're well qualified, successful with animals, know how to handle this soil. Were you born here?"

"Sure." The boy stuck his hands in his pockets, attempting nonchalance. "Best part of the U. S. A. Sun shines most always."

"A native son booster!" Rodney said. "And your name is—?"

"Byron. Byron Leek."

"Oh!" Rodney regarded the boy with friendly eyes. "And like your illustrious namesake—you

"extol the land of the cedar and vine
Where the flowers ever blossom, the beams ever shine."

The boy stared at him blankly and shuffled his feet in their clumsy boots.

Jonathan said dreamily: "There's another line of Byron's that fits—if he's to be our tutor. How does it go?

"To render with thy precepts less
The sum of human wretchedness."

"Right!" Paula said feelingly, twinkling her fingers to dry the polish. "If he can only make Isabella behave."

"Which sounds," Carol murmured, "more or less Byronic."

"I don't know what you're talkin' about," the boy said sullenly. "If it's my name—I was named after m' uncle in Oshkosh."

Across the faces of the Tates fell a polite mask. Rodney said easily: "We were just wise-cracking—forgive us. Can you come tonight to milk the cow?"

"No," Byron said; "not till tomorrow 'bout nine."

When the boy had gone, Rodney said thoughtfully, "You must be careful, you kids. No sense of humor there."

But, as it turned out, Rodney was mistaken. Byron did have a sense of humor—of sorts. His pupils felt the first sting of it soon after he took charge. Douglas had escorted Isabella, still unmilked except by her calf, to pasture, so the new teacher turned to the chickens.

CAROL had brought home from the feed store a dozen yellow chicks—no, thirteen, in case one should die—soon after they settled here. Constantly hovered over by the entire family, they had all survived and were now absurd little long-legged fryers. Each had a name, printed by Douglas on adhesive tape and affixed to a leg. Byron stood by while Doug read them off: "Mabel, Lucy, Dot, Ella—" He paused and captured the smallest one, triumphantly indicating its comb. "One rooster. A bit runty—but you watch him. His name's Bill."

"Mother got pullets," Binnie explained importantly, "so we'd have eggs. Bill really isn't of much use."

A peculiar vulgar noise caused the Tates to look up at Byron. He broke into a laugh, a silent, shaking, derisive laugh. They regarded him gravely, awaiting an explanation, but he only remarked cryptically: "Guess you been feedin' 'em the wrong thing."

"All-purpose chicken feed," Jonathan answered defensively. "The clerk at the feed store—"

"There's the deliveryman now." Paula dropped a chicken unceremoniously. "You can ask him."

A light truck was standing at the shed and a man was heaving out a sack of feed. His companion on the driver's seat jumped down and came toward them just as Carol looked out the kitchen door.

"Howdy, Mrs. Tate," he said. "I'm the vet. Might as well have a squint at your chicks."

He came over to the group in the chicken yard, nodding at Byron. Carol came up as he squatted down to look the brood over.

"They're healthy, Mrs. Tate—and you saved all thirteen!"

The children shot triumphant glances at Byron.

The veterinarian went on: "Well, well! Twelve nice little cockerels—and a pullet."

"But the clerk said they were all pullets but one!"

He shook his head at her. "You must have misunderstood him. You can't tell when they're a day or two old."

"That'd be Eben," Byron said. "He likes to take in greenhorns."

Carol missed it, as he intended, for she was walking away unhappily with the expert; but the rest stared at Byron resentfully. He was shaking again with his silent laughter.

"Pullets!" He snorted. "Knew the minute I looked at 'em they was cockerels. Well, you can fry up the bunch, anyhow."

Paula stood up with freezing dignity. "We wouldn't *think* of eating them," she said.

"Eat Ella and Mabel and Jane?" Binnie cried, appalled.

"Well, since they're all Bills—and no use—" suggested Byron callously as he walked away.

That was when they began really to dislike Byron. He demanded, next, to be shown their garden efforts up to date. They conducted him to the two rows of spindly plants in a lightly dug soil.

"Radishes," Jonathan informed him needlessly but with pride.

"You can't live on radishes," Byron said in his superior way. "Your father says he wants *vegetables*. Carrots, turnips, onions, beets. That means we start spadin'."

HE had brought an extra spade beside his own, and with the one they had, a hoe for Paula, and an old rake for Binnie, there were tools enough. The ground was hard and unyielding, but they kept on doggedly. Byron made the dirt fly faster than all of them put together, even as he gibed at them. The day became hotter.

Jonathan abruptly threw down his spade and went indoors. Byron looked after him, and Douglas discovered how he made that infuriating sound. He screwed his big loose upper lip over his gums after puffing it out with air. Then issued the "raspberry." Doug practiced it surreptitiously as he bent, sweating, to his work.

But Jonathan came back. His hot corduroys had been exchanged for shorts. Doug recognized the walking suit Jonathan had worn in the Tyrol. His hands were taped and he was carefully drawing on a pair of pigskin gloves.

Byron was laughing again, fairly holding his sides, but making no sound which Mr. Tate, on the veranda, would hear. Jonathan looked at him exasperatedly.

"It's only intelligent to make oneself as comfortable as possible, Byron—surely you know that. It makes for efficiency."

"Dudes!" said Byron succinctly.

When they were washing up for lunch, the four Tates were gathered in the bathroom. Paula laid down the law: "There's no good putting up with him. We'll just tell daddy he's insufferable. You notice he's careful not to let mother or dad know he's razzing us."

"He *is* working hard," Jonathan said, "and he does know—"

"Well, he could be polite about it!" snapped Paula. "Remember, he's being paid for it."

Assembled on the veranda for luncheon, to which Byron was invited, they waited a chance to present their case to their father. Byron dispatched the crisp cold salad in no time, the rolls were steadily passed his way, and the thin slices of cold meat disappeared like magic. He was obviously still hungry when he left the table, but when he disappeared Rodney remarked understandingly that he no doubt had a good hearty sandwich hidden out in his wreck of a car.

Now was the time to speak. Prompted by a meaning look from Paula, Jonathan was about to begin when Rodney said unexpectedly: "Mr. Stutz told me this job is a godsend to Byron. His mother is dependent on him and lately she's been ill. He does everything on their little place, makes a living out of it, but now he needs cash desperately."

Well, that was that. No Tate could bring himself to speak against one who needed cash desperately and had an illness in the family—not after what had happened to them in the past several months. They looked at each other in defeat.

Rodney noticed Jonathan's taped palms. "No more spading today," he proclaimed. "You can start planting. But watch particularly, Jonathan, how he handles that cow this evening."

Isabella came home, begging to be milked. She was her best self—friendly with McGraw, the collie, putting out a long rough tongue to lick Binnie's arm when she hung a garland about her neck, and seeming to understand every word Paula whispered in her velvet ear. Everything was propitious.

Byron proceeded in an assured, matter-of-fact way, while his pupils settled themselves to watch.

"Now, this is the way you do it," he told them. "Nothin' to it." He gave Isabella some bran and closed the stanchion bar, securing her head, then settled himself on the milking stool with the pail between his knees. He pressed his head against the cow's flank, urging her: "H'ist, bossy, h'ist!"

Rodney explained to the rest: "He wants her to lift her hind leg back out of the way, so he can milk."

But Isabella did not hoist the leg. She protested loudly and shivered. Byron reached forward determinedly and began a swift pulling movement. As swiftly and without warning, Isabella's hoof landed in the shining pail, denting the side. Byron got up and hunted around until he found a leather strap.

"Oh, don't beat her!" Paula cried.

But he was lashing Isabella's hind foot to a ring in the floor.

"That's cruel!" Jonathan expostulated. "That looks just like the Inquisition!"

"Look what he brought when I sent him for a brush!"

Byron proceeded inexorably. Isabella was robbed now of her defenses—except one. She refused absolutely to let down her milk.

Byron gave up finally and studied the cow in silence. Then he came over to Rodney. "I'm afraid she's loco, Mr. Tate. Crazy. They sure stung you. I can bring you milk from my cows—"

"Oh, *no!*" Paula protested hotly. "We want our cow!"

"I didn't get stung, Byron," Rodney assured him. "It happens that I know livestock." He reached over and patted Paula's shoulder. "We'll give her several more days' trial, dear, and see if she becomes accustomed to us, before we think of selling her back."

His last words persisted in Paula's mind. Sell Isabella back to the Parker people? Not if she could help it! Isabella was the family's first cow—like Amanda's. She just had to succeed.

The next day Byron's scorn fell on Binnie's shining head. He found her industriously digging up one of the radish plants.

"I just wanted to see if it was making a radish yet," she told him reasonably.

He scolded her about killing growing things to such effect that when, a little later, she saw Jumbo, the "papa rabbit," out of his pen and nibbling at the radish tops, she seized a stone.

Jumbo went over on his back, kicked feebly, and lay still.

"Oh, what have I done!" Binnie screamed in horror.

"Never knew her to throw straight before," Douglas muttered.

Binnie was weeping bitterly, and the others tried to comfort her, even though aghast at the spectacle of what amounted to murder.

But Byron, they saw, was laughing!

Jonathan's face flushed with anger and he jumped to his feet with the impulse to smash that laugh down Byron's throat. But Byron walked over to the rabbit, picked him up and shook him, then set him on his feet. Jumbo wiggled his ears, whacked on the ground with his hind foot, and scooted for his pen.

"Just stunned," Byron said. "You kids'll learn to build a proper pen, maybe. That is, if your lily hands'll stand it."

Later Jonathan sought out his father on the veranda and sat there moodily silent while Rodney went on reading a book on economics. Finally Jonathan said tentatively:

"Dad, is Byron a fair sample of a proletarian?"

Rodney looked up absently. "Well, a proletarian is a laborer for day wages without capital. Perhaps he's an agrarian."

Jonathan wandered to the edge of the porch to look off at the mountains. His father perused his book until Jonathan turned and spoke eagerly and, it seemed, irrelevantly:

"Dad, remember the times I wandered around among the peasants in the Mediterranean countries with my tutor? Well, they were darned courteous! I made lots of mistakes in the language and I cut up occasionally over the food—but they never laughed at me. *With* me, yes, after I'd laughed first."

"So what?" Rodney asked interestedly.

"Er—nothing, sir. I was just reminiscing. . . . Guess I'd better get back on the job."

Rodney closed his book on his finger and looked after his son a long time, trying to puzzle it out. Something was certainly up!

When Jonathan returned to the others he found them mending the rabbit pen. Byron had resumed spading, after giving them instructions. Douglas drew Jonathan into a close circle with Paula and Binnie.

"Look, I know how to do that raspberry he does." He demonstrated. "Then, when he looks around at us, he sees this." As if at a signal, Paula and Binnie joined him in silent laughter, holding their sides, shaking—an excellent imitation of Byron.

Jonathan began to grin, but a voice behind him made him jump.

"What's so funny?"

It was Byron, looking truculently from one to the other.

"We're just practicing," Jonathan said smoothly, "for the moment when we have the laugh on *you.*"

Byron blinked and then recovered himself. "You dudes won't catch me on anything," he boasted, "about ranching." He looked critically at the chicken-wire pen. "You got that board at the bottom crooked—of course!"

When he had gone off, Douglas proposed: "Why don't you shoot him an earful of French, Jonathan? That ought to settle him."

Jonathan shrugged. "No good. As he says, we'd have to beat him at his own game. And how can we—till we've learned it?" He picked up a hammer and went to work on the pen a little hopelessly.

Dinner that evening, relieved of the presence of Byron, was a pleasure in spite of tired muscles. The four farmers waited eagerly while their mother set hot dishes before Rodney.

"Food tastes the best ever these days," Douglas asserted.

"Take a bow, Carol," Rodney cheered as he began to carve.

Carol pushed back damp ringlets from a flushed cheek decorated with flour. "I hope it's good. But I'm scared! Everything gets done at once and I don't know which I'm creaming and which sautéing."

Jonathan said, "It's twice as hard, mother, when you have to learn everything at once. Now, if we'd all started, like Byron, at the age of four to learn by mistakes, we'd be invincible now."

"That's one way of looking at it," Rodney said quietly.

Paula completed his thought aloud: "Or if you stayed rich so you'd never have to learn." Then hastily, with a remorseful glance at her father: "But there's no use crying over spilled milk— Oh, that reminds me, dad. We all hid this evening so Isabella needn't be disturbed by a crowd, and left Byron to it."

"What happened?"

There was no answer, and Rodney looked up to see all four of them laughing silently, derisively, in a peculiarly irritating manner. He frowned slightly and resumed carving as he said: "If Byron fails, I'm afraid Isabella goes back. That boy is efficient, hard-working, and he understands animals thoroughly."

His children were no longer laughing. Paula particularly looked alarmed and worried.

LATER, when Carol was alone with Rodney, she said: "I know the origin of that insulting laugh of theirs. I caught sight of Byron laughing precisely that way at them."

"So that's it!" Rodney thought it over. "He's putting the pressure on them, is he?"

"Do you think we should interfere?" she asked.

"No." His eyes were sparkling. "I like it that they haven't come howling to us. Let's see how they work it out, shall we?"

The next day Byron and his pupils spaded the garden plot. Some of it drifted to Rodney and Carol on the veranda. There must have been some objection to the fertilizer, for Byron's voice, incautiously loud, came to them:

"Stinks, does it?" Then the shrill squeak of a "raspberry."

In the moment of silence which followed, Carol looked significantly at Rodney. "Now he's laughing at them."

"Just you wait, Byron!" That was Doug. They heard Paula's high sweet voice, a threat in it: "The last laugh, you know."

That afternoon Paula, washing the luncheon dishes, heard her father speak her name out on the veranda:

"How about Paula? Can we make it up to her?" Paula listened, startled, as he went on: "Because we'll have to get rid of that cow. I'll see Parker tomorrow."

Paula's firm little chin thrust out. She hurried through the dishes, making up her mind to go herself to Mrs. Parker and tell her what she thought of her for selling them a cow which Byron called "loco." She watched her chance to slip off down the road unnoticed.

Douglas and McGraw were just leading Isabella in from pasture when Paula returned. She hurried to her room.

Rodney and Carol strolled out to the shed. Binnie was petting Isabella while Douglas put her head in the stanchion. Jonathan and Byron came around the corner with tools to put away, and Byron asked:

"Want I should try her again, Mr. Tate?"

"Well, you might. Though I'm afraid we'll have to give her up as a bad job and return her tomorrow."

The young Tates all cried out at that, begging for reprieve.

But, though Byron went through the motions doggedly, hardly a drop of milk fell into the dented lopsided pail. Rodney and Carol had moved away toward the new planting when Rodney halted abruptly.

"Paula, what *are* you made up for?" he asked.

Paula did not answer; she passed them like a sleepwalker. She had a gay Czecho-Slovakian apron tied over her white dress, a yellow silk kerchief on her head, and a bright new tin milk pail over her arm. Her eyes were dark with excitement, her lips trembling with apprehension; her hands were outstretched, fumbling the air, and she was repeating distractedly, "Squeeze from the top down . . ."

"She's made up for a milkmaid," Carol said. They hurried after her. "Stop, Paula; you'll get kicked!"

"Don't try to milk her, Paula!" Rodney was calling.

But when they reached her she was already on the milking stool, with her pail adjusted. "Please, please get back," she muttered as they approached, and put her head against the cow's flank. "H'ist, Isabella—that's a good girl, h'ist!"

Every one was watching now, afraid to speak. Isabella "h'isted." Paula reached forward, mumbling, "From the top down—" Then came the music of a stream of milk hitting the bottom of the pail.

Byron goggled stupidly at Paula's white hands and flashing red nails as, gently, persuasively, increasingly sure, they accomplished a miracle. She stopped and rested them as if they hurt her, then went on again.

The pail was full and Paula desisted. She got up, her knees trembling under her, and put her arms about the tranquil Isabella's neck. They all crowded around her now, demanding to know what mesmerism she had used. All, that is, but Byron.

"Mrs. Parker taught me," she said. "I've been practicing down there." She flexed her aching hands.

Doug shouted, "Whoops, dad, we can keep Isabella now!"

"Paula, you're a wonder!" Jonathan said reverently.

The others joined in the praise, and Paula pirouetted, flirting her gay apron, giggling excitedly.

Rodney squeezed Carol's arm and whispered: "In just a minute they'll discover they have the laugh on Byron!"

BUT Byron didn't wait for them to discover it. His face was red, his hair bristling, his big hands clenched, as he strode forward.

"Go on—laugh at me!" he shouted.

But the four young Tates stopped laughing.

"Go on—tell me a girl got the best of me over a cow. Laugh!"

"Oh, that's all right, old man," Jonathan began hastily, echoed by a vague, embarrassed, "Sure!" from Douglas.

"Poor Byron!" Binnie said with heartfelt sympathy.

Byron's face grew redder. Rodney and Carol exchanged understanding glances. It was apparent that the children were, after all, too well bred to take advantage of Byron's humiliation. Paula broke out:

"You couldn't be expected to know about feminine temperament, Byron. You see, only a woman—Mrs. Parker or one of her girls—has milked Isabella before. Isabella just doesn't like men."

They all shouted with laughter at that—pleasant laughter, not at Byron. He remained solemn, shaking his head.

"Should 'a' thought of that," he scored himself.

Jonathan rallied him in a friendly way: "After all, Byron, it's a reciprocal deal. It's only fair for the cow to give Paula the milk, because she sold her clothes to help buy the cow!"

Byron pondered this, and it seemed to mean something to him, for presently he braced himself and walked over to Rodney Tate.

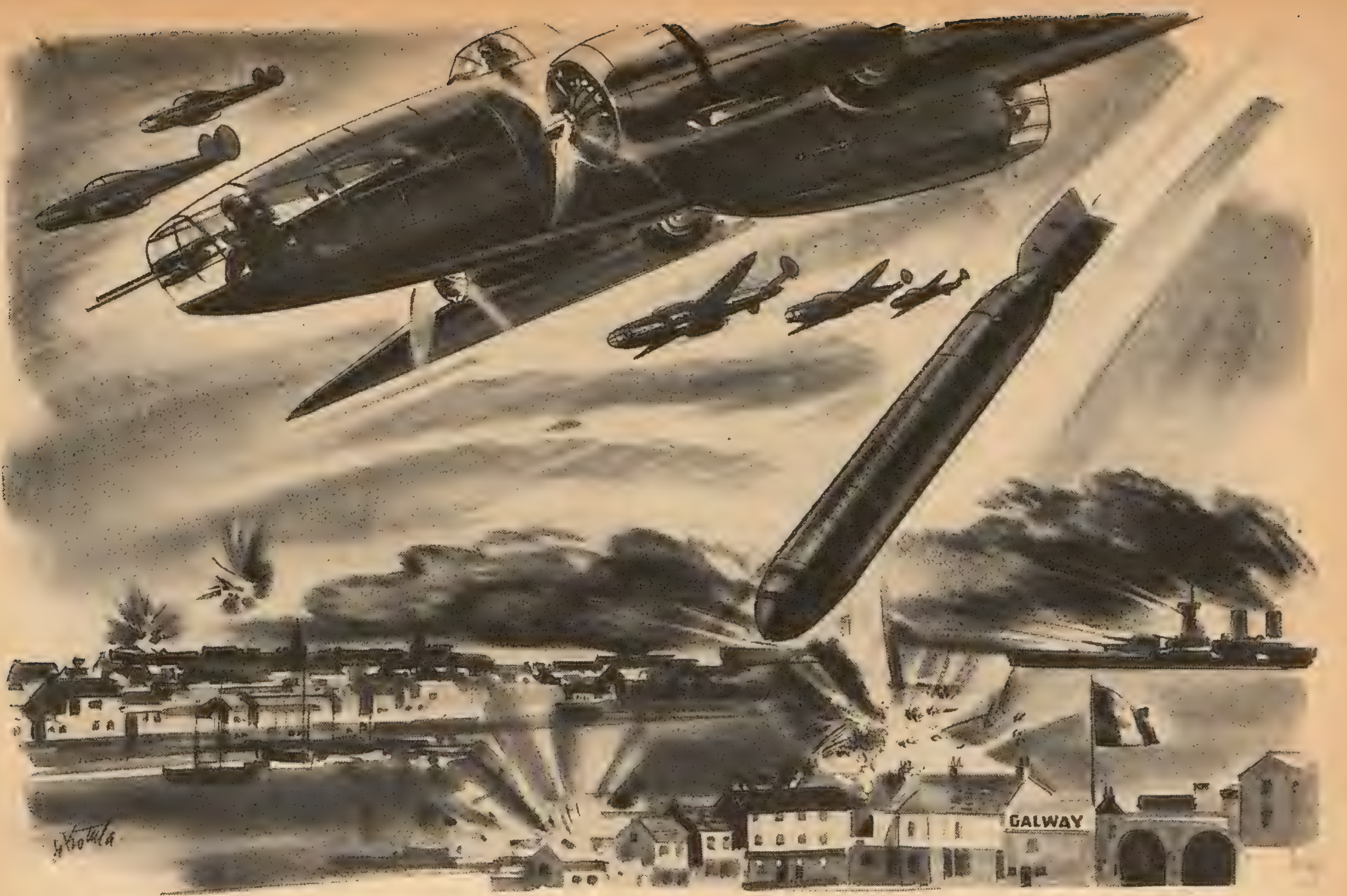
"Guess I been a little hard on 'em," he muttered haltingly. "I thought they was just dudes—and—" He stopped, having no words to continue.

"I see." Rodney grinned over at his children. "Well, they are 'dudes,' as you say—but when they learn, they'll be fair cow hands, don't you think?"

"Even good ones, maybe," Byron said seriously. "I b'lieve they got the makin's."

It was a matchless compliment. Mr. and Mrs. Rodney Tate nodded at each other with excusable pride.

THE END



Neutrality would make invasion certain. Consider Galway. The harbors on the west coast are very tempting.

IF WAR COMES *what will Ireland do?*

BY GEORGE BERNARD SHAW

READING TIME ● 2 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

I HAVE been asked to say what in my opinion would be Ireland's attitude in the event of war. And it is suggested that neutrality would be quite unlikely to save her from invasion.

I reply that neutrality would make invasion a certainty.

From the military and naval point of view, Ireland, England, and Scotland are one country. This is not a matter of opinion, but a fact. An invader can choose between Harwich and Galway. Let us consider Galway.

When I was a child, Galway was defended by an exciseman with a wooden leg. If it has any more formidable defenses now, I am not aware of them.

The magnificent natural harbors on the west coast of Ireland, of which the Irish make no use, are very tempting—as tempting as those on the west coast of the Adriatic Sea.

The difference between Irishmen and Englishmen would trouble an invader no more than the difference between Czechs and Slovaks troubled Herr Hitler.

These are the facts. If England were involved in a war, Ireland would be involved too. Then what would Ireland do?

What are her unaided resources?

Eire, as they call her now, has a population of three millions and an army of six thousand, which she could increase to twenty-seven thousand by calling up her reserves and volunteers. Northern Ireland has a population of a million and a quarter.

What is the plain conclusion to be drawn? In the event of a war, England would have to come to the rescue of Ireland with a considerable military reoccupation of the country and a thorough naval blockade.

There is no alternative.

Roger Casement's plan of throwing Ireland on the side of the enemy in return for a promise of complete independence as a republic would hardly go down in the light of events—recent events—in eastern Europe.

As the promise of independence would be meaningless unless the enemy conquered England, and incidentally Ireland, an intelligent enemy would save itself the trouble of breaking the promise by not giving it.

But—and this is of the gravest importance—if England is ever tactless enough to attempt to conscript Ireland, the fat will be in the fire.

Ireland must conscript herself.

She must conscript herself, and she must put the Irish Republican Army in the forefront of the battle. There must be much more glory in being conscripted by and for Ireland than in failing to blow up Hammersmith Bridge in London.

To be conscripted by England to defend our own country would be intolerable.

Lord Craigavon, Prime Minister of Northern Ireland, has already found that in claiming this insult for Belfast he has made a first-rate mistake.

THE END

The master of paradox explains clearly and simply how his countrymen would act

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 6 SECONDS

Until recently, the crime capital of the United States, in a very real sense, was Hot Springs, Arkansas, where there flourished a singularly unholy alliance between lawlessness and those responsible for law and order. That alliance's existence was manifest as long ago as 1933, and so was the fact that "Dutch" Akers, the local police department's chief of detectives, had a busy, grasping hand in it. In 1937, before a legislative investigating committee, Akers said frankly that he had, but that he was only the bag man.

This investigation resulted from the brutal killing of a farmer, John Dickson, in the Hot Springs city jail. Chief of Police Joe Wakelin had been clubbed and disarmed on the Dickson farm; Dickson had been brought in to the jail, and brought out dead or dying. When the political machine apparently forestalled an inquest, the decent public rose in wrath, and a special grand jury indicted Cecil Brock and six other policemen for second-degree murder. They were acquitted; but now the whole state was aroused, and the legislative investigation followed. The testimony painted a shocking picture of police brutality, election frauds, and general corruption. The committee's majority report flayed two judges and the mayor, as well as police officials and others, and recommended drastic action. A minority report demurred at the expense and recommended that nothing further be done.

Nothing further was done; but already Director John Edgar Hoover and the F. B. I. were moving in on Hot Springs, where in 1933 they had located the notorious Frank Nash—subsequently one victim of the "Kansas City Massacre"—and then had found reason to infer that Nash's good friend Galatas was a "fixer" in Hot Springs, wondrous haven and refuge, for the entire gangster world.

CRIME IN HOT SPRINGS

Straight from the G-men's files come these alarming facts about one town's corruption

BY FREDERICK L. COLLINS

ILLUSTRATED BY PHIL BERRY

PART TWO—VICE PROTECTED, ENCOURAGED

ST. LUKE tells us that "it came to pass in those days, that there went out a decree from Caesar Augustus, that all the world should be taxed. . . . And Joseph went up from Galilee, out of the city of Nazareth, into Judaea, unto the city of David, which is called Bethlehem. To be taxed with Mary his espoused wife, being great with child."

The tax which Joseph and Mary went up to Bethlehem to pay was a poll tax, a device conceived by Roman dictators as a "badge of servility" to be worn by conquered peoples—just as if Hitler or Mussolini or Stalin, having conquered the North American continent, should decree that we should all contribute a thin dime to his next "putsch."

In modern times the poll tax has been used chiefly as a device to keep people from voting. If a citizen could not show a receipt for his poll tax he could not vote. In 1936 nine commonwealths in this supposedly free republic still made use of this "relic of barbarism." One of the nine—but no longer so, to its credit be it said—was the State of Arkansas.

In the resort city of Hot Springs, however, situated in the foothills of those lovely mountains which adorn western Arkansas, men of evil found a new use for this discredited institu-

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Pat said she would have to go somewhere else if she was going to be arrested in Hot Springs.

tion. They used the poll tax not to decrease the number of voters but to increase it—provided, of course, that the voters who had their poll taxes paid for them would vote the right way. If they would not—and even in Hot Springs, then one of the wickedest cities in the Western world, there were some men and women who stood on their rights as American citizens—the bosses would give the tax receipts to their own henchmen and let *them* do the voting.

This brazen state of things, set forth in shocking detail in the transcript of the proceedings of the legislative investigating committee which probed into Hot Springs affairs in February, 1937, exemplifies the almost insuperable difficulties which confronted J. Edgar Hoover and his men in their fight to make Hot Springs, Arkansas, a safe place for an honest man to live in and an unsafe place for a dishonest man to hide in.

The testimony disclosed the manner in which votes were cast through the purchase of poll-tax receipts by certain high public officials, and the pressure which Mayor Leo McLaughlin brought to bear on city employees to compel them to vote for the incumbent officials.

For example, a certain citizen of Hot Springs testified that he had been present at a political meeting attended by Hot Springs police officers, firemen, and a selected group of citizens friendly to the machine, and that after Judge Ledgerwood of the Municipal Court opened the meeting Mayor McLaughlin stated that he expected ten votes from every person present and advised them to get out and get poll taxes for ten voters, but that if they could not do this themselves, then perhaps arrangements could be made to get the poll taxes.

This man also testified that one of the employees was asked if he had his poll taxes, and he answered: " No. I will get my own poll tax and vote for who I please." To this Mayor McLaughlin replied:

" Now there is a man who can vote for whom he pleases; but after this election we are going to know how he voted and there will be some man to take his place. Now that applies to the drugstores and other business. The man that don't co-operate with the administration and vote right—that is, don't vote right for his boss—he will be boycotted in business. Get those poll taxes—down at the office you will find a slip there authorizing poll taxes for you. And I want those filled out. . . . I want you to bring them up so I can turn to them at any time and see just what we need."

"They had those pink slips and were handing them out on every corner," concluded the witness.

A minister of the gospel who said that he had lived in Hot Springs for almost all of his life corroborated this testimony about the pre-primary pressure meetings and then added:

"If you don't want to vote like they say, you are going to lose your job if you work for the city or work for anybody that is running a business. The mayor comes out positively with orders that business men who don't co-operate with the 'slate' would be boycotted and their employees fired if they don't line up. . . . The people are afraid to talk; they are afraid to make a move that is not in harmony with the administration."

A former Hot Springs policeman testified that he had taken part in the handling of the ballot boxes during the state primary election held in August, 1936. He said that he went out with the then sheriff, Marion Anderson—not the D. A. R.'s favorite singer!—to bring in ballot boxes after the closing of the polls, and that Anderson had with him a large sack which he said contained thirteen hundred ballots. Each time they collected a ballot box, they would take a big bunch of the ballots and stuff them into the ballot box before bringing it to the courthouse where they were to be counted.

THIS man also testified that on two occasions McLaughlin gave him money to go out and buy poll-tax receipts to be voted by persons favorable to the mayor, and that upon securing these authorizations he would take them to the county tax collector's office and pay for the poll-tax receipts with the money McLaughlin had given him.

Another former Hot Springs policeman testified that while he was on the police force he and one of the other city policemen were warned by the chief of police, Joe Wakelin, that they had better "line up" or they would find themselves shot in the back one night by one of the police during a raid. He told Mayor McLaughlin about the incident, he said, but nothing was done about it. Apparently Wakelin knew what he was talking about, for, according to this man's testimony, he was dismissed from the Police Department because he was not in favor of the election of Marion Anderson for sheriff.

A business woman in Hot Springs testified that the City Hall crowd had practically run her out of business by having city legislation passed which aimed directly at her business, by pressure on some of her customers, and by intimidation of some of her employees.

She testified also that on January 21, 1933, the brother of a very high official in the city administration murdered one of her employees by beating him with a pistol while he lay on the floor of the company office begging for his life. This man was tried before a Hot Springs court and acquitted on this charge. Regarding that trial a former public official testified "they" (meaning the city administration) got all the witnesses out of town before the trial, and that the authorities were unable to bring them back.

Leo P. McLaughlin was Hot Springs' mayor at the time of the probe.

Miss Gladys Wilson, former editor of a paper entitled Public Opinion, testified that she not only believed that the juries had been tampered with in this trial but that she had listed in her paper exactly what pay-offs had been made, as far as she knew. She stated that one of the persons interested in the city administration threatened her by telling her that if she printed that particular article it would be her last article. This same man did subsequently beat up one of her employees.

That the corruption existing in the city administration extended also to the courts was openly charged by witnesses.

One of the newspapermen employed by Miss Wilson testified that there was no such thing in Hot Springs as ordinary legal procedure with regard to law enforcement, but that it simply resolved itself into a question of seeing the proper person and getting things "fixed." There was no chance of getting a fair and impartial trial in the Circuit Court before Judge Earl Witt, he said, and so far as the City Court was concerned, Judge Ledgerwood or Mayor McLaughlin were the proper persons to contact.

One of the clergymen of Hot Springs testified that he had seen Judge Witt drunk on the streets and in his courtroom. And one of the city's business women testified that she had been informed that Judge Witt had been an inmate of a certain institution on numerous occasions for the purpose of sobering up after a protracted drunk.

"It is inconceivable," concluded the majority of the investigating committee, "that the circuit judge of the Eighteenth Judicial District (Witt) would not know that gambling operations which are felonies under our state laws have been carried on in Hot Springs and Garland County during the fourteen years which the present circuit judge has been on the bench in his district. These are facts which are not only well known to people in all parts of the state, but this information extends throughout the country. . . . The newspapers occasionally call attention to raids made on Negro crap games and other small dives, but the records before us show that the larger gambling concerns have been nurtured and encouraged in that jurisdiction. But, worse still, evidence has been brought before us showing that at least one relative of the circuit judge holds a remunerative position with Belvedere and the Southern Club."

THE Belvedere and the Southern were two swanky gambling clubs operated by the W. S. Jacobs interests, whose books, produced before the investigating committee, showed an annual profit in excess of the sum of $300,000.

The personnel of these establishments was even more significant than the finances, as will be seen from this newspaper report of the testimony of Mr. Sam Watt, who owned a 15-per-cent interest in the Belvedere and Southern clubs:

Chairman Thompson started calling off names of club employees from a list previously supplied by Belvedere.

"I find the name of P. C. Witt," he said. "What relation to the judge?"

"Uncle, I think," Watt replied.

"There's a Buddy Wakelin on the list. What's his relationship to the chief of police?"

"Son."

"Tex Rutherford, on the list here, is a city fireman, isn't he?"

"Yes."

"And also a watchman at the club," said Thompson.

Asked if "some of these men on the list aren't bodyguards for Mayor McLaughlin," Watt replied, "I don't know."

"Who is Bob Moore on this pay roll?"

"He was a captain of police."

"I find Curley Evans on the roll," said Thompson. "I believe he was on the force, too. And I see he has made an affidavit in Hot Springs saying he is a Holiness preacher."

"He is a pretty busy boy," replied Watt.

Chairman Thompson asserted that he found the name of Mrs. Herbert Akers and said she was "the wife of the chief of detectives."

The majority report of the committee was scathing in its denunciation of this situation and also of the practice of giving "presents" to influential citizens of Hot Springs. "In order to entrench themselves safely in control of local government," said the report, "such leading gambling resorts as Belvedere Club and book, Southern Club and book, Kentucky Club and book, and other clubs controlled by the W. S. Jacobs interests, have resorted to the practice of making gifts of large dividends to prominent people of the city, as one of Mr. Jacobs' partners, Mr. Sam Watt, expressed it, 'in order to obtain their influence, I suppose.'"

At one of the hearings Chairman Thompson had succeeded in getting the reluctant Mr. Watt to give a partial list of these beneficiaries; then he had asked:

"Who else?"

"Archie Ledgerwood."

"What was Ledgerwood's interest?"

"Twenty-five per cent."

"How did he get it?"

"It was given to him by Mr. Jacobs, I believe."

"Why did you consent?"

"It was from Mr. Jacobs' interest. I thought it would be beneficial."

"Does Ledgerwood have relatives in official positions?"

"Judge Verne Ledgerwood is his brother."

"Judge Ledgerwood is the municipal judge?"

"Yes."

"Ledgerwood told us a fantastic story about how he came to own this large interest in these two gambling houses," continued the report.

"He told us that he returned from El Paso, Texas, in 1931, where he had spent about nine years taking a cure for tuberculosis, and went to work for the Jacobs interests at a salary of fifty dollars a week. That after he had worked about one year Mr. Jacobs was so impressed with his work that he offered to sell him a 25-per-cent interest in the 'bank roll' of the Belvedere and the Southern clubs for $15,000.

"That he went to one Ed Ballard, a famous gambler and broker of gamblers, who lived at West Baden, Indiana, and succeeded in borrowing this large sum of money on his plain note, agreeing to repay Ballard the money in October, 1936, with 10 per cent interest and a bonus of 25 per cent of his part of the net earnings of the two clubs and books.

"He stated to us that he repaid this money to Mr. Ballard while Ballard was on a visit to Hot Springs about October, 1936. Pressed further, he stated that he paid Ballard the large sum of $20,500. Asked if he paid it with a check, he said that he no longer kept money in banks, that he paid this in cash; that he took no receipt, and destroyed the note immediately after it was paid.

"Further questioning developed the fact that about two days after Ledgerwood paid this large sum of money Ballard and a former partner with whom Ballard had previously quarreled were both found shot to death in a room of the Arlington Hotel. He stated that the verdict was that the other man killed Ballard and then killed himself. At any rate, no further investigation seems to have been made.

"The practice of making large gifts to prominent people and relatives of public officials, the payment of large salaries to policemen and firemen, and other 'philanthropic' activities of Mr. Jacobs," concluded the report, "have certainly paid him large returns at the expense of somebody."

That this alliance between governing and gambling in Hot Springs, Arkansas, had been going on for a long time is shown by a signed statement made by Richard Tallman Galatas, who was known as a sort of local or branch manager in Hot Springs of a nation-wide crime syndicate with home offices in Chicago. In this statement Galatas said that when he first came to the Springs, about 1931, he was arrested by Chief of Detectives Dutch Akers on suspicion of operating a confidence game; that he "propositioned" Akers that if he would not molest him and would permit him to work his confidence game in Hot Springs he would pay him a certain percentage of the money he earned in this lawless manner. Akers agreed.

Cecil Brock was Hot Springs' Police Department's identification officer.

But Galatas found that when business was bad, and he did not pay off to Akers, the latter continually "worried" him; so he decided that if he wanted to stay in Hot Springs he would have to make some arrangement for protection by the higher-ups.

He stated that he then got in touch with a notorious gambler of Hot Springs who operated a slot-machine racket under the protection of the city administration, and related to this gambler his difficulty with Dutch Akers.

The gambler advised that he would make the necessary contacts.

Thereafter Galatas was not "worried." Business got better and better, so that he was able to turn over the necessary protection money to the notorious gambler, who would then make the actual payment to the city officials.

He named certain officials who collected various amounts—$200, $300, $500, and sometimes as much as $1,000 at a time.

He stated that twice a month his bookkeeper, "Little Jeff," would also go into the City Court in Hot Springs, enter a plea of guilty, and pay a fine of $126.50.

On this matter of fines the legislative investigators adduced some interesting testimony.

For example:

"A former prosecuting attorney of the district testified that he had a conference with Judge Witt and Mayor McLaughlin soon after the prosecuting attorney took office, in which an agreement was had under which these gambling houses were to operate under quasi sanction of law, on condition that they pay a fine of ten dollars each week in Municipal Court. Later, on complaint that the county was getting no revenue from these houses, it was agreed that they should pay a fine of $100 each month to the city, and an additional $100 each month to the county."

The majority report of the committee indicated that "big shots" didn't pay any fines at all.

"The records of Belvedere, and the testimony of its bookkeeper, Mr. Sam Watt," said the report, "show that neither Belvedere nor Southern Club ever paid a fine either to the county or to the city. We wonder if the fact that a brother of the municipal judge and an uncle of the circuit judge both worked for these clubs, and the further fact that 'influential' citizens of the city of Hot Springs drew large dividends as gifts from these clubs, had anything to do with the fact that no fines were ever assessed against them."

The record would hardly be complete as to the gambling-governing alliance without adding the report's simple but illuminating statement that "other witnesses testified to seeing the circuit judge, Honorable Earl Witt, placing bets on different games at some of these gambling places."

But we cannot tarry too long in the gambling hells of Hot Springs. We must go on to the brothels—where the chief scenes in this drama of municipal corruption were destined to be played.

The investigation conducted by the Federal Bureau of Investigation under the personal direction of Director J. Edgar Hoover revealed that Chief of Police Wakelin, Chief of Detectives Akers, and many other police officers knew of the existence of houses of prostitution operated in the city of Hot Springs, but at no time took steps to close them or to curb the most flagrant practice of the prostitute's art, but, on the contrary, in some instances gave aid and protection—not to mention the pleasure of their company!—to the operators and inmates of these houses.

All of the instances offered in support of this statement were uncovered by Special Agents of the Federal Bureau of Investigation in their extensive investigation that was to lead to the conviction of Chief of Police Joe Wakelin and his Chief of Detectives Dutch Akers.

For instance, on March 20, 1937, a woman by the name of Pat, who had been arrested the night before, said she wanted to know her exact status, as she would have to go somewhere else if she was going to be arrested in Hot Springs. Chief Wakelin advised her that he would look into the matter.

On December 22, 1936, another woman named Billie told Wakelin a long story about how she had gone to a hotel to see an employee of a gambling place in Hot Springs, and that the man had later taken eight dollars from her pocketbook.

Wakelin, ever ready to accommodate, caused this man's arrest on a charge of robbery; but he was never tried on this charge. On the same day Wakelin advised Billie to come to the city jail where the supposed robber was incarcerated. Subsequent developments revealed that apparently a satisfactory settlement had been made, as the man had been released.

Billie subsequently purchased a Christmas present for the chief of police, which the chief readily accepted—which was only fair, since he had acted as "collector" for her in the hotel matter.

ANOTHER night a woman by the name of Inez talked to an officer at the Police Department and asked him to call an individual at a hotel and tell him it was all right, so far as he was concerned, for her to work there. She stated that the person at the hotel had advised her that it would be O. K. with him if it was O. K. with this officer. She then urged him to call the hotel that night, and he agreed that he would.

Of course Dutch Akers, the grafting, blackmailing chief of detectives, was up to his neck in all this dirty mess. The F. B. I.'s investigation indicated that Akers knew every prostitute in the city during the time he was chief of detectives, that he received pay-off money from various houses. One witness testified that the reason he was arrested by Akers in Hot Springs on a trumped-up charge of automobile theft was that Akers learned that he was going with one of Akers' girls. It should be noted that during all this time Akers was married.

While Grace Goldstein, most notorious of the Hot Springs madams, was running her establishment at 123 Palm Street, Dutch Akers frequently visited one of the girls there.

It was also learned that it was upon the advice of Dutch Akers that Grace Goldstein moved her house from 123 Palm Street to the Hatterie Hotel at 233½ Central Avenue, which became the most widely known brothel in the Southwest.

This tolerant attitude was by no means confined to members of the police force. One of the highest officials in the city administration, the investigation at the time disclosed, handled all business details in reference to two parcels of real property upon which were located the houses operated by two of Hot Springs' madams. The taxes for these properties were assessed in the name of one of his close relatives.

ON January 17, 1937, one of these women, her feelings clearly outraged, indignantly complained that Grace's girls (meaning Grace Goldstein's) were permitted to get into a certain hotel and that her girls could not get in on that particular night.

The officer said that he had not heard anything about this situation but would look into it for her. She then mentioned the fact that Cecil Brock, already featured in these annals, was the detective assigned to this particular hotel, and sought the official's advice as to whether or not she should pay off to Brock. She also asked him whether Grace Goldstein was paying off, urged him to find out for her the exact situation existing in this particular hotel, and concluded with:

"We all have to stick together to make a living in this."

It was to be expected, of course, that prostitutes operating under these conditions would have nothing but contempt for their corrupt protectors. When one of "Grace's girls" was called upon to testify in court about a gay party given by Sam Coker, a member of the notorious Karpis-Barker gang who is now serving a thirty-year sentence in Oklahoma, the following colloquy took place:

Who focused the attention of Director Hoover and his G-men on the state of affairs in Hot Springs? That public service was rendered by none other than Alvin Karpis—in those days Public Enemy Number One! How so? Mr. Collins will tell you in Liberty next week.

"Didn't Coker take you there?"

"He did not."

"You go to such parties, don't you?"

"Yes; it is a part of my business."

"Well, I will ask if you did not attend a party at which time Sam Coker was present, and if you did not steal $2,900 from Coker and leave town that night?"

"That man isn't complaining, is he?" the witness snapped back.

"But did you get that money?"

"Well, if I did, seeing you are bringing it up now, the reason you are bringing it up is just because I happened to beat the Hot Springs 'laws' to it."

A "law" is underworld for a policeman.

The drunken parties at Grace Goldstein's Hatterie Hotel brothel, with police officials and criminals participating, were matters of common knowledge. On November 24, 1936, Grace and Chief Wakelin carried on a long conversation regarding a party at her place which had taken place the night before and which had been honored by the presence of certain officers of the Police Department. According to this conversation, one of the inmates, Connie Morris, won a prize after getting up on a chair and taking off all of her clothes.

Hoover and his G-men discovered that Wakelin engaged in conversations and made "social" engagements with Grace Goldstein practically every night for many months—and kept those engagements, too. During the subsequent trial of Wakelin, Akers, Brock, and herself, when the United States attorney asked Grace if it was true that she held these nightly conferences with Joe Wakelin, Grace denied that this was so.

She admitted, however, that she had talked to Wakelin at various times on various business matters.

The district attorney then asked her why she and Joe Wakelin found it necessary to go out into the country to talk over their business.

The Goldstein woman couldn't think of any answer to that one.

SOME idea of the closeness of the alliance between police and vice which the G-men were called upon to fight may be had from the fact that in December of 1935, when Grace Goldstein purchased a 1936 Buick coupé and realized that it was only a few weeks before the first of the year, she did not bother to purchase a set of 1935 license tags for the car. She used Joe Wakelin's.

The most serious part of this whole situation, from the standpoint of Mr. Hoover and the F. B. I., was that Wakelin, in the course of his "social" or "business" dates, transmitted to the Goldstein woman confidential information in the possession of the Police Department and advised her of steps that the authorities intended to take in the pursuit of badly wanted fugitives.

Aside from the moral aspect surrounding such an association, the result of putting confidential police information into the hands of a disorderly-house operator can be readily understood.

With such information in her possession, the Goldstein woman could protect nationally known public enemies operating outside the law—could and, as you will see, did!

THE END

The Tire with the *wrinkle* STOPS YOU QUICKER ...GIVES YOU LONGER MILEAGE, TOO!

INTO Squeegee-Generals has been built a remarkable combination. The deep-cut ribs roll along quietly, without the usual noise and pounding that is a constant reminder that rubber is wearing off. As a result, thousands of extra miles have been added to the already famous long mileage of General Tires.

At the first touch of the pedal, those same flexible ribs wrinkle into squeegee-action . . . for a quicker, straight stop every time.

Extra strength; blowout resistance; low pressure comfort; economy; Top-Quality . . . you get all these, too, in Generals.

See your General Tire dealer. Change-over your new car . . . or equip your present car . . . *now.*

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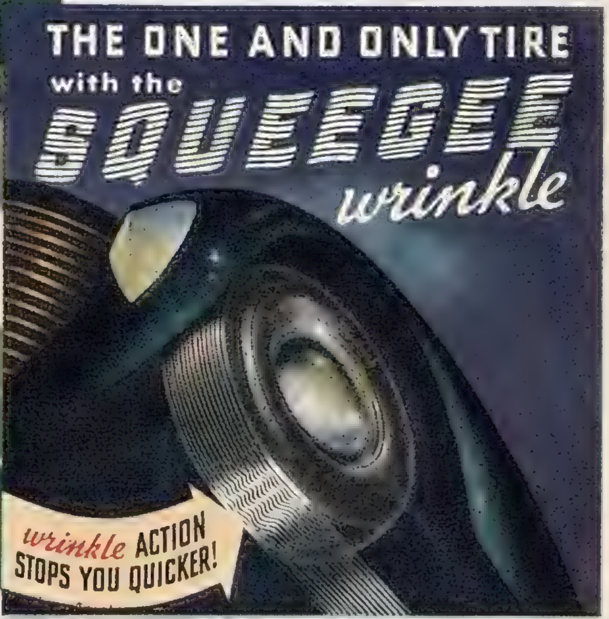
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"I'M NO LONGER A BACK SEAT DRIVER. Often I've pushed my foot to the floor and tried to 'help' to stop the car. Perhaps I said something, too! But no more. You just *know* these Squeegee-Generals will *stop* . . . safely, every time. Now I *relax* and leave it to my husband and the tires."

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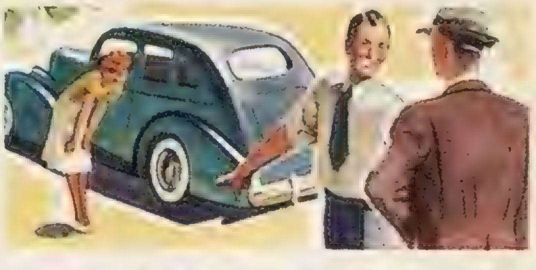

"WHY CHANGE-OVER A NEW CAR? LISTEN: The extra *mileage* Squeegee-Generals give you, in itself, pays for the cost of putting them on a new car. Even so, I wouldn't be without the greater safety . . . protection . . . comfort . . . ease of handling . . . silence . . . and peace of mind . . . *at any price.*"

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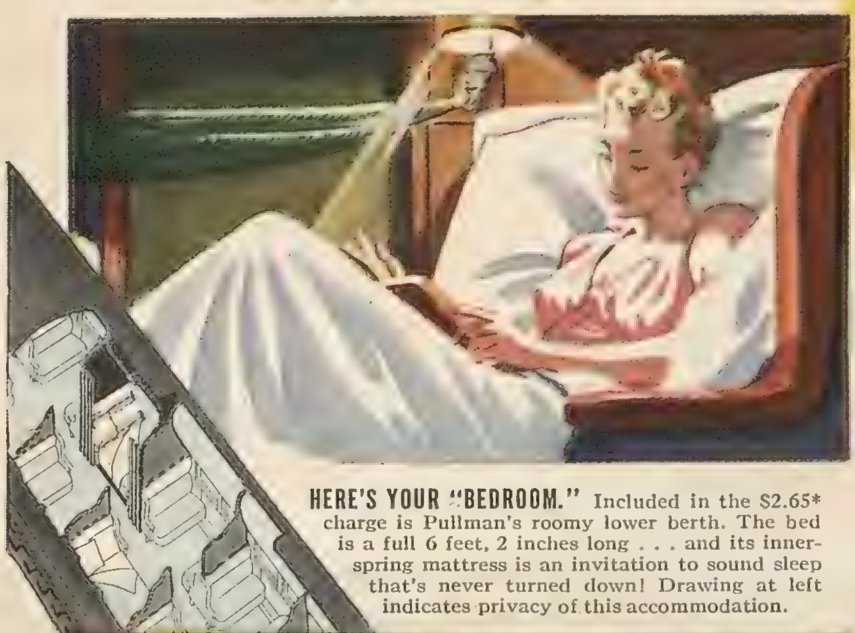

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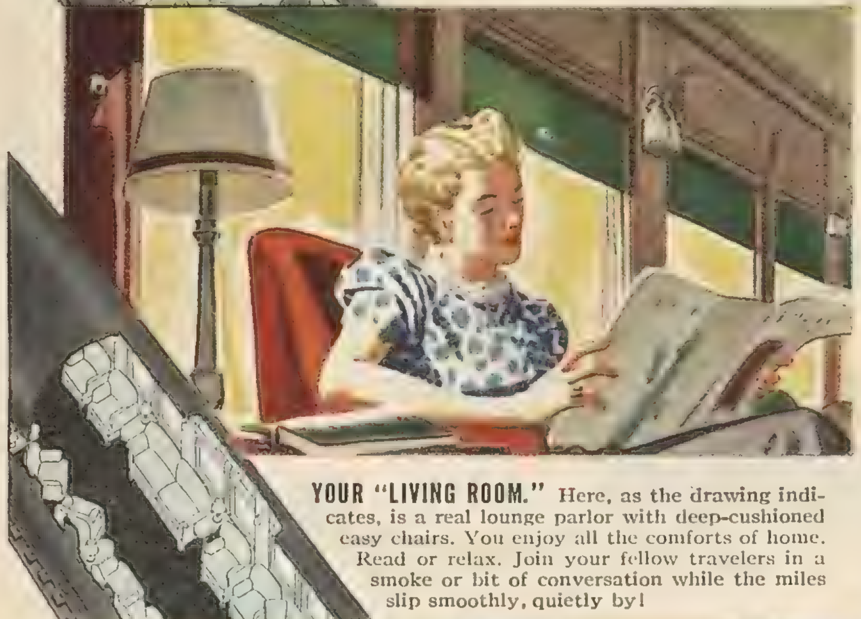

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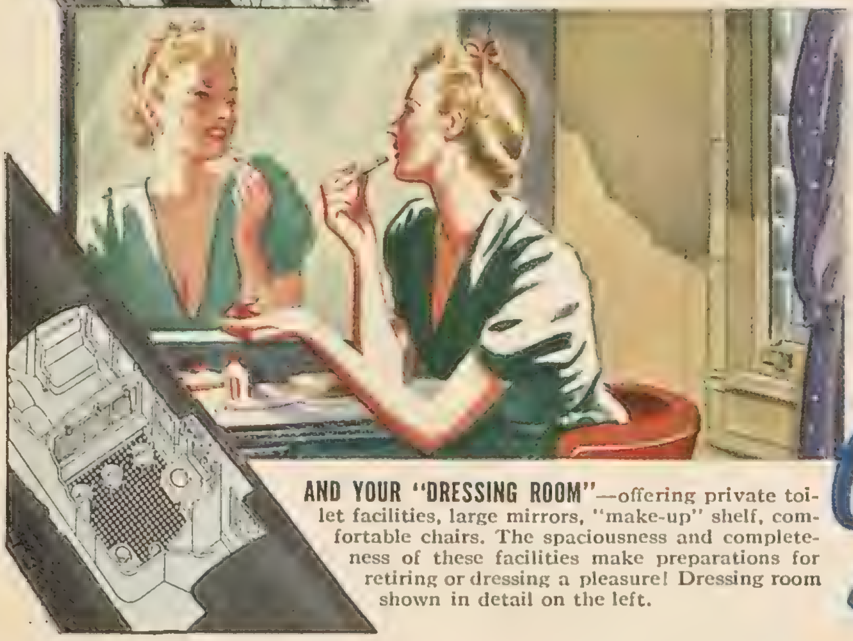

AND YOUR "DRESSING ROOM"—offering private toilet facilities, large mirrors, "make-up" shelf, comfortable chairs. The spaciousness and completeness of these facilities make preparations for retiring or dressing a pleasure! Dressing room shown in detail on the left.

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No other form of transportation gives you *all* these advantages. That's why, for the surprisingly little extra you pay, rail and Pullman offers you the greatest travel value *any* amount of money can buy! Next time, go Pullman!

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THE COMFORTABLE AND SURE WAY TO GET THERE . . . WITH ALL THE SPEED THAT'S SAFE!

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At the start of the annual camp in Washington, D. C., representatives of the 4-H Clubs of various regions present gifts to Mrs. Roosevelt.

HEAD, HEART, HANDS, HEALTH

A tribute to American youth which is forging great accomplishments

BY EDWARD DOHERTY

READING TIME ● 11 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

TALK all you will about hard times. Grouse to your heart's deepest bitterness over unemployment, increased taxes, Communistic trends, threatening Fascist ideas, and the plague of economic ills that menace the country.

But give three rousing cheers for young America, for the million and a quarter boys and girls enrolled in the 4-H clubs, for the work they have done and are doing, for the hope and encouragement and confidence they furnish their elders.

In every part of the United States there are boys and girls growing up in the spirit of the early pioneers. They are learning to do many things, to support themselves, to pay for college education. They seek no short cuts to wealth. They are glad to work out their own destinies, with a little help. They are eager to take over the country when and if the time comes for them to do so, and to make it a better country than it has ever been.

There is nothing, apparently, that they cannot do. They produce the finest livestock and poultry. They make their own clothing. They form choral societies, bands, orchestras, dramatic societies. They have even produced operas. They raise fine corn and wheat and other crops. They have planted millions of trees, turned thousands of waste spots into gardens or orchards or farms. They study and practice conservation of the soil, the preservation of wild game, the prevention of forest fires, the preparing of food, and the canning of surplus fruits and vegetables. They turn old tumble-down shacks into delightful modern homes. And everything they do, they do at the minimum of cost. Some of the wonders they have accomplished were revealed at the Seventeenth National 4-H Club Congress held in Chicago last November.

Every year the state champions of the 4-H clubs attend the Chicago Congress, which is always held in connection with the International Livestock Exposition. Last November close to 3,000 boys and girls were there, champions all. They brought with them heifers, steers, hogs, and sheep they had raised. They brought samples of corn, wheat, cotton, potatoes, and peanuts. They brought clothing, gimcracks, jars and cans of food, scrapbooks to show the work they had accomplished, the prizes they had won in state and county fairs, the money they had earned in various projects.

They departed, after a week of lavish entertainment, with blue ribbons, prizes, scholarship awards, and other triumphs totaling well over $100,000.

It would be impossible to tell the achievements of each boy and girl. But the stories of some will illustrate the work of all.

There is, for instance, the record of Lloyd Hawkins, eighteen years old, who lives on a 160-acre farm near Foss, Oklahoma. The official announcement says, "He completed 54 varied projects from which he made a profit of $1,998. He held 11 offices in his local club, was county 4-H president, served as vice president of the Washita County Livestock Improvement Association, was a 4-H adviser for a large magazine, was a delegate to the National 4-H Club camp at Washington, D. C., where he served as reporter on a camp newspaper, has worked with 1,100 club members, and at present is leading 445 club boys. He gave 28 demonstrations, coached 54 demonstrations, gave 37 talks on the 4-H, led songs for five state meetings, started 30 boys in record keeping, and inaugurated the use of seven approved practices on his home farm."

Mr. Hawkins was the winner of the National Achievement Contest. He received the President's award and a $300 college scholarship.

The girl winner of the National Achievement Contest, Katherine Sire, eighteen, of Belt, Montana, lives on a 1,500-acre farm. She is a freshman at Montana State University. She completed sixteen projects in clothing, food preparation and preservation, room improvement, and handicraft. During the six years she has been a member of the 4-H Club, she made 148 garments, including suits and coats. In 1937 she was the national winner in the "best dress" class. She canned 6,632 pints of food. She supervised thirty-five club members, participated in twenty-seven demonstrations, assisted in preparing 1,052 meals, won $169 in prizes, held fourteen offices in her local club, and served the county 4-H organization for two terms as vice-president. The total value placed on her work was $2,252.55.

Perhaps the most outstanding youngster, boy or girl, at the Congress, was fourteen-year-old Irene Brown of Aledo, Illinois, whose steer, Mercer II, an Aberdeen Angus, was chosen as grand champion of the livestock show.

Miss Brown bought the steer January 1, 1938. She paid sixty dollars for him. He weighed 550 pounds then, and didn't look at all like a champion. But Irene knew what to do for him. She taught him to be gentle, to wear a halter, and to let himself be led. All winter she fed him on corn and oats and clover hay,

A soothing cream—
And that's no joke
Ingram's cools off
Chins that "smoke"!

Thrifty Ingram's relieves shaving nicks and stings!

INGRAM'S swiftly wilts defiant beards. From the instant you lather up to your razor's final sweep, you can feel the refreshing *difference*—the Ingram's *kick*. But the big news about Ingram's is its bracing after-effect—it helps relieve shaving burns, irritations. Your face is COOL long after your beard's gone.

Get Ingram's, in jar or tube, at your druggist's today.

A SPEED LATHER! Ingram's lather works amazingly fast! It wilts the fight out of the most stubborn whiskers in jig time.

FEEL THAT KICK! With each and every stroke of your razor, Ingram's "wet-inside" lather gives a cool and bracing kick to your skin.

COOLING—SOOTHING—COMFORTING Smooth, easy shaving and a cool, attractive looking skin are the rewards of thrifty Ingram's.

INGRAM'S
Concentrated
SHAVING CREAM
A little goes a longer way

exercised him, curried him, scrubbed him with Castile soap. She entered him in the Mercer County fair that summer, and he won the blue ribbon. Later on she exhibited him at the state fair, where he was chosen as the champion steer, the best of all breeds at the fair.

At the auction, December 1, he was sold for $3.35 a pound. He weighed 1,130 pounds, so he brought Irene $3,785.50. In addition to this, she received approximately $800 in prizes.

Another outstanding girl was Juanita Lopez, nineteen years old, who lives with her parents on a quarter-acre farm near Cayey, Puerto Rico. She was the state winner in the National 4-H Rural Electrification Contest. She was the president of her club. Her work included sewing, growing and canning vegetables and fruits, making furniture out of boxes and barrels, manicuring, shampooing, and giving talks on the uses of electricity.

CHICAGO'S Loop was filled with the 4-H club members during the Congress, ruddy, healthy, sharp-eyed boys and girls, alert and purposeful youngsters who made everybody turn around and look at them.

But the records of their achievements were seen by few. These, neatly bound by the boy or girl who wrote them, were displayed in a little room in the Auditorium Hotel. And on the table where they lay was an exhibition of corn-shuck novelties made by Carmen Nicholson of Cowarts, North Carolina. She also makes dolls out of walnuts and acorns, flowers out of pine cones, buttons and bowls out of gourds. And she sells these things without any trouble.

Miss Nicholson is eighteen and lives on a mountain farm. Her materials are all about her. The skill to turn them into novelties she developed in her 4-H Club classes. There she also learned something of forestry and soil conservation. The rains had washed the soil from the slopes of her farm. She planted 4,000 trees. Now the rains behave. She took lessons in home decoration, and now lives in the most comfortable and beautiful house in her part of North Carolina.

Next to Miss Nicholson's record book lay that of Myron A. Johnson of Boone, Iowa. Johnson, twenty-one, entered as the Boone County champion, was chosen as the "best clubster," was rated highest of the four sectional winners of the country, and won a scholarship valued at $300.

In his projects he handled eighteen baby beeves, fifty sheep, eight sows and their litters, and eleven acres of corn. He won $411.50 in prizes at state and county fairs, won the highest honors in fifteen judging contests and six demonstrations, and earned $3,641.92 by the sale of livestock.

Close by was a book compiled by Gordon Grotie of Mason, Texas. In six years this seventeen-year-old boy raised fifty-eight calves, received a gross income of $9,465.68, and made a net profit of $4,718.43. As a result of his club work, he has decided to attend A. & M. College in Texas and major in animal husbandry.

Some indication of what young girls can do in the way of making themselves chic was shown in the 4-H Club style show held in the Trianon ballroom during the Congress. Four girls were chosen as the national champions.

Dorothy Schilder, fifteen, of Burkmere, South Dakota, exhibited shoes, hose, girdle, underwear, and a cotton princess costume which she had made at a cost of $5.42.

Adele Fellett, sixteen, of Yuma, Arizona, won first prize for an Empire frock of yellow taffeta and a reversible cape, made at a cost of $11.29.

Ruth L. Lewis, showing her tailored blue wool suit and topcoat, and her shoes, purse, and hat made of felt, was the third champion. Miss Lewis is eighteen, and a resident of Crestwood, Kentucky. Her outfit cost $38.15.

The other champion was Laura Trosper, eighteen, of Kingfisher, Oklahoma. Her dress was fashioned of brown silk bengaline with pink trimming. The skirt was gored. She made her costume at a cost of $15.05.

There were many other winners at the Congress, but the spotlight shone most brightly on the boys and girls who were selected as the healthiest. The 4-H Clubs stress the value of health in a special way.

Ruth K. Mason of Statesville, North Carolina, Barbara Beebe of Logan, Iowa, Jeffie Poland of Fryeburg, Louisiana, and Louise Johnson of Calera, Alabama, were the girls chosen in this contest. The boys were Britt Phillips of Cordele, Georgia, Kendall C. Wilson of Kellogg, Iowa, Hubert Littlefield of Oak Grove, Louisiana, and Gerald R. Hawley of Brock, Nebraska.

MANY believed that May Kitagawa, fifteen, of Pahala, Hawaii, should have been entered in the health contest; but Miss Kitagawa was busy demonstrating her skill with a skillet. She was brought to the Congress because of her record in food preparation as well as for her record as a health club member.

"I learned to live healthily from club work," Miss Kitagawa said, "to be a worthy member of my home and community, to help at home, and to help others. I eat vital foods, know the importance of milk and the value of good posture to a growing body. I know how to judge vegetables, and thus how to save money in marketing."

The 4-H Clubs are fostered by the United States Department of Agriculture and the Extension Service in the various state agricultural universities. They have state leaders, county leaders, and local leaders—perhaps 170,000 leaders in all. They operate mostly in the rural regions, and there is a club in nearly every county in the United States.

"There are team demonstrations, judging contests, exhibits at county and state fairs," says Ray Turner of the Department of Agriculture. "Records are kept of all that is done, all that is produced. Winners in state and county fairs are given trips to the National Congress in Chicago every year, with all expenses paid. . . .

"Recently I made a study of what becomes of 4-H boys and girls after they reach the age limit of membership, which is twenty-one years. I discovered that 36 per cent of the students of home economics and agriculture at state agricultural colleges are former 4-H Club members. The majority of these obtained the money for their education through the sale of livestock they had raised.

"Later I made a canvas of older members. Out of one thousand men, I found that 65 per cent are in agriculture and in teaching.

"It is difficult to say what proportion of the women remain in agriculture. Out of a thousand girls, 36 per cent are married. Most of those must be farmers' wives. Some of them undoubtedly are leaders and teachers in local 4-H Clubs."

THE 4-H Clubs were started about thirty years ago. Today there are over 7,000,000 men and women who have been trained in them. Today 4-H Club members own more than 280,000 head of livestock. This year they will produce more than $250,000,000 worth of cattle and crops. Last year the girls canned 8,200,000 jars of food. Last year the clubs had 1,255,000 members. This year they may have 1,500,000 or more.

The national club emblem is the four-leaf clover. There is a big letter H on each leaf. The four H's stand for Head, Heart, Hands, and Health, representing a fourfold idea. The head is developed to think, to plan, to reason; the heart to be kind, true, and sympathetic; the hands to be useful, helpful, and skillful; and health should be cultivated for the enjoyment of life, the resisting of disease, and the increasing of efficiency.

Four-H Club boys and girls, according to W. Robert Amick of Lafayette, Indiana, are expected to "train for leadership, to learn improved methods of farming and homemaking, to make money, to acquire property, to develop community pride and spirit, to develop a love of nature and the open country, to do wholesome, helpful things, to play the game fairly. . . ."

The national club motto is "To make the best better," and each youngster must take this pledge:

"I pledge my head to clearer thinking, my heart to greater loyalty, my hands to larger service, and my health to better living—for my club, my community, and my country."

Yes, you had better give three cheers for the 4-H boys and girls. Some day, if they keep on, they will own and run America.

THE END

More women use Mum than any other deodorant

MORE WIVES—because Mum is always so easy to use.

MORE SCREEN STARS—for they must always have charm.

MORE BUSINESS GIRLS—they know Mum doesn't harm fabrics.

MORE NURSES—on duty or off, they want safe, sure care!

MORE SCHOOL GIRLS—to prevent odor quickly, safely.

Be attractive! Be popular!
Make sure of your charm, with MUM

RICH GIRL, poor girl—*every* girl should remember this: You can't be attractive to others unless you're always fresh and sweet—nice to be near!

It's so easy to offend unknowingly—to think your bath can make you safe. But no bath—however perfect—can *prevent* underarm odor. A bath removes only perspiration that is *past*. Mum prevents underarm odor—works in *advance* to keep you sweet. Hours after your bath has faded, Mum keeps you fresh.

You'll like Mum! For Mum is speedy, safe, utterly dependable in guarding your daintiness and charm!

MUM SAVES TIME! 30 seconds to smooth in Mum under this arm—under that—and you're through, all ready to go!

MUM SAVES CLOTHES! The seals of the American Institute of Laundering and of Good Housekeeping Bureau tell you Mum is harmless to fabrics. And even after underarm shaving Mum doesn't irritate your skin.

MUM SAVES CHARM! Without stopping perspiration, Mum stops the objectionable *odor*. Get Mum at any drugstore today and join the millions of lovely women who have found Mum a "must" for popularity and charm.

SANITARY NAPKINS NEED MUM!
Avoid embarrassing odors from this source, too. Mum is gentle, safe . . . fastidious women everywhere make a habit of Mum this second way.

MUM takes the odor out of perspiration

DEEP WATER

The story of racing boats and a young lady who called love a cockeyed thing

BY JAY WILSON

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 5 SECONDS

THIS was in November and a raw northeaster was blowing across Long Island Sound. But in the small office in the corner of the main shed in Steve Gordon's yacht works there was a big sheet-iron stove in which pine logs roared cheerfully. It was warm in there. Blueprints were scattered on the large flat-topped desk and the floor was littered with scraps of paper covered with figuring, with pipe tobacco and pine shavings and half-burnt matches. It was a place to give a fire-insurance underwriter gray hairs. It was a place that would have driven a detail-conscious mind insane. It was also the place in which were conceived and planned the blue-water thoroughbreds for which Steve, at thirty-five, was already noted up and down the coast.

To see his office was to know that he could not be other than he was: tall, lean, homely as a sculpin, and tough as a fathom of tarred rope. When Tony Levitt walked in that day, Steve was wearing what he always wore: a pair of paint-smeared trousers, a flannel shirt open at the neck, and a yachting cap stuck on the back of his head. Little lines radiated from his stone-gray eyes when he smiled a welcome to her.

"Hyah, Tony! What are you doing way out here on the Island on a day like this?"

Tony smiled fondly at him.

"I drove out to see you," she said.

"All the way from New York?"

"All the way from New York."

"H'mph! Now what's happened?"

She took off her coat, took a cigarette from a small jeweled case, brushed a corner of the desk clear of blueprints, and perched herself there; slender and expensive from the tips of her small brogues to the burnished copper of her hair. She looked at Steve with eyes that were the color of the sky on a windy day in autumn.

"Steve," she said, "you've got to help me."

Steve grunted. He had known Tony since the summer he had worked on her father's Long Island estate. He had been twenty then and trying to earn enough to finish his last year at Tech. Tony had been an imperious young lady of ten. Since then Steve had coached her to supremacy in nearly every small-boat class on the Sound. And at other times, when life had seemed difficult to a growing girl who had but to ask to get anything she wanted, Tony had found Steve all that an elder brother is supposed to be but seldom is.

"So you're flying your ensign upside down again, eh?" Steve said. "Well, go ahead. Spill the grief."

"You've got to build me a boat," Tony said.

Steve squinted at her.

"Are you asking a favor or talking business?"

"I'm talking business," Tony said. "Strictly cash on the line. I want a boat in which I can win the Big Island race next summer."

Steve picked up a pipe, lit it, and blew out a cloud of smoke. Through it he stared at Tony.

"The Big Island race?" he said softly. "That's deep-water stuff, Tony."

"So what?"

"Be your age," Steve said. "The race committee won't accept your entry."

"I'll take care of the race committee," Tony said. "And I'm more my age than some people seem to realize. I've got twenty-five thousand dollars to spend on a boat. Do you want the order or do I go some place else?"

She was in dead earnest. He could see that by the thrust of her stubborn little chin. Steve sighed.

"Why," he asked, "do you want to win the Big Island race so bad?"

Tony ground out her cigarette on the edge of the desk.

"I don't really care so much about winning the race, Steve. What I'm really trying to win is a man."

Very slowly Steve put his pipe down on the desk.

"Do you feel all right?"

"Not particularly. Love is a cockeyed thing."

"H'mph! It must be. Who is this guy and how is your winning this race going to prove anything?"

"It may not prove a thing," Tony said. "But at least if I win the race he'll take a second look at me."

"Oh, he will, eh? What's wrong with his eyes now?"

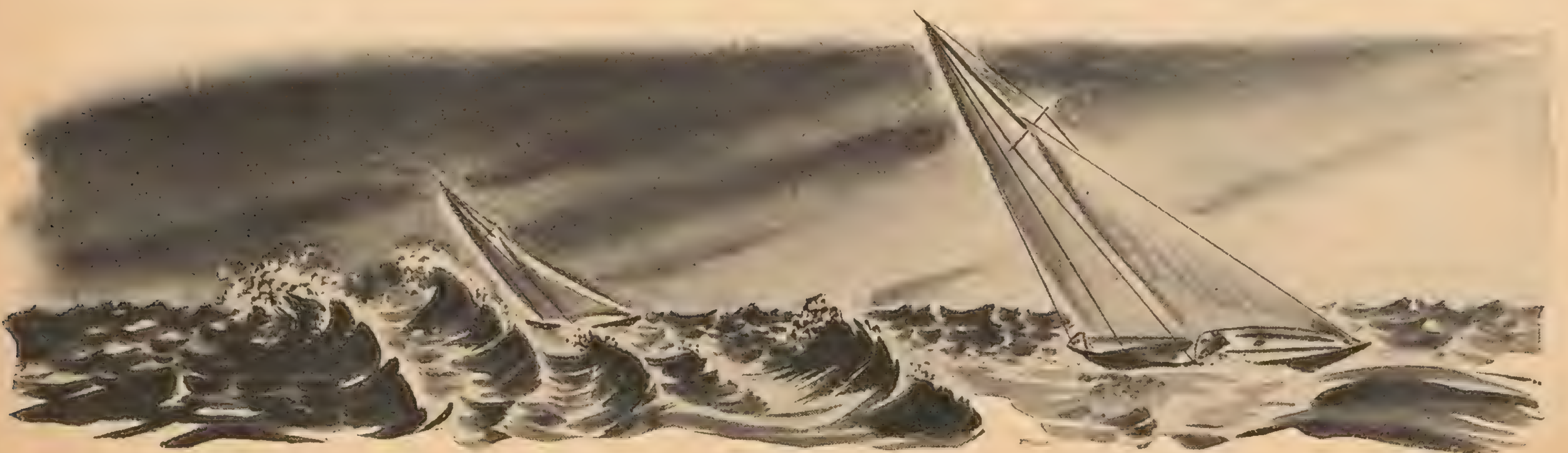
"The Lord only knows," Tony sighed. "I've done my best to make him see what a beautiful charming wife I'd be, but he's all wrapped up in boats. Deep-water boats. My kind of sailing is kid stuff to him. Guess my only chance is to go deep-sea fishing. I . . . I'm sort of crazy about him, Steve."

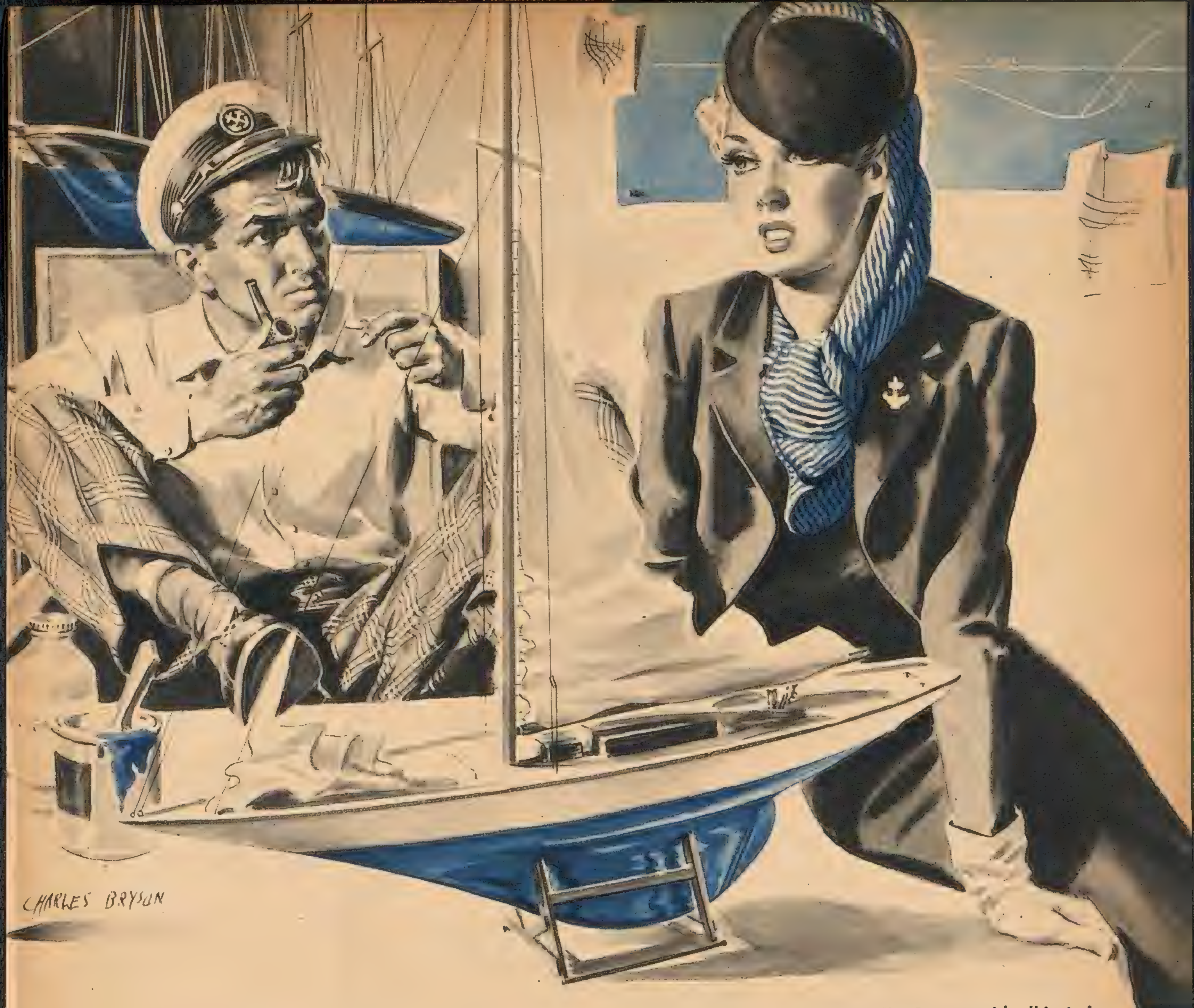
Steve grunted. "Listen. Who is this guy?"

Tony laughed softly.

"I'll give you a hint, darling. He'll be sailing in the best boat in the A class."

"That will be Jerry Malcolm in Swallow," Steve said. "Tony, you little idiot, you ought to know you can't beat that ketch. She's the





"In case"—Steve said—"just in case we do win this race, do I have to marry Jerry Malcolm too?"

scratch boat and she's won hands down the last two years."

"What about time allowance?"

"Time allowance, hell!" Steve snapped. "You won't even finish. That run is almighty tough. You haven't had any experience offshore. You'll only get laughed at. Then how will you stand with Jerry?"

"No worse than I do today," Tony said quietly.

Steve sighed wearily.

"O. K.," he muttered. "I'll do what I can."

Tony slipped off the desk and went over to Steve. She ran her fingers through his hair, ignoring the cap she pushed off on the floor.

"I knew you'd come through for me, precious."

"Unh! A boat in which a girl can race offshore! What am I supposed to be? A magician?"

Tony laughed. A rich throaty little laugh.

"You're really terribly cute, Steve," she said.

"Yah? Well, I'm cute enough to want that check from you . . . certified. Jerry may meet a mermaid and I don't want to be left with a five-hundred-dollar-a-foot boat on my hands."

There are precise ways of designing a deep-water boat. There are mathematical formulae and rules. Good boats are built that way. There is also another way of going about it. The way the old clippers were designed.

In Steve's office there was little of the marine architect's equipment. But there was a chair in which he could lean back, and a desk on which he could cock his feet, while he whittled a block of seasoned straight-grained white pine with a knife whetted to razor sharpness. It took him a week to carve a long, slender hull out of the block of pine. Then he laid aside his knife and started to rub with sandpaper. He worked slowly and carefully, sighting along the little hull and feeling of its curves with long, bronzed fingers. It was another week before he was done. When he finally placed the finished model on his desk, he had achieved something which to a knowing eye was sheer beauty. A boat with an easy entrance at the bow, with long, clean lines to slip through the water in a breath of a breeze, depth of keel to make her stiff in heavier going, and a full, buoyant underbody.

And, as he looked at the model, Steve knew that he had succeeded. Succeeded in designing a boat which would give Tony her best chance of coming through. A cutter it would be. Because Tony was used to a single-stick rig. Because a cutter was faster in moderate to light weather than the lower rigs of ketches and yawls and schooners. Only in heavy weather would a cutter be at a disadvantage with her tall mast and can-

ILLUSTRATED BY CHARLES BRYSON

vas. But if the going was bad, Tony wouldn't have a chance anyway.

There was snow on the ground when Tony next drove out to the yard. A score of men were busy about the long, deep-keeled hull that almost filled the shed. Most of the outer planking was on. Enough so Tony could see and marvel at the sweetness of her boat's lines but not enough to conceal how strongly the cutter was being built.

Tony's eyes singled out four workmen whom she had known since they had first gone to work with Steve when his yard had been much smaller. Zeke and Jonah Mathews, swart, stocky brothers out of Machias, Maine. And Pete Swanson and Jan Kjellman, tall spare-built Norwegians with bleached hair and eyes. All of them had the mark of the sea on them. She smiled when they looked up and nodded to her. These men, whose gnarled hands guided their tools so skillfully, would make a good crew. A faint smile came to Tony's lips as she turned away.

Steve she found in his office. He was bent over his desk, scanning blueprints made from the lines he had taken off the model. At his elbow was a pad of yellow foolscap covered with figures. He grinned cheerfully, happily, at her.

"Just figuring sail area," he said. "She's going to carry a cloud, Tony! If you get a break in the weather there's just a chance you may make the rest of them wonder what they're racing for."

"If I can get a crew together," Tony said.

Steve looked at her sharply.

"What do you mean?"

"Well, even Christopher Columbus had trouble."

"Yeah? Well, there's nothing to stop you from standing some eggs on end too."

Tony made a face at him.

"There's only one egg I know of I'd like to stand on end," she said, "and he's a lanky sour-pussed . . ."

"—sucker for five feet three of helplessness," Steve finished dryly.

"I'm doing my best," Tony said meekly.

Steve considered her thoughtfully.

"I've got a funny feeling that maybe you are, at that," he muttered. "What am I supposed to do? Get a crew for you?"

Tony smiled sweetly.

"Either that, darling," she said, "or I may have to convert her into a houseboat with . . . with potted geraniums along her rail."

An unintelligible sound rose out of Steve's throat, something between a bark and a growl.

"In case"—he said—"just in case we *do* win this race, do I have to marry Jerry Malcolm too?"

THEN it was summer, and a fleet of more than twenty trim Class A deep-water yachts were jockeying for position behind the starting line, which was an imaginary thing between a red buoy and the race-committee boat. There was no sun that afternoon and the Sound was white-flecked and the same shade of gray as the low scudding clouds overhead. The fleet tacked and reached under working sails and spray blotted out the bows of the yachts as they heeled over to a stiff rising wind. From the committee boat, pitching at anchor, came a short barking explosion. The five-minute warning gun. Almost instantly every yacht changed course and the fleet began to converge toward the starting line, each boat timing its progress to reach the line, footing fast, at nearly the instant the starting gun would go off. Those that miscalculated and crossed the line too soon would have to go back and recross.

JAY WILSON

born in Russia of American parents, came to the U. S. when the 1917 revolution broke out. He was educated at Boston University and Dartmouth, and has been a sailor, a shipyard worker, and a prizefighter. At present he works at writing and farming. He is married and has two children.

Aboard Blue Bird, Steve watched carefully both Tony and a stop watch in his hand. Once his glance traveled quickly aloft to the board-stiff towering mainsail. Every square inch of canvas was drawing. He grunted approval. Tony, at the wheel, was performing like a veteran. In yellow oilskins and sou'wester, she stood on slightly spread legs in the cockpit. Slim brown fingers were curled around the spokes of the wheel. She had worked late with Steve and Pete, Jan, Zeke, and Jonah the night before too. There had been provisions to get aboard and stow away. There had been a hundred little last-minute details to check. And when all that had been done, there had been the business of plotting a course and working out Blue Bird's tactics to conform with the late weather reports. It had been nearly dawn when they had put away the charts and tide and current tables, and Tony had gone to her small stateroom, and Steve tumbled into a berth in the main cabin. But now there was no sign of fatigue in Tony's eyes. They were blue and alert and sparkling with sheer joy of sailing the big cutter.

"Four and a quarter minutes!" Steve barked. "Come on! Let's go! This way, we'll be last across the line!"

Tony looked at him. Their eyes met briefly.

"I'm skipper here," she said evenly.

In all the years he had known her she had not spoken to him quite like that. A dark flush spread over Steve's face under the brim of a black sou'wester.

"Four minutes!" he growled.

The faintest trace of a smile touched the corners of Tony's lips as she looked at Steve.

"Stand by on the jib sheets!" she ordered.

Jonah and Zeke scrambled foreward.

"All right! Flatten those heads'ls! More on the jib tops'l! Get it in! Lively!"

Blue Bird heeled over. Water curled over her lee rail and boiled aft, white and hissing, along the deck. Tony held her to it and Blue Bird began to claw up wind through the fleet.

A queer little tingle ran through Steve as he watched Tony. Working through the pack that way was flirting with collision.

"Three minutes!"

They were in the middle of the fleet then—in the middle and pushing to the front. They went to windward of a schooner, cleared her by the thickness of a coat of paint and left her astern with a swearing crew.

"One minute and a half!"

AHEAD of Blue Bird was a tight phalanx of yachts bearing down on the starting line. These boats were skippered by veteran deep-water men, men who knew their craft well enough to risk a close decision with the starting gun. They blocked Blue Bird. Ahead of them was a white-hulled ketch. Steve recognized Swallow.

At her wheel was Jerry Malcolm, young, handsome, and as good a sailor as ever raced offshore. A lad who had money and family, yet whose name seldom appeared in the papers, except in yachting news and occasionally in connection with some big legal case he had handled. A quiet young man whom Steve had always liked. Yet now, as he looked back at Tony, Steve found, strangely, that he did not like Jerry Malcolm so very much, at that. A man had to be pretty smug not to know when a girl like Tony was in love with him. He had to be pretty conceited to think that he could do any better. Steve felt himself getting a little sore. It would give him a lot of satisfaction if Blue Bird could trim Swallow properly.

"One minute!"

There was a sudden commotion ahead. Two boats, ahead of Blue Bird and slightly to leeward, had fouled. They dropped astern, locked together in a tangle of rigging which their crews were working desperately to clear. They left a gap in the front rank.

"Ease away on the main sheet!" Tony cried. "Quick now!"

Pete and Jan jumped and Blue Bird fell off slightly and drove toward the opening, her tall sail gathering in the wind.

"Thirty seconds!"

Blue Bird swept through the opening.

"Main sheet in!"

Once more Blue Bird pointed high into the wind. She was overhauling Swallow fast.

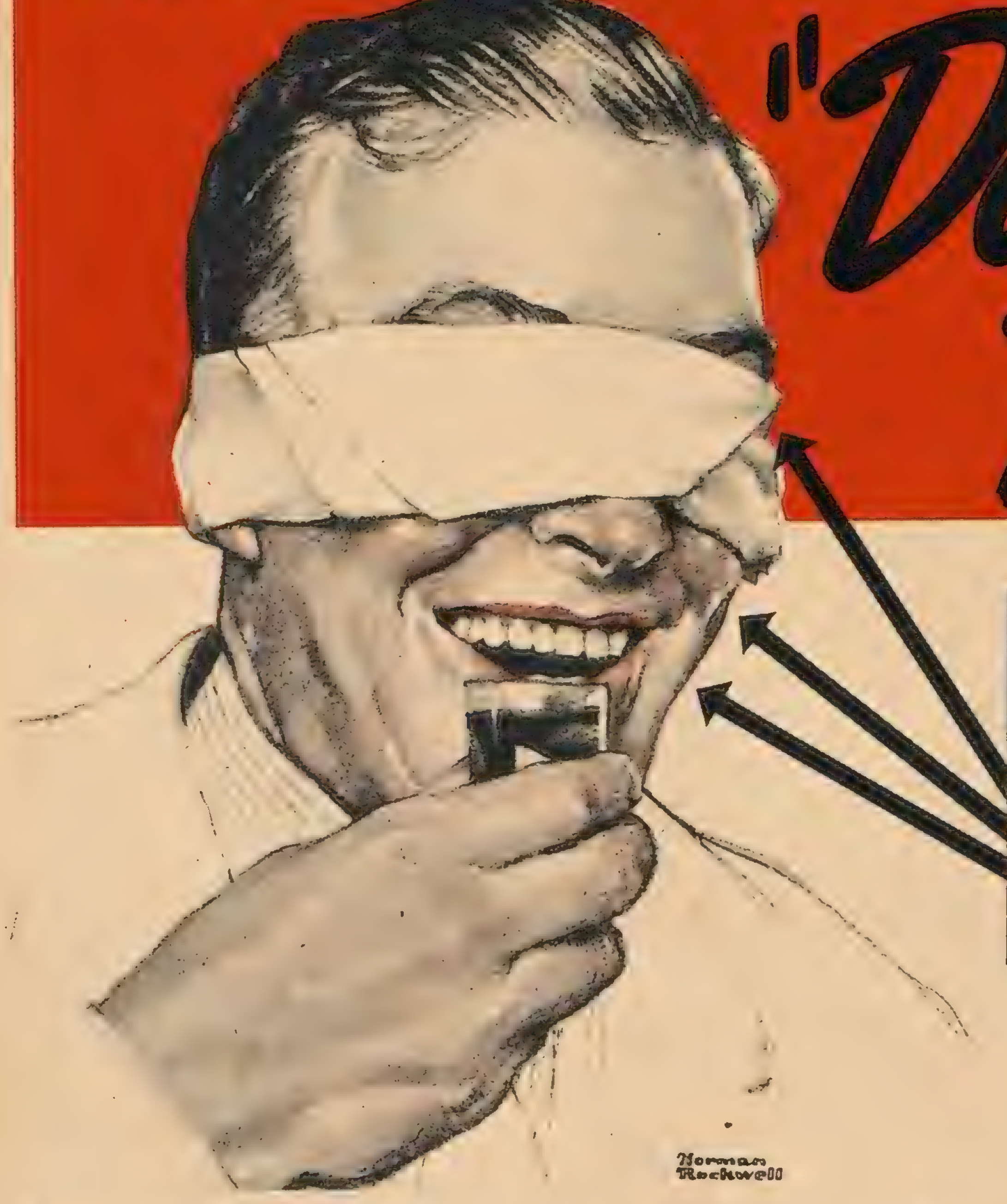
"Lord, what a boat, Steve!" Tony exulted.

"This is her wind," Steve said. "Wait until you hit it outside. It won't be so

(Continued on page 28)

If you are this type you'll like this Bourbon that's

"Double-Rich!"


Norman Rockwell

HAVE YOU THESE FEATURES OF A DISCERNING TYPE?

Arched, bushy brows.

Ample but thin nostrils.

Long upper lip with wide bow in center.

If *you* are this type, you'll spot Kentucky's "*Double-Rich*" Bourbon, blindfold. *It's the largest selling straight Bourbon in the world!*

SCHENLEY'S

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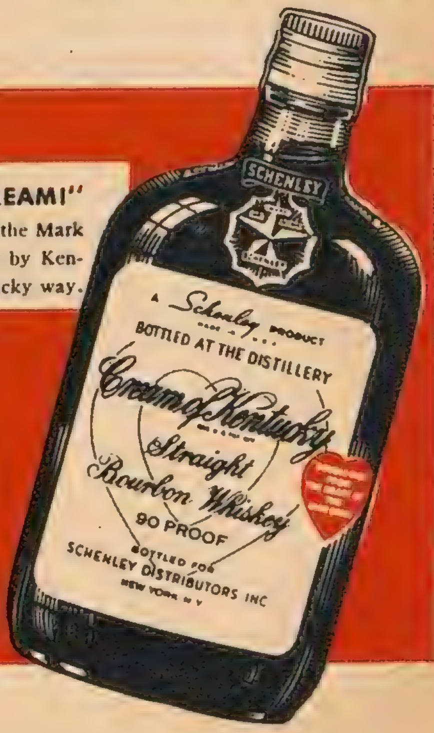
STRAIGHT **BOURBON** WHISKEY

Say "MAKE MINE CREAM!" A 90 PROOF whiskey with the Mark of Merit. Made in Kentucky by Kentuckians the good old Kentucky way.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(Continued from page 26)

easy. . . . Twenty seconds! Watch you don't beat the gun!"

Blue Bird swooped after Swallow. Her bow was even with the stern of the ketch.

"Ten seconds!"

Blue Bird's nose was abeam Swallow's midships.

"Three seconds!"

Bow to bow the leaders surged toward the line. Tony waved and the figure at the wheel on Swallow waved back. Tony's face was flushed with excitement.

"One second! Damn, where's that . . ."

The sharp slam of the starting gun went down the line as Blue Bird and Swallow crossed together.

Zeke spat over the rail. He glanced at Tony. He squinted aloft and he looked at the others of the crew.

"That," he said, "was nice work!"

Tony laughed. Slicing into the chop, tossing spray aft from her bows, Blue Bird was drawing steadily away from Swallow, with the rest of the fleet still farther astern.

"That," Tony announced, "was only the beginning. Steve, you can toss that time allowance overboard!"

Steve stared thoughtfully across at Swallow. The ketch was a beautiful boat. She was a heavy-weather craft. Built to take it and keep going. Blue Bird might win, but she couldn't throw away the four hours she had from Swallow. This was a race that would be won by the ship and crew that could take it best . . . and Tony was the doubtful quantity.

THE next morning they were alone at sea except for Swallow. The rest of the fleet had scattered, each boat following a course of its own, betting that its judgment was better than the judgment of all the rest. Blue Bird and Swallow held to the base course, beating into a wind that whipped spray aft from their bows, splitting the seas with their sharp bows and sailing rail down under full working canvas.

And Tony was taking it. Taking it with a cheerful grin that denied all the wet discomfort of ocean racing; with a smile that grabbed at something inside of Steve.

It was the second night out that Steve suddenly knew what had happened to him. It came to him, as the wind howled through Blue Bird's taut steel rigging, as the seas swept out of the night and broke solid over the cutter's bows, and as the faint red dot of Swallow's port running light held stubbornly astern, that Tony was a bigger part of his life than he had ever realized; that there was very little of the big brother in his feeling toward her. All this broke over Steve like a cold numbing sea as he stood at the wheel the second night out.

So far, Blue Bird had held the lead. But the glass was down some more and the voice of the wind was shriller in the rigging. The seas were heavier too. The tougher the going got the better it would be for the ketch.

Steve felt all mixed up. Tony wanted desperately to win. If she did, Jerry Malcolm might be startled into an awareness of her existence. And that, Steve knew, was the last thing in the world *he* wanted to happen.

Through the wheel Steve felt the pressure of the wind that was half a gale. He felt the shiver run through Blue Bird every time a sea slammed her. He thought of Tony, sleeping below in wet clothes. For two days and nights none of them had had a full hot meal. Offshore racing was like that—a grueling test of flesh and gear. . . . Oilskins kept out only the worst of the wet and wind. It didn't keep out the raw damp cold that crept finally into the very bones. And this was punishment Tony was taking with a grin.

A SUDDEN blast of wind screeched through the rigging and Blue Bird heeled far over. Solid water came over her rail and flooded the cockpit. Knee-deep in water, Steve struggled with the wheel. Sputtering and cursing, two oilskinned figures rose out of the water that sloshed about in the cockpit. They were Zeke and Jonah. Old-timers, they had been getting forty winks on watch by sitting back to back on the cockpit floor. Jonah staggered aft to Steve.

"Ye aimin' to make land right away?" he demanded sourly.

"What land?"

"The land that this kind o' sail-carryin' gets ye to," Jonah growled. "'Tain't a mile away . . . straight down."

Steve didn't laugh. He didn't feel like it and there was truth in Jonah's words. It was asking a lot of a cutter to carry the canvas Blue Bird was in that wind. He would be justified in easing sheets and slipping to leeward of the base course. Or in shortening sail. Neither action would help Blue Bird win the race. But it was the sensible thing to do. Tony would get over feeling that way about Jerry after a while. After she had been kidded enough about losing. The thing to do was to take it slower. The way Blue Bird was sailing might lose her her mast. And after Tony got over feeling that way about Jerry she might . . .

"What's the matter with you, Jonah?" Steve snapped suddenly. "Salt melting out of your blood? Maybe you don't trust the work you put in this boat, eh? You and Zeke lay forward and get another inch in on those sheets. This is a race, you croaking old buzzard!"

The wind was stronger by morning. The big gray seas were piling higher. Their dirty white crests broke with a continual hissing roar that was a background of sound for the wail of the wind in the stays. Rain squalls, slanting gray curtains, traveled across the sea. The clouds were low and wet overhead.

Tony, taking her trick at the wheel, looked astern. Swallow was still there, driving doggedly after them. She was still carrying all her canvas, heeling far over under it, refusing to admit she could not overhaul Blue Bird and still win, despite the time allowance she had to give away.

"He's tough, that lad," Tony said.

Steve caught the admiration in her voice. He saw the lines of weariness on Tony's small face, the forced smile on her lips. The beating was beginning to tell. But she was game. Dead game. Love was cockeyed, she had said. Well, it was. Also it was something pretty grand. It was something that made people do foolish, wonderful things. Steve's lips tightened. It made him mad to think of Tony taking that beating just to make a blind idiot aware of her existence.

"You think he's tough?" he said. "What would you say you are? You're taking it worse than he is on that ketch."

Tony smiled.

"I've got something more than winning a race to keep me going, Steve."

There wasn't any doubt about it, Steve thought. And that something was all for Jerry Malcolm. That something that made her smile that way despite raw palms where salt-water blisters had torn away on the spokes of the wheel. That something that made her come up each time for her trick at the wheel when her eyes were red-rimmed from weariness and salt spray. He knew that her knees buckled under her each time the cutter came down off a sea with a spine-jarring crash. He knew what she was going through because he was beginning to feel the punishment himself. Only he had the physical stamina to take it. He knew all the little tricks of saving himself — little things learned only by experience. Tony didn't know them. She could only stand up and take it . . . with nothing but a game spirit to carry her through.

IT was late that afternoon, during Tony's second watch for the day, that a squall came roaring across the sea. Like a solid wall it hit Blue Bird and knocked her over on her beam ends. Tony fought the wheel, trying desperately to head the cutter up into it. But the wind, a wild screaming power that mocked her, held Blue Bird down, helpless and trembling from stem to stern.

Steve saw the fight Tony was making. But he couldn't help her. He was too far away. It was all he could do to hang on to a cleat to keep from dropping down the almost vertical deck into the sea. Then a wave broke over the cutter and cascaded down over her deck. Steve flattened against the deck. Tons of water swept over him. He felt the cutter shudder. In that instant Steve knew panic, not for himself but for Tony. A sheer stark terror that she would not be able to hang on.

But when he could see again, Tony was still at the wheel. She was fighting it and slowly forcing the cutter up into the wind as the squall passed. From somewhere she had found strength. And Steve knew that she would find that reserve of strength again and again if she had to; that nothing was going to stop her from winning this race as long as Blue Bird held together.

"You dumb half-wit!" Steve snarled across at Swallow. "If you don't wake up I'll beat your head in with a belaying pin!"

IT is a matter of record that Blue Bird won the Big Island race that year. Won it without time allowance, by beating Swallow across the finishing line by a little better than ten minutes. But what took place after the two boats came to anchor in the shelter of the harbor and Jerry Malcolm rowed over to Blue Bird is not a matter of record.

"Congratulations!" Jerry said, after he was aboard. "That was a race! What a boat! Steve, you're a wonder!"

"What about Tony here?" Steve said evenly. "She skippered."

Jerry grinned.

"I was saving the best for the last, you big ape. If I hadn't seen it I wouldn't have believed it. Tony, you are the world's greatest offshore racing skipper. You are also," Jerry looked at her the way a man looks at a lovely girl the first time he sees her —"you are also . . . you are also . . . Tony, have you got a date with this scaly thing tonight?"

The scaly thing turned away.

"I've got a couple of things to straighten out below," he said. "I'll see you two later . . . at the bar ashore. Tony, you row over with Jerry and take a look at the sweetest ketch that ever lost a race. You'll never beat her again."

He didn't hear her come down the companionway ladder a few minutes later. He was sitting on the edge of a berth with his face in his hands, swearing softly to himself. She was standing directly in front of him before he knew she was there. He looked up in surprise.

"Where's Jerry?" he demanded.

"I sent him away."

Tony sat down on the berth beside him. Her face was very close to his. She smiled at him.

"He was working a little too fast, Steve."

Steve stared at her.

"Well, what in blazes did you expect," he demanded, "after you spend twenty-five grand and take a four-day beating to get him started?"

Tony laughed softly.

"Who ever said I wanted to get Jerry Malcolm started?"

"Huh? Why, you did! You said . . ."

"*You* were the only one who mentioned Jerry Malcolm," Tony said. "*I* said that my man would be sailing in the best boat in the fleet. Didn't I?"

"Well . . . but . . ."

Her lips were very, very close to Steve's when she whispered:

"Well, what boat won, stupid?"

THE END

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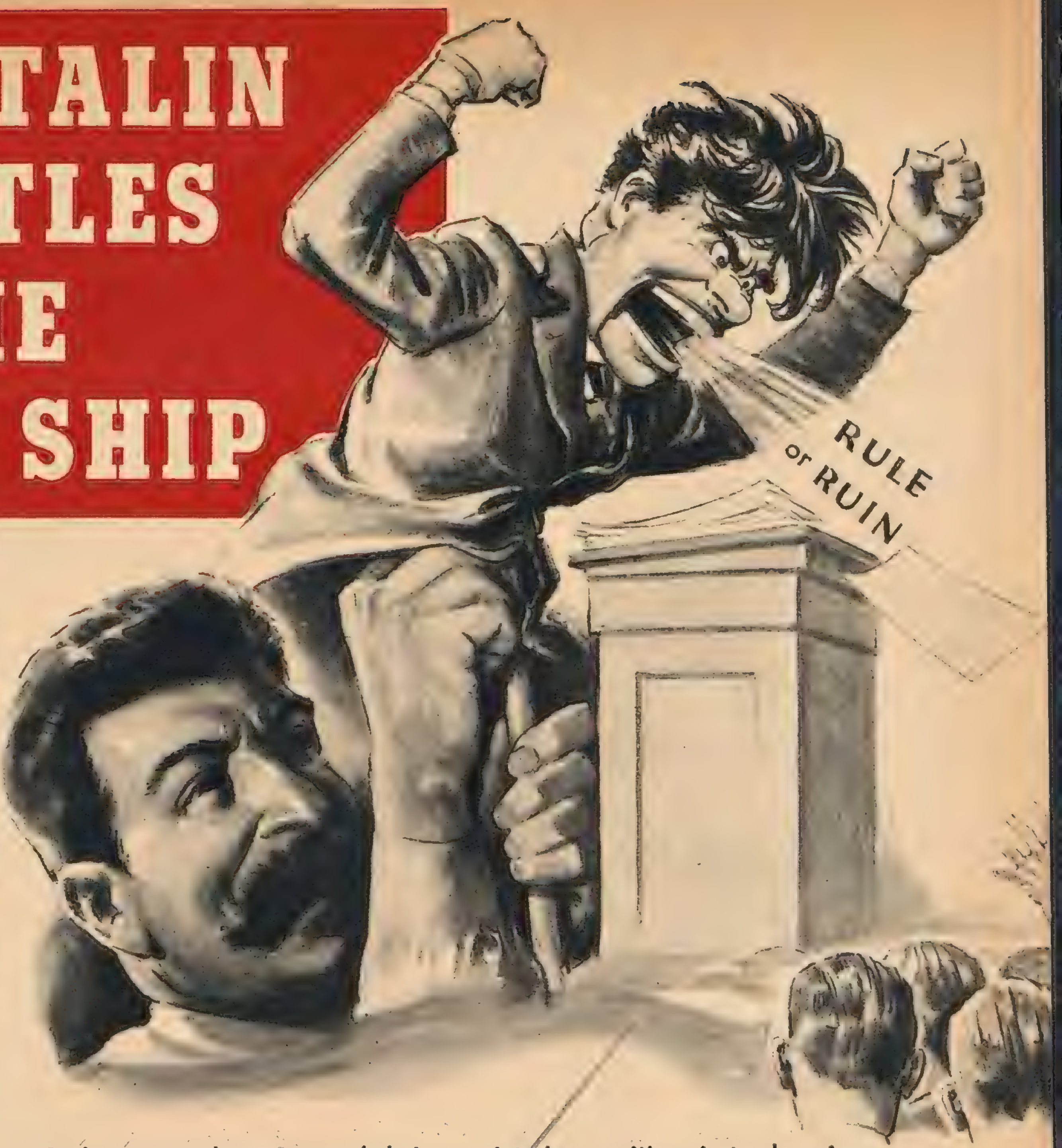
HOW STALIN SCUTTLES THE LABOR SHIP

READING TIME ● 22 MINUTES 40 SECONDS



Stalin stooges have wormed their way into key positions in trade unions.

A GOOD deal of Red water has flowed under the bridge since that day in July, 1919, when the call for a convention to form an American Communist Party was issued in Chicago over the signatures of D. Batt, D. Elbaum, O. Johnson, J. Keracher, S. Kopnagel, I. Stilson, and A. Stoklitsky.

The trickle has grown into a stream, the stream into a torrent, the torrent into a flood, until now the very foundations of the bridge, over which generations of Americans have passed safely to a life of happiness and peace, are shaking and swaying under the batterings of the onrushing crimson tide.

Meanwhile, many a sturdy American bark, striving to ride the storm and flee the deluge, has foundered and sunk and is even now cracking up on the hidden rocks of alien intrigue. Many another, although still afloat, is sinking fast.

The good ship American Government, when last sighted, was listing precariously to the left. American Business, beaten by breakers and fouled at times by her sister ship, is with difficulty avoiding the rapids. American Labor alone seems destined for a happy landing.

Actually, however, the plight of the third ship is worse than that of the other two; for, with some worthy exceptions, she is manned by a pirate crew.

In two decades the party of Batt, Elbaum, Johnson, Keracher, Kopnagel, Stilson, and Stoklitsky, by pursuing a policy of disorganization, disruption, and sabotage laid out for it by its master, the Communist International of Moscow, has succeeded in making government in America precarious, business in America unprofitable, and labor in America its impotent slave.

Vice-President John Frey of the American Federation of Labor testified before the Dies Committee that he could name sixty leaders and organizers of the C. I. O. who are members or supporters of the Communist Party. Give me time and I can name six hundred.

Much has been written and said about the question as to whether Harry Bridges, C. I. O. leader in the Marine Union on the Pacific Coast, is a Communist. Of course Harry Bridges is a Communist. It was the decision of the Comintern itself that Bridges organize the marine workers of the Pacific coast in order that he might be in a position to paralyze the United States merchant marine if such action were deemed necessary by the Communist Party.

And don't think that Bridges could not do that very thing. Bridges could almost instantly create such a condition, in case the party desired. My information on this point comes direct from a man who not only occupies a top official position in our American Communist Party but who has been specially trained in Moscow for revolutionary work in this country, and is as close as any man in the United States to the real aims of our would-be Russian conquerors.

But Bridges is only one of many Stalin stooges who have imposed themselves on the American laboring man and who have wormed their way into key positions in once legitimate trade-unions, where they are in a position to be of almost equal service to their Russian master. The publicity given to the Bridges case has, happily or unhappily, kept these men's names out of the papers, but it has not interfered with the effectiveness of their work. Here are a few more of these less publicized Soviet agents whose names occur to me offhand, together with positions they have held:

John Steuben, former district organizer for the Young Communist League in Cleveland—organizer for the Steel Workers Organizing Committee in Youngstown.

Bill Albertson, former Young Communist League organizer, Pittsburgh district—head of New York Trade Union City Council, member Food Workers' Industrial Union, organizer Hotel and Restaurant Workers' Union.

Harry Hayward, Chicago Negro.

I was a COMMUNIST in the U. S. A.

How Red are the unions? Another chapter from the secret councils of the Soviets

BY COMRADE X

former member Young Communist League, a founder of Communist-controlled American Negro Congress—now field organizer for the National Miners.

Bill Schneiderman, state secretary of the Communist Party in California—at various times active in Office Workers' Union, Cleaners' and Dyers' Union, financial secretary Upholsterers' Union.

Pat Toohey, district organizer of the Communist Party in Philadelphia—for many years a prominent member of the United Mine Workers of America.

Jack Johnstone of Chicago, member of the national central committee of the Communist Party—steel organizer in Pittsburgh and Weirton districts.

Jack Stachel of New York City, member of the national central committee of the Communist Party, one of the Big Seven of American Communism, who has been on the pay roll "without portfolio" of the C. I. O.

But why go on? C. I. O.'s place in the Communist movement in this country is so generally accepted in Communist circles that the party literature makes no secret of it.

For example, this from The People's Front, by Earl Browder himself:

"The Committee for Industrial Organization has taken up the task of organizing all the mass production industries of America in industrial unions. The success of this effort is a basic necessity upon which depends the future of the American labor movement in all other respects. The Communist Party unconditionally pledges its full resources, moral and material, to the complete execution of this great project."

But don't think that we Communists are in the C. I. O. for our health, or for its. On page 62 of his book, What Means a Strike in Steel? our national chairman, William Z. Foster, states frankly that "the Communist Party, with its revolutionary program, looks far beyond the perspective of the C. I. O. It aims at the abolition of the capitalist system," etc., etc.

But why, you ask, do these organizations, composed in the main of American citizens with American ideals, tolerate these leaders from the outside who publicly state their intention to destroy the American way of life?

Well, there was a time when they did not tolerate them. The sturdy Americanism of our working class, inspired by the early leadership of men like John Mitchell and Samuel Gompers, long resisted the encroachments of the Russian ideology. The men who later led the American Federation of Labor carried on in the same tradition. Mr. Lewis himself was, as one observer truly said, "a Saul of Tarsus in his diatribes against the Communists."

Against this really united front of American labor, Earl Browder, Stalin's chief lieutenant in this country, could make little headway. The American workingman would not join an avowedly Communist union, and the American unions would have nothing to do with Communist applicants for membership. Then two things happened almost simultaneously: Labor split into two parts, and American Communism, in accordance with the Moscow-dictated Trojan Horse policy, put on the mantle of respectability.

Protesting that his nose was now clean, Comrade Browder, fresh from Moscow, resumed his approach to American labor leaders. Green, Frey, Woll, the A. F. of L. leaders, still firm for the American principles of Gompers, would have nothing to do with him. But the C. I. O., a new and at that time struggling organization, needed help. And the Communists were ready with expert "helpers," Moscow-trained for just such an emergency. Stalin had seen to that!

"In the United States there are over two hundred Communist schools," says the Commentator, after a long and most illuminating survey of what we are up to. "The largest is in New York City with an enrollment of over two thousand men and women. Every conceivable revolutionary subject is taught—from Marxian doctrine and dialectics to strike organization, evasion of immigration authorities, and combating police and national guardsmen. The teachers all have been trained in the central Moscow schools in courses varying from six months to five years in length. In the American schools, those pupils who show progress are weeded out, examined by a special board which sits in New York, and—if unusually intelligent—sent to Moscow for the finishing touches. In this way the Comintern and the Local Party are kept supplied with the best material in the movement."

C. I. O. leaders were the first to recognize the value of such carefully trained men as organizers and strike leaders. For example, Philip Murray, head of Lewis' Steel Workers, is no Communist but he recognizes ability. The Communists trained in mass organization work led the field in organizing steel. In fact, it would have been impossible to organize many of the plants if a plant unit of the Communist Party had not been there first.

Our party has been equally responsible for organizing automobile, textile, and marine workers. In fact, organizing in those fields would have been impossible without the energetic, persistent, well planned and well directed participation of the Communist Party and its followers.

WHAT happens before a strike call is made in a shop, whether it be an automobile, steel, textile, or radio shop, is that the members of the national central committee of the Communist Party assigned to that particular industry meet and work out a definite program for the union to follow. Then the party, through its New Deal connections, of which I will tell you in detail next week, contacts the state director of the WPA and makes arrangements for the strikers to be placed on WPA rolls. Thus the government in fact and effect finances the strike.

Next, the comrades arrange for the election of a bargaining committee, which draws up a set of demands that are absolutely impossible for the company to grant. All honest men who desire to be fair to the company are branded as stool pigeons and kicked out of the union.

Finally, charges are filed against the company charging it with violation of the Wagner Labor Relations Act. The result of the subsequent hearing is a foregone conclusion. No C. I. O. affiliate has ever lost a case yet filed with the N. L. R. B., that I know of, except minor cases filed expressly for that purpose and given tremendous publicity to confuse the public and hold it in line.

In short, the government finances the strike by putting the men to work on WPA, and then wins it for them by the N. L. R. B.!

Even those Communists who do not have special training are expected by the party not only to join a labor union but to take part in such activities as I have described and to rise to positions of leadership. Here is a typical harangue for a state organizer, on which I took verbatim notes:

"We have no privates in our army of Communists. All must be generals. And when you comrades go to a meeting of your union or your Workers Alliance, be active, serve on committees, take part in all discussions. . . . If you do this, others will come to admire you and admire the party and its policies."

This policy has proved remarkably effective in meetings of the average local, where twenty well instructed Communists can easily control six hundred non-Communists. And it works quite as well on a grand scale, as is shown by what happened in the Communist-directed campaign which ousted Homer Martin from the leadership of the United Auto Workers of America.

Previous to the U. A. W. A. convention of 1937 the Communists had found that they could not dictate the policy of the U. A. W. A. or ever hope to influence Martin. They therefore proceeded to organize what they called the Unity Caucus, getting as large a bloc of delegates together as possible, so as to force the adoption of certain resolutions already decided upon by Communist Party leaders.

I shall not attempt to give a complete account of my experiences at this convention, but will quote almost at random from notes made on the spot covering my observation of the methods by which our party, although in the minority, controlled the actions of this second largest industrial union in America:

"Arriving at Milwaukee Tuesday night, August 24, I immediately got in touch with a comrade representing one of the large Ford locals. With him, among others, was W. K. Gebert, a member of the national central committee of the party.

"The comrade from the Ford local stated that we would have to force Martin to let certain important delegates have the floor, all of them bitter enemies of Homer Martin.

"At a given signal from key men, delegates were to demonstrate by leaping to their feet and making all the noise they could, then every one was to point toward whomever they wanted to have the floor, and this was to continue until their man was recognized by the chair. In practice the scheme worked perfectly, because our party, as usual, had the entire convention organized in sections and divisions. . . .

"It was decided by party leaders to hold small unit meetings of the various locals with key contact men who would outline the policy, because a large combined meeting of the units would betray policies in advance. It was also decided that national executive board members, local presidents and officials of the International Auto Workers of America, who are members of the Communist Party, should not attend unit meetings but should work through certain 'contacts.'

"Members of the national central committee of the Communist Party, working, so it is said, with Comrade Herbert Benjamin, secretary of the Workers Alliance of America, and important members of the U. A. W. of A., had met in Detroit and drafted resolutions concerning Tom Mooney, child labor, Workers Alliance, help for Loyalists in Spain, labor political action, and Negro organization. These resolutions were drafted under the direction of the central committee of the Communist Party and presented to the convention by Communist-directed and -controlled locals such as Detroit Locals Nos. 174, 2, and 207. All were passed.

"But not all of the party resolutions were introduced by party members. For example, a comrade reported to a Communist meeting that I attended at 617 North Second Street that two Chevrolet union officers known as Red-baiters—were introducing, at his instigation, a resolution asking for financial aid for ten members of a C. I. O. union who had been arrested on a serious criminal charge during a strike."

What the Red-baiting union officers presumably did not know was that eight of the ten men arrested on the criminal charge were members of the Communist Party!

I have tried to show how we Communists came into power in the once strongly non-Communist American labor movement, and how, once in power, we contrive to bend it to the Soviet will. Now I'd like to take you

TEXACO
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out on the firing line and show how we use our power and control to terrorize the real union men, the real workers, and make them realize that they must go our way, or else.

Of course Comrade Browder now maintains that the Communist Party is not an instigator of industrial strife. In his book, The People's Front, published in 1937, *after* the adoption of the hypocritical clean-nose policy, he says, "The Communist Party is not stirring up strikes." But the draft resolution of the eighth convention of the Communist Party in the United States, promulgated in 1934, *before* the adoption of the clean-nose policy, states:

"The Party from the very beginning . . . was instrumental in stimulating and organizing the outstanding strike struggles in the first crisis years, stimulated the first important strikes of the workers in the A. F. of L., set in motion the big strike movement of last year, . . . led 200,000 workers through the revolutionary unions in militant battles, and played an increasing role in the strikes of the A. F. of L. workers and independent unions."

There is nothing wrong, of course, in the party's taking part in legitimate strikes or even helping to start them—I am just as strong for unionism as I ever was—and there is no reason to deny the party's role in recent industrial struggles, *if* the role is an honest one. But, as seen from the inside, the party's whole attitude toward the worker is seen to be most disingenuous.

I quote from a well known comrade, a college professor who felt that he must forswear Communism after a year's service in the party: "As time passed, I felt certain that the Party leaders aimed at creating a strike situation for its own sake, and not primarily in order to gain advantages for the workers. The Party wins, according to its theory, even though the individual worker may lose, because strikes and more strikes will bring the day of revolution nearer."

Youth corrupted! Labor infected with the dread germ of Communism! And the Reds are attacking on other fronts, too. Next week Comrade X reveals, with horrifying clarity, other insidious tactics employed by Stalin to wreck American democracy.

In fact, the evidence is indisputable that the Communist Party not only stirs up industrial strife, but that it does so not for the benefit of the workers but for its own benefit, to the end that labor may be pauperized and industry paralyzed and the chaos brought about which precedes and precipitates revolution.

Between strikes, the party does not let up for a moment its watchfulness over union affairs. The moment a strong man arises who is opposed to Communist exploitation of a union and Communist looting of its treasury, he is promptly liquidated.

I cannot better illustrate what I mean than by this unvarnished account of an incident which occurred in my own local union before I became a big-shot Communist, in the days when I was taking orders instead of giving them. I choose this incident from many similar ones that have occurred because it shows me up in such a very bad light that all must know that I wouldn't be telling it if it weren't inescapably true.

We had a man in our local whom I shall call George Brown. He was a good worker and a good union man, attending all meetings and paying his dues regularly. But, from the party's standpoint, George Brown had one bad habit. He was continually Red-baiting. If a comrade spoke in favor of a motion to assist any of the Left Wing peace organizations or the committee to aid Loyalist Spain or for the relief of political refugees, George was always on his feet, protesting the looting of our union treasury to help the Reds. Eventually George became a serious menace to the party program. He had quite a following. The union election was coming on and there was a strong effort under way to elect him president of our local.

One day he had an argument with Comrade K., the local Communist Party member who sold the Daily Worker and our other official publications, and who kept edging in front of him and opening up a Communist paper to a feature article covering

Good housekeepers approve:

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We've had a big surprise —

Of course, we felt sure you'd *like* our fully-equipped *Registered* Rest Rooms, our signed pledges to keep them spic-and-span, our "White Patrol" inspection cars in every State.

But we weren't prepared for the avalanche of appreciation — the hundreds of letters you've written, the thousands of daily "Thank You's" at our stations.

Here is our answer. You will now find our clean, fully equipped *Registered* Rest Rooms at Texaco Dealers all over the United States—more of them every day. And we'll give you the best in gasoline, oil and service, too.

Look for the neat green-and-white signs that mark our *Registered* Rest Rooms at Texaco Dealers everywhere. We invite you to drive in.

Texaco "White Patrol" inspection cars, like the one shown below, guard *Registered* Rest Rooms. Many inspectors have first-aid training and carry first-aid equipment.

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Sky chief sells for about half the price you paid in 1920 for the then regular gasoline, illustrating the continued success of the petroleum industry in providing the public with better products at lower prices.

Published in behalf of more than 45,000 independent Texaco Dealers by The Texas Company . . . makers of Fire-Chief and SKY CHIEF *Gasolines,* Insulated *Texaco Motor Oil,* Insulated *Havoline Motor Oil, Marfak and more than 350 Industrial Lubricants.*

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half a page. There was a large picture of our plant, and inset were pictures of ramshackle homes of people who did not work in our plant. However, in the paper the shacks were represented to be homes of employees of our plant. The deception made George mad, and he struck Comrade K. on the side of his head with his open hand, causing him to make a perfect two-point landing.

George forgot all about the incident, but Comrade K. did not. At our next plenum meeting of the party he brought up the matter of Brown's Red-baiting. And it was decided that George talked too much and fought too much and that a dose of "Workers' Education" might do him good.

I have mentioned the Workers' Educational Committees before and have hinted that their work is not altogether cultural. Well, the committee for our district arrived the next day. One member was a woman who looked more or less like an ordinary housewife. The two other members were men, one a good-looking chap of about thirty, the other about fifty-five. All were well trained and educated in the principles of our party. The woman told me she had just spent six months at Commonwealth College, a Communist institution at Mena, Arkansas. The older man had been an organizer for the fruit-picking and cannery workers of California. The younger managed a recreation center for the party in New York, but had been transferred from New York because, as he expressed it, he had been "morally indiscreet."

My job that night was to act as chauffeur. So we got the committee car, a Ford-8 sedan, and "cased" our location. It was meeting night. George Brown always walked about four blocks to a friend's home, then they went to the meeting together. When he left his own house, I quickly drove down a side street and let the two men out. They walked down the street and turned the corner so as to come out a few yards behind George. I then drove to within about half a block of his friend's house and let the woman out. She immediately walked toward George.

George was walking steadily down the street, his hands in his pockets, whistling. He paid no attention to the two men who turned the corner a few steps behind him; neither did he pay any attention to the woman who was walking toward him until they met on the sidewalk. Instead of stepping aside, she walked directly up to him, threw her arms around him. At the same time the other two members of the committee closed in on him from the rear.

The dull thuds of their blackjacks reached my ears with sickening distinctness. Poor George never made a sound. The young man, who had both hands on his throat, shutting off his wind, then loosened his grip on George's neck, got a strangle hold, and tilted George's head back, while the older man struck him a terrific blow on the point of his chin with his blackjack. George fell to the sidewalk. One arm hung over the rough stone edge of the curbing. The younger man jumped on the arm until he broke it.

All this took place in a very short time. The committee's work was fast. They had had much experience.

I went on to the meeting, which was in an upstairs hall about three blocks away. Shortly after I arrived, I heard the wail and scream of a siren, and in a moment another one. I shuddered. They sounded like the wailing of a lost soul in the eternal torture of hell. My heart thumped; I felt cold. I rushed downstairs to a saloon, ordered a double straight whisky, gulped it, and walked over to where our president, who was a member of the party and knew that George was to be "educated," was standing.

QUESTIONS 20

1—She tells the lovelorn of the country what to do about it, but the photograph with her column is a later edition than this. Who is she?

2—How many stamps are there in a block?

3—What is the difference between tennis and lawn tennis?

4—When was the Monroe Doctrine declared?

5—What letter of the alphabet works harder than any other?

6—How did Drs. F. G. Banting and J. J. R. MacLeod of Toronto advance the treatment of disease?

7—What was the name of Henry Hudson's ship?

8—When is the stock market said to be bullish?

9—How many slices are there in a rasher of bacon?

10—What is the difference between a replica and a copy?

11—How long is the term of the President of France?

12—Is the birth rate of the United States increasing or declining?

13—What bird is called the "thunder pumper" because of its booming call?

14—Who was the "Jersey Lily"?

15—What New England state has no seaport?

16—Which motion picture has had the largest gross receipts of any picture ever released?

17—What is the unit for measuring gold and other precious metals?

18—How many Presidents of the United States have been assassinated?

19—What people make a sledge that serves for food as well as transportation?

20—Who married her father's law partner and became the First Lady of the Land?

(Answers will be found on page 48)

While we were talking, a policeman came in and walked directly toward us. He told the president that Brown had been found badly beaten a few blocks down the street. He said that he thought maybe our president might have some idea of who did the job.

"George hasn't a single enemy in the local that I know of," replied that worthy. "He is a fine fellow, and I am sure every member will do all he can to bring the guilty to justice."

The president then told me and another member to go out to the hospital and see George, and report back before the meeting was over.

We found him just coming back to consciousness. His head was a mass of bruises, blood, and dirt. The first thing the doctor did was to set the arm that had been fractured. George mumbled, pointing to his jaw, "Teeth out." Teeth out? His entire jaw had been broken in the middle of his chin. The bone had been separated the width of a front tooth.

The doctor began to drill through the bone in order to wire it together. I was holding George's head. Harry, the other comrade, was sitting on his feet. The doctor thought, because George had lost a quantity of blood, it would be better not to give him an anesthetic. He was suffering terribly. I believe I suffered the torments of the damned while the doctor worked more than an hour on George—and I certainly deserved to!

Harry and I got back to union headquarters just as the meeting was breaking up, made a report on what had happened at the hospital. Whereupon our president, in accordance with a previously arranged party plan, told the boys that their brave comrade, George, had been attacked by company thugs because he had been active in signing up union members. He told of the fine work George had been doing for the union. The union went on record as demanding an investigation of the company by the La Follette Committee.

Comrade K. had George's picture taken in the hospital and had a feature article written about George for the Communist papers. All blame, of course, was thrown on the company.

Our Communist president was triumphantly re-elected.

George, the man who had dared to defy Russian control of American labor, lost his health, his job, and his home. But a great Communist victory has been achieved. Convinced that he was beaten up by company thugs, George has joined the Communist Party and reads the Daily Worker. He even helps Comrade K. distribute the party's Moscow-inspired literature. He has lost his Americanism, and with it his self-respect.

I write these words as the news is breaking that a mighty man of labor—a great leader and, I believe, an honest one—has successfully defied the feudal barons of the Appalachian coal fields and has won a victory which is being hailed as the crowning triumph of American trade-unionism.

I do not belittle that triumph. As a member of Mr. Lewis' own C. I. O. organization, as an official of one of his largest miners' unions, I rejoice in any step that betters—if it does better permanently—the conditions of the men among whom I have lived and in whose struggles I have taken a leading part.

But when I read on the front page of my morning paper that John Lewis, by this victory, has made himself the big boss of American labor, I have to laugh. There is only one big boss of American labor, and that boss's name is Joseph Stalin!

THE END

"More and more" says MRS. LAWRENCE TIBBETT "my guests are choosing wine"

"Busy, active people need to relax, to enjoy themselves. Yet they find it's better to do so moderately"

"These strenuous days," reports Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett, "I feel any guest of mine is entitled to choose wine as his beverage. So many are doing it, including myself."

All over the country hosts and hostesses are noticing how many people nowadays say "make mine wine."

Women find it so at afternoon parties. So many wives, looking ahead to family supper tables at home, would rather sip just a glass of refreshing, golden Sauterne or Muscatel with their salad or sandwiches.

In the evening, more and more men now take Sherry before dinner, in a cocktail-size glass. Or a taller glass of piquant Burgundy with the main dinner course. Or over cards or with good talk, fragrant Port to be sipped slowly. Rolled on the tongue. Enjoyed.

That's the best thing about wine. When you linger over your glass your pleasure in its genial goodness increases. You find you don't want to bolt wine down.

Next time you have guests in, just try doing as Mrs. Tibbett does. Offer each guest an opportunity to choose wine. You'll be surprised how many will prefer it. For accepted serving ideas, see your retail dealer.

Attractive Mrs. Lawrence Tibbett of New York is an active patron of American music and the mother of four lovely children. Mrs. Tibbett likes to entertain, and at her home many of America's busiest people frequently gather. A careful hostess, Mrs. Tibbett keeps a weather eye on the preferences of her guests

Be considerate
-serve wine

The Wines of California: In the most discriminating households the good wines of our own country are usually served today. Actually more than 9 out of 10 hosts and hostesses are choosing wines grown here. The wines of California, for example, are grown to strict standards of quality. True to type. Well developed. Inexpensive.

This advertisement is printed by the wine growers of California, acting through the Wine Advisory Board, 85 Second Street, San Francisco.

ALL YOU NEED TO KNOW TO SERVE WINE

There are many varieties, but only two main types of wine. First there are wines made to serve with meals . . . called *table* wines, usually made "dry" (without sweetness) to blend with food flavors. Second there are wines for use at other times of the day . . . called *sweet* wines. At all times, the wine you like best is the best wine to serve.

SWEET WINES: A good example of these is Port. Try Port with dessert, in the afternoon, or any time after dinner in the evening. Usual serving is the same size as a cocktail glass.

DRY WINES: A nice dry or table wine is red, piquant Burgundy. So light is Burgundy that many thousands serve it daily with their dinner. And that's the time for Burgundy — with the main course. Any glass will do. A nice serving is half the size of a water goblet.

To the Ladies

BY PRINCESS ALEXANDRA KROPOTKIN

LINGUIST, TRAVELER, LECTURER, AND FASHION AUTHORITY

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 25 SECONDS

JUNE brides of this year are now blinking the honeyed moonlight out of their eyes as they start keeping house. Soon they'll show off their new homes and husbands by giving small dinner parties, to which guests will secretly bring digestive pills, fearing the worst. A famous chef, François Rumeau, has been telling me how such nervous occasions may be made as sure-fire as possible. He says any bride can win quick acclaim for her newlywed dinners if she specializes in a few company dishes, four or five at most, but learns to prepare and serve them perfectly. To begin with, her repertory might well include (1) chicken casserole, (2) roast beef, (3) ham scalloped in cream with macaroni, (4) a French stew made with meat and a little wine.

Here are some of François' expert kitchen tips for brides: . . . Eliminate dishing up by using fireproof casseroles that go straight from stove to table. . . . Asbestos mats under the casseroles save meals from burning. . . . Float a bit of butter on the water in a boiling pot, and the contents won't boil over. . . . For company cooking keep three kinds of inexpensive wine on hand —red wine, white (dry) wine, and sherry—yet always employ them cautiously. Careful with the sherry in *à la king* dishes, newburgs, etc. Too much wine flavoring betrays inexperience.

Chef now at the Ambassador on Park Avenue, François Rumeau has cooked not only for royalty aplenty, but even for the great Escoffier, master culinary artist of modern times. . . . "Still I don't know everything," François confesses. "Not long ago Gracie Fields, the English screen star, ordered a Lancashire hot pot. She had to teach me how to make it."

☆ First-class cooks are judged by their sauces. The art of making a perfect white sauce for meat, fish, or vegetable dishes is one of the most important cooking accomplishments any bride can acquire. All standard cookbooks give basic recipes for it, but there are professional tricks. François explains them as follows: . . . Best saucepan is the flat-bottomed copper variety, about five inches across and two inches deep. . . . Your sauce will never go lumpy if you let the flour and butter mixture cool after cooking, then add *all* the milk or other liquid *boiling hot*. . . . Flavor hot milk for 2 cups white cream sauce with 1 bay leaf, 1 clove, 1 slice onion. Remove these before combining milk with flour and butter.

☆ True story of a Texas couple who became engaged with *no* intent to marry. She was in love with another man, he with another girl, but neither could gain headway with the loves of their choice, so they decided to try a strange co-operative experiment. She pretended to be his other girl, he to be her other man. The bogus engagement allowed them constant contact for applying mutual criticism, for pointing out to each other what was wrong. I can't guess how it will all turn out in the end. My Texas informant tells me the *coaching* seems to satisfy.

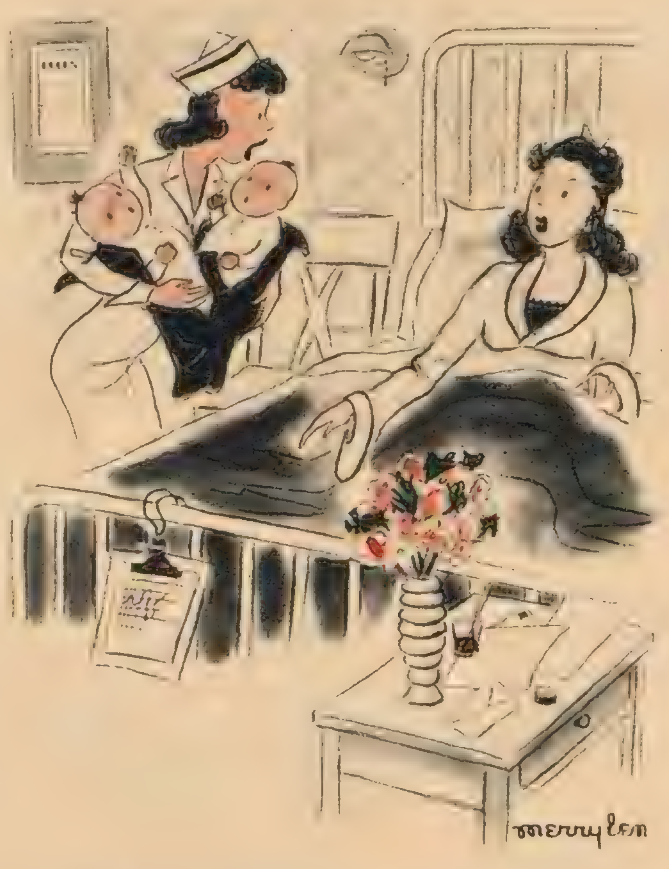
☆ Most of us wish we'd inherited heaps of heirlooms—loads of old furniture and the like—but I've just met one young couple who wish otherwise. Their foreparents were afflicted by a strange quirk of the possessive mind. You might call it a Noah's Ark complex. For some daffy reason they always bought two of everything, storing the unused duplicates in their attic. Piled up in the attic now are exact replicas of every furnishing to be found downstairs—every chair, bed, table, sofa, carpet, curtain, clock, etc.—even including the kitchen pots and pans! The estate was handed over recently to young folk of the family, and that attic full of duplicate heirlooms is a whole herd of white elephants to them. Out of the question to sell the stuff. Nobody will accept it as a gift. Unfortunately the older generations by whom it was accumulated happened to have the *worst* possible taste.

When wishing for heirlooms, you'd better wish for discriminative ancestors at the same time. And for your descendants' sake, you'd better *be* a tasteful ancestor yourself.

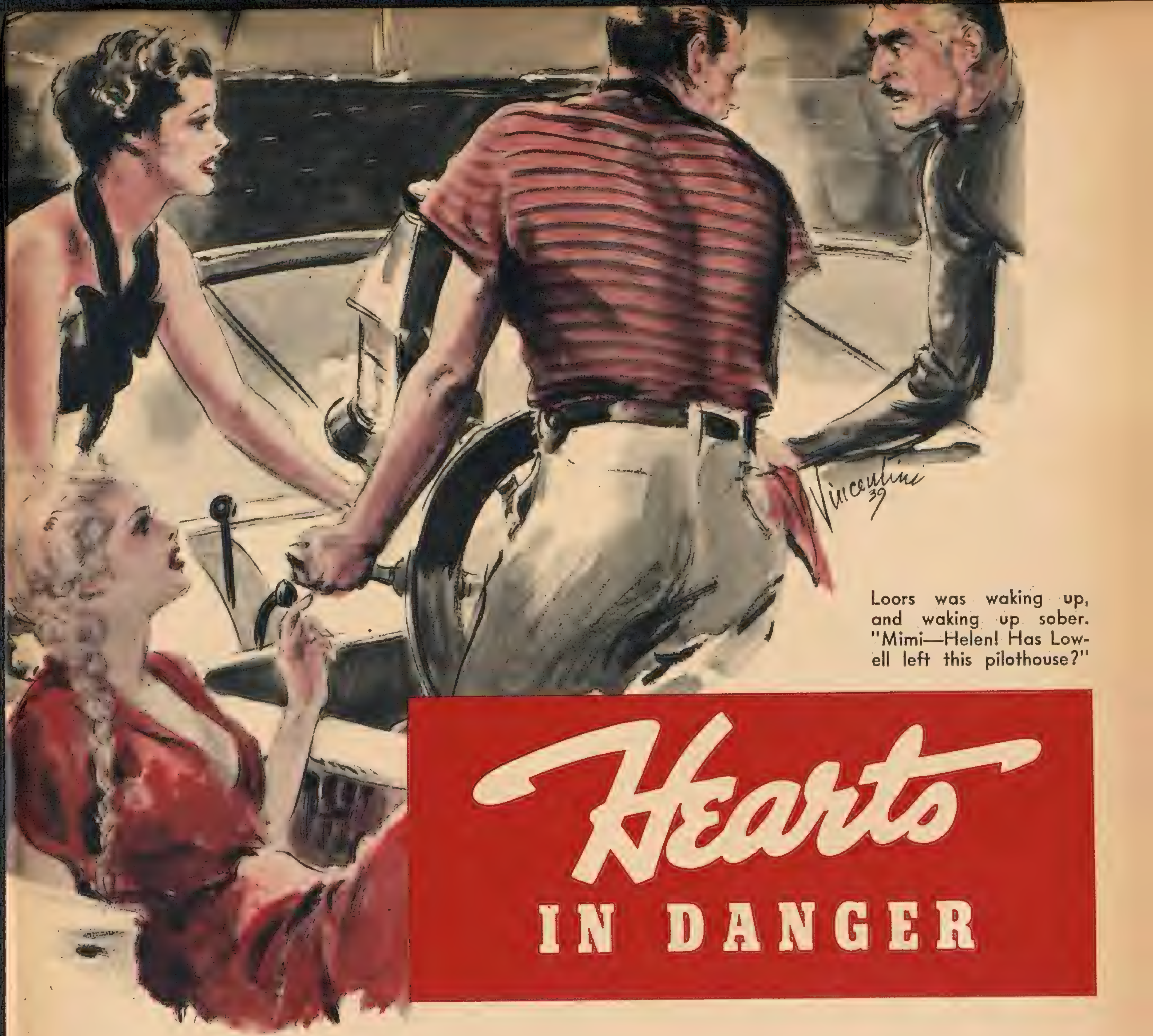
☆ Subdebs at a smart finishing school in Switzerland have lately been wearing the stiff Japanese *obi* (sash) a few hours a day to cure slouching. Decorative, and keeps spines erect.

☆ To summer campers who seek wild friendships I recommend Robert Snedigar's delightful new book, Our Small Native Animals, Their Habits and Care. Tells how to get on with squirrels, turtles, rabbits, snakes, frogs, birds, etc. (Published by Random House, New York.)

☆ A stylish new pet, by the way, is the black myna bird from southeastern Asia. Looks like a raven with a red neck comb. Educated mynas talk more clearly than parrots; don't get parrots' disease; cost around fifty dollars apiece; aren't easy to find. In San Francisco the Wrigley (chewing gum) family owns a splendid one. The director of a Washington institution takes his pet myna to board meetings. At a signal from him it yells, "How about the appropriation?"



"No, Mrs. Doyle, I'm not giving you your choice. They're BOTH yours!"



Loors was waking up, and waking up sober. "Mimi—Helen! Has Lowell left this pilothouse?"

Hearts IN DANGER

The bright star of peril leads them on in this novel of reckless lives

BY WHITMAN CHAMBERS

ILLUSTRATED BY VINCENTINI

READING TIME ● 23 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

PART THREE—A KISS IN THE DARK

IT wasn't yet midnight and we were still threading our way through the scattered cays when I heard unsteady footsteps on the companionway at the after end of the pilothouse. I remarked under my breath:

"That'll be Loors, I suppose. I'd hoped he'd leave us alone until we got to Angelfish. No luck."

Helen Fremont said: "It isn't Mr. Loors. It's Mimi, and it's my guess she's tight. She usually is by this time of night."

It was Mimi, all right. Mimi in sheer red silk pajamas which, even in the moonlight, left nothing much to the imagination. She held a highball in one hand and a bottle of whisky in the other, and she was having considerable difficulty with her feet.

"Now don't say I haven't been thinking of you," she said, standing the bottle on the chart table. "Though what I've been thinking—well, with an innocent girl like Helen present, I—"

"Stop it, Mimi!" Helen interrupted.

"I'm stopped. Aren't you having a drink, Bill?"

"Sure, sure."

I was so tired I knew it wouldn't do me any good, but to avoid argument I took a swallow out of the bottle.

"Where's your boy friend?" I asked.

"Stan? He's out like a light. He's not well, you know, and he's not used to drinking. Rarely touches the stuff. I do the drinking for the family." She drained her glass, set it on the table beside the bottle. "And now, my fine feathered friend, you and I are going into a clinch. I'd like to keep it decent and verbal, but if you won't listen to reason, maybe there are other ways of persuading you. Before he passed out, Stan told me you were staying a few days with us at Angelfish."

"All right. So what?"

"So what? So you're a sap and—"

"Take the needle off the record right there." I was pretty sore about now. "You women have been playing that tune ever since I got aboard this packet, and it palls. So would you just as soon, Mimi, bark up another alley?"

"Not," she returned, "when there are such engaging gentlemen up this one. And I *do* mean you."

"Yes, and when I tell you to please quit bothering me and let me keep my mind on my steering, I *do* mean you," I retorted.

"Your mind, darling, isn't on your steering, and hasn't been on your steering since you met little Bright Eyes, here."

"Oh, please, Mimi! Won't you go below?" Helen asked fretfully.

"I've been below, dear, and I don't like it. And if I'm interrupting your little twosome, I'm sorry, but not very sorry. Really, Helen, I saw him first."

"You shouldn't drink so much, Mimi," said the dark-haired girl.

"And you, my virginal friend, should drink more," Mimi shot back. "You know, Bill, if you have a yen for li'l Helen, you'd best forget it. I've seen some pretty likely guys work on her, but it's no soap."

"Why," Helen demanded, "do you have to be so disgusting when you drink? You know," she added, "if Mr. Loors finds you up here sounding off, he'll probably knock you down again."

"Boy, that was a nasty dig!" Mimi chortled. "Bill, she can't seem to understand that sometimes a woman likes to be knocked around. You can understand that, can't you, Bill?"

"Oh, sure," I said, feeling that I'd like to knock her around a bit myself.

"And I'm not disgusting, am I, Bill?"

"No," I said, "you're not disgusting. You're just a nuisance."

That stopped her. Out of the corner of my eye I saw her disappear toward the after end of the pilothouse, and then I heard a wicker chair creak as she sat down. In a moment I heard her sobbing quietly.

Helen Fremont came close to me and put her arm over my shoulder in a gesture more friendly than affectionate. She said in an undertone:

"We've been pretty nasty to her, Bill. She's not a bad sort. She's not very happy, Bill, and she has a terrible inferiority complex. That's why she drinks so much. She won't listen to me, but do you suppose you might try to square things a little? I hate to hear the poor kid crying like that."

I thought about it for a minute and wanted no part of it. I'd seen enough of Mimi to know that she was a handful when she was sober. Let her sob.

"I CAN steer for a few minutes," Helen whispered.

"Exactly what do you want me to do? Make love to her?"

"Certainly not! I merely want you to tell her you're sorry you called her a nuisance."

"All right. But I want you to know, Helen, that I'm getting pretty sick of being told to *do* this and to *not* do that by you women. Take the wheel. And if you get out of the yawl's wake I'll probably throttle you."

I gave her the wheel and went back to Mimi. She was curled up in the big chair like a soft ball of red silk. All at once I felt sorry for her—she seemed so friendless and lonely. I doubted if she gave a rap about Loors: probably hated him, really. That crack about liking to be knocked around was part of her armor. Yes, I felt sorry for her. Which even a dimwit can tell you is a dangerous way to feel.

WHAT HAS GONE BEFORE

BILL LOWELL and Mary Moore, in Bill's yawl the Black Hawk, are sailing from West Palm Beach across the Gulf Stream, when they answer a distress signal from Stanford Loors' cruiser, the Angelfish. Bill has hired Mary to pilot his boat. Although she is young, she knows these waters well, having sailed with her brother since she was a child. She also knows—by reputation at least—Stanford Loors, and she doesn't trust him. With money made by running a gambling house outside of Washington, he has built a large hurricane-proof house on an isolated island in the Bahamas, Angelfish Cay, and entertains his friends there with gambling and fishing.

When Bill boards the cruiser, Loors tells him that his skipper, Captain Archer, is drunk and that he, Loors, knows little about running a boat. Later he reports that Archer has disappeared and that he suspects the captain has fallen overboard. When Bill goes back to the Black Hawk to consult with Mary, he tells her of the captain's fate, and she remarks that Loors is "a rat," and that Captain Archer didn't fall—he was pushed.

Back on the cruiser, Bill tells Loors that he will take him across the banks, but that the service will cost him a thousand dollars. He gets a check for that amount, made out to Mary Moore, who is leading the way in the yawl while Bill steers the cruiser.

Two young women on the Angelfish—Mimi, a beautiful blonde, and Helen Fremont, a brunette—warn Bill to go back to his own boat. Helen lets drop the fact that there is a passenger aboard the cruiser whose name does not appear on the ship's papers, but she will tell him no more.

The two boats drop anchor near Allen's Cay for the night; but Bill has a quarrel with the customs inspector, Jonothan Cates, and both the Angelfish and the Black Hawk sail immediately for Angelfish Cay. Mary begs Bill not to land on the island when he reaches it; it may be dangerous for him. However, Bill has a hunch that there is something queer going on at Loors' island home, and determines to find out what it is.

When he goes back to the Angelfish to take a turn at the wheel, Loors invites him to stay on the Cay for a few days. Bill accepts in spite of Helen's grim warning: "If you stay on that island for one day, you will never leave it alive."

I stood there hesitating, wondering how best to handle her without stirring up a scene, when she unscrambled herself a little, looked up and saw me. She put out her hand without a word, caught mine, gripped it hard.

"I'm so sorry," she murmured.

That husky choked voice would have melted a cake of ice; what it did to my heart was nobody's business.

"I'm sorry, too, Mimi. I'm mean to be so rotten to you."

"Think nothing of it, darling." She laughed a little, sadly. "Lots of people are rotten to me. I'm used to it. Women of my kind—"

She choked up on that, and held my hand tighter and drew me almost imperceptibly toward her. If she was acting, she was doing a workmanlike job of it.

"Sit down a minute," she urged softly. "I want to whisper something in your ear."

The big chair was barely wide enough to hold the two of us. Her arms moved around my neck, gently, insinuatingly. Her soft lips brushed my ear as she whispered huskily, "I love you, Bill Lowell."

MAYBE it was the moon, maybe my own state of nervous excitement, but for a moment I almost believed her. I put my arms around her, because they were uncomfortably jammed against the sides of the chair.

I don't know whether I kissed Mimi or she kissed me. I didn't care much. Her lips were soft and warm, yielding and yet demanding.

And yet, when she slowly moved her lips away and threw her head back and lay in my arms looking up at me, I felt like a heel. Letting this half-tight girl make love to me! Or had I let her? Hadn't I met her halfway?

"That's only the second," she said softly, quietly confident. "There'll be a million more, precious."

"Let's not be foolish, Mimi."

"Speak for yourself, darling. I've never thought it foolish to love a man. And I told you last night I was in love with you from the first minute I saw you."

"That's crazy."

"So am I, most likely. And right at the moment a little drunk in the bargain. It's a tough combination to lick, and, as you can see, I'm not trying to lick it."

Slowly, with the fire of her kiss growing cool on my lips, a little sense began pounding back into my brain. I glanced at Helen Fremont; hoped she hadn't heard any of this sappy talk, hoped she hadn't seen me kissing Mimi. She seemed intent on her steering, really working at it. The forward windows were high and the chair in which I sat was low. I couldn't see the Black Hawk.

"I'm not going to urge you any

more, darling, not to come to Angelfish," Mimi whispered.

"Why did you urge me in the first place?"

"Because I was afraid for you. I knew what would happen. And I'm in no position—with Stan—to be playing around with other men. He's jealous as the devil."

All things considered, Stan had cause to be jealous.

"You'll be in a tough spot, darling, when you get there. But—"

"In what way?" I interrupted.

"Don't ask questions I can't—I won't—answer. I say you'll be in a tough spot, but I'll be there and I'll look out for you."

"That's nice of you, Mimi. But hasn't it occurred to you that I might be able to look out for myself?"

"You don't, dear, know what you're running into."

"I'd like to know."

"And I'd like to know how it would feel to kiss you twice in the same evening."

She kissed me, or maybe I kissed her.

The clock on the bulkhead struck eight bells.

"Twelve o'clock," I said. "We can't be far from Angelfish."

"Never mind Angelfish," Mimi murmured. "Kiss me again and hold me tight in your arms."

I couldn't have held her much tighter without breaking her ribs. I bent my head, put my lips on hers. At that instant I felt the big cruiser surge slightly, as though riding over a wave. There were no waves.

She listed a little to port and I felt her slow down. I was out of Mimi's arms, out of the chair, crying:

"Good Lord, Helen! What have you done?"

I grabbed both clutch levers and threw the engines into reverse, reached for the throttles and opened them wide. Helen, motionless at the wheel, asked calmly:

"Which way should I turn it, Bill?"

"How the devil should I know? Where are we?"

THE Angelfish had come to a dead stop and the reverse gears were shrieking to heaven. Peering ahead, I saw the Black Hawk moving steadily eastward. In the bright moonlight I could even see Mary Moore at the wheel, placidly oblivious to what had happened to us.

The cruiser was a full hundred yards to starboard of the Black Hawk's wake!

I reached for the whistle cord and blew three short blasts. I throttled the motors and threw them out of gear. I said bitterly, "And I thought I could trust you. Helen, you deliberately ran us aground."

She shrugged, said: "Well?"

"And I was sap enough to listen to your song and dance about poor Mimi!"

"What's this about poor Mimi?" Mimi was beside us now. Her feet were as steady as mine. She was as sober as I. "And what goes on here, anyway? Has she really run us aground, Bill? Oh, Helen! Stan will be wild."

"Stan won't be wild at Helen," I said quickly. "I ran us on this shoal, and nobody else. Get that straight."

"Please, Bill, don't be gallant," Helen said.

"You shut up and do as I tell you. Do you want Loors to know I gave you the wheel while I made love to his girl? Keep quiet and let me do the talking."

I heard Loors coming by that time. And I saw Mary Moore swing the yawl in a short circle to northward and head back toward us. Then Loors was in the pilothouse.

"What'd you blow for, Lowell?" he asked sleepily.

"I was blowing for the Black Hawk. I've run us aground."

"Aground!" he gasped. "We're not sinking!"

"No, we're not even damaged. From the feel of it, we struck in soft sand. If the yawl can't pull us off, we'll wait for high tide and float off."

"The tide was high at midnight," said Helen Fremont. And there was a note of mild triumph in her voice. "The higher high of the spring tides. And if you have to wait for the tide to get you off, you'll wait exactly twenty-eight days for the next full moon."

AND I hadn't even given the girl credit for being able to read a tide table. It was a cute trick, all right—so cute I wouldn't have believed it if she hadn't made that crack about the tides. I wondered:

Was that scene between Mimi and Helen an act? How drunk, really, was Mimi? Are these two girls working together to keep me from getting to Angelfish?

Mary Moore brought up the Black Hawk, slowly and cautiously, on our starboard side, and held her there about thirty feet away.

"All right," she called. "Let's have it, mister."

"What do you want—a line?"

"That's it, *your* line. I want to hear the line of bilge you'll pass out. How'd you do it?"

"Don't you ever get careless?" I retorted.

"Not in water like this, brother. What're you on? Coral or sand?"

"Sand."

"What luck! Drunkards and fools," she shot back—"and I don't think you're drunk."

"There's a line coiled on the starboard side of the hatch," I said. "Pass it over, will you? The tide is going and we haven't any time to lose."

"Time's a-wastin', huh? You should have thought of that before you went to sleep at the wheel. Or were you asleep? Were you even at the wheel?"

Loors muttered: "What does she mean, were you even at the wheel?"

"She knows I was at the wheel. She's just rubbing it in."

Loors was waking up, and waking

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up sober. "Mimi—Helen! Has Lowell left this pilothouse since he came aboard?"

Well, this was their chance if they wanted to queer me. I was both surprised and relieved when Helen said:

"He's been at the wheel every minute, Mr. Loors." And Mimi backed her up with: "I just came up for a little air, Stan, and he hasn't left the wheel an instant while I've been here."

Loors turned to me and asked sharply, "How did you happen to do it?"

"Listen, Loors!" I snapped. "You've had a lot more sleep in the last two days than I have, and yet I notice you've spent most of tonight calking off in your bunk. Except for one hour's sleep, I've been on the go steadily for two days and most of two nights. Try that sometime, and then when you get careless *I'll* give *you* hell!"

"Sorry, Lowell," he said hastily. "No offense, I hope. I appreciate all you've done for us. Is there a chance of getting us off tonight?"

"There's a possibility, if I can get Miss Moore to co-operate," I said, and walked out of the pilothouse.

MARY, by this time, had evidently decided she'd ridden me hard enough, and was waiting with the line. I went down on the foredeck, caught it when she threw it, and made it fast to the bitts.

"You're aground on the starboard side of the channel," Mary called. "Run your starboard engine ahead and your port engine astern. If I can pull your bow around, you'll slide off into deep water."

I went back to the pilothouse and followed her instructions. The line to the Black Hawk grew taut. The little yawl's stern squatted, her engine raced, her propeller spewed a stream of liquid fire. Slowly, almost imperceptibly, the cruiser's bow swung to port.

Then, all at once, she was afloat. I throttled the engines, threw them out of gear, ran down to the foredeck, and cast off the Black Hawk's line. Mary Moore hauled it in and backed over close aboard.

"You were pretty darned lucky," she said. "But next time it might be a coral head."

"There won't be any next time, Mary. How far have we got to go?"

"Only two-three miles."

"All right; lead the way."

"That's what I been doin'," she growled as she sheered off and headed up the channel.

I went back to the pilothouse.

"Well, it should be easy from here on in," Loors remarked. "Give me a call when we get there. Mimi!"

"Coming, dear."

She followed him down the companionway and left Helen and me alone. I didn't make any attempt at conversation right away, because I knew I'd probably blow up, and I didn't want to do that. I was nervous and excited and still a little sore at the way Helen, and probably Mimi, had jobbed me.

And yet I realized all the time that I shouldn't be too critical of them, for they had only been trying to keep me out of trouble, keep me from getting to Angelfish Cay. And they more than I, though I had plenty of imagination, knew what kind of jam I'd probably get into at Loors' fishing lodge.

"Well, you can't be ruled out for trying," Helen said finally. "You're not angry at me?"

"Not any more."

"You were very decent to take the blame."

"You're too kind. What're those lights off to starboard?"

"Angelfish Cay."

"Quite a jernt."

"Yes, it's quite an establishment."

"Must cost him plenty to keep it going."

"Perhaps a quarter of what it would cost if it were in Miami or Palm Beach. Except for his fishing guides, who used to run his speedboats when he was in the liquor-smuggling game, and his chef, all his servants are Bahamians. They'll work for almost nothing."

"What are Loors' friends like?"

"A few of them are quite nice. The majority, however, are about the type you'd expect. Gamblers, race-track followers, politicians — most of the lower forms of animal life you see in Miami Beach in the winter."

"Any women?"

"Oh, occasionally. Usually, however, Mimi and I are the only women on the cay."

"And just where, Helen, do you fit into the picture?"

"That's something I'd rather not discuss."

"That's your privilege," I said.

WE had by this time turned into a wide channel leading northward. On either side of us there was land. I could see the lodge plainly now, straight ahead—a large substantial two-story building that looked strong enough to withstand a tornado. There were lights in most of the windows and in the gardens that surrounded the lodge. There were many palms, doubtless imported, many trees and flowering shrubs.

The channel turned sharply, grew so narrow I could have reached out with a boathook and touched either bank. Then it widened and came to its end in a beautiful little landlocked harbor where two fishing cruisers and half a dozen speedboats lay moored.

"They say this used to be a pirate hide-out," Helen remarked.

"And probably still is," I replied, watching her.

She shrugged. "I tell you, Bill, Mr. Loors is not a pirate nor a crook nor a lawbreaker!"

"Since when has murder on the high seas ceased to be a crime?" I asked as I cut both motors and let the cruiser drift.

Helen turned away. "I'd better call Mr. Loors," she said, and went below.

There were several white mooring buoys near the two cruisers. Mary Moore had pulled up at one and was angling for it with a boat hook. I used the last of my weigh to reach another, some fifty feet from hers, ran down to the foredeck, and moored.

Mary, by this time, had moored the Black Hawk, and she waved to me as she walked aft toward the cockpit.

"Well, mister," she called cheerily, "we made it!"

"Stout girl!" I shouted. "Be with you in a minute."

"You'd better hurry. In a minute and a half I'll be in bed."

"Tired?"

"Dead. Aren't you?"

"Dead and underground for a month. That's me."

A small launch was putting out from a pier near the lodge. It was almost alongside when Loors, Mimi, and Helen appeared on deck. Loors came forward to where I was standing. He was cold sober now, sure of his ground.

"You and Miss Moore did an excellent job," he said briskly. "I want you both to spend the night ashore. We'll crack a bottle of champagne and have a bite to eat. I'd like to have you meet my friends."

I am practically dying, Mr. Loors, to meet your friends.

I said: "It all depends on Miss Moore. She's a self-willed young lady and if she decides she doesn't want to go ashore, we couldn't drag her with a tugboat."

"Nonsense. She'll come," Loors replied, in the way of a man to whom opposition simply does not exist.

The launch had by this time pulled alongside the Angelfish and the two girls were stepping into it. Loors took my arm, started off.

"Come along, Lowell. I'll drop you at your boat and send my launch back for you in, say, fifteen minutes."

I went along.

THERE were two men in the launch, big heavy-set fellows in blue denim. One of them hailed Loors with "Evenin', boss. Good trip?"

"Yes and no. Tell you about it later. Hop in, Lowell." I hopped. "Tony, drop Mr. Lowell at his yawl."

The two boatmen, who had the flat noses, the cauliflower ears, the scarred eyebrows of ex-pugs, looked me over with thinly veiled suspicion. The one at the wheel said, almost grudgingly, "Aye, aye, boss."

There was no light in the yawl's cabin, and as we drew alongside I saw that Mary had not gone below, but was stretched out on one of the seats of the cockpit. I jumped aboard, and as the launch sheered off, Loors called crisply:

"Fifteen minutes, Lowell."

Mary sat up with a sigh that was pointedly exasperated.

"It's out," she said flatly. "I'm not goin' ashore. And if you leave me here alone all night while you play around with them sports, you're a cad."

"Voices carry a long way over the

BUT JANIE, I NEED MY BEAUTY NAP!
SHUCKS TO YOUR BEAUTY NAP! YOU GET YOUR VITAMINS, LIKE I TOLD YOU, AND I'LL BET YOU WON'T RUN OUT OF PEP IN THE EVENING
BUT, JANIE, I EAT A SALAD EVERY DAY
THAT ISN'T ENOUGH! YOU NEED MORE VITAMINS. FOR INSTANCE, THERE'S A PERFECTLY DELICIOUS CEREAL CALLED KELLOGG'S PEP THAT'S RICH IN VITAMINS B AND D
JANIE, IF VITAMINS WILL GIVE ME YOUR VIM, VIGOR, AND VITALITY—I'LL EAT KELLOGG'S PEP EVERY DAY FROM HERE ON!
IF YOU HAVE LACKED VITAMINS, DISCOVER THE GRAND THINGS THEY CAN DO FOR YOU! AND TO HELP GET YOUR VITAMINS, EAT COOL CRISP KELLOGG'S PEP. IT'S A MARVELOUS TASTING CEREAL—CRUNCHY GOLDEN FLAKES OF BRAN AND OTHER PARTS OF WHEAT ENRICHED WITH VITAMINS B1 AND D. GET PEP AT YOUR GROCER'S. EAT IT EVERY DAY, AND SEE IF YOU DON'T HAVE MORE ZIP AND ZEST!
Kellogg's PEP
VITAMIN D ENRICHED
30% BRAN FLAKES
FLAVORED WITH MALT, SUGAR, SALT
Vitamins for pep! PEP for vitamins!*

*Pep contains vitamins B_1 and D. Each ounce contains 1/5 of an adult's and 4/5 of a child's daily requirement of B_1, and about 1/2 the daily requirement of D.

water, don't they?" he remarked, grinning.

"I heard everything Loors said to you—I don't like champagne, I'm not hungry, and I'm *not* a self-willed young lady."

"Nor a very good sport," I said.

Her head snapped up at that. Her eyes met mine and she ruefully smiled.

"That's unfair, honey. You never met a better sport in your life."

I said nothing, waiting.

She got to her feet with a tired sigh. "I'm not going in these dirty slacks. So if that boat comes out before I'm ready, it'll just have to wait. *Fifteen minutes, Lowell!* Nuts!"

She had more ambition than I. I was too tired to care how I looked, too excited thinking about the next half hour to worry about my appearance.

I sat there in the cockpit, smoking a cigarette, wondering if I had pegged the play or if, as happened plenty often, I was all wet.

After a while the two plug-uglies in the launch shoved off from the pier, and at the same moment Mary Moore came up the companionway. She had changed into a thin frock, rather scanty; she had somehow put the wave back in her hair and made up her face and lips. She looked adorable, and I told her so.

"You," she said, "are a pig."

"Better that than a cad."

"You're probably a cad too. And, do you know, ever since Loors built this joint I've been aching to get a look inside it. We've had to run in here half a dozen times since he bought the island—to ride out storms—but those two mugs in the launch would never let us go ashore. They carry guns."

"Then you'd have been disappointed if he hadn't asked us ashore."

"I'd of been sore."

"Then why the beef?"

"I don't like to be *ordered.*"

"I see. Well, here's the boat."

I helped her into it. The two men, one in the bow and the other in the stern, stared at us in silence all the way to the pier. When we got there, one said, "Straight up the path, chief. They'll be waitin' for you."

The other snickered in a way that sent a chill down my spine. As we walked along the path between two rows of stately royal palms, I said, "Mary, do you get the point of Loors' insisting we come ashore?"

"Cinch. They want to get that mysterious passenger off the cruiser without us seein' him."

Some smart kid.

The main door of the lodge was open. We mounted three low stairs and stepped into a short hallway, where a man in a white coat and blue trousers was waiting for us.

"The marster says for you to come right hin hand make yourselves at 'ome, sir."

As we followed him down the hallway I whispered: "A real old-fashioned English butler."

"Ertznay!" Mary jeeringly whispered back. "Up till six months ago he was just another crawfisherman out of Green Turtle Cay."

The man threw open a door at the end of the hallway, and we walked into a large comfortable-looking room. The walls were hung with mounted marlin, sailfish, tarpon, and a dozen other varieties of game fish. There were bright rugs on the floor, a grand piano, a supersize radio, a cheerful blaze in a huge fireplace.

Five men were seated around a circular table in the center of the room. They were playing poker and none of them looked up as we walked in. I heard one of the men say:

"Damn it, I'll up *you* a thousand."

It dawned on me with shocking abruptness that this was a stage; and I was playing the leading role, and Stanford Loors, posted at some vantage point, was the audience. My fate, whether or not I got away from Angelfish Cay with my life, *literally* that, depended on the way I played my part.

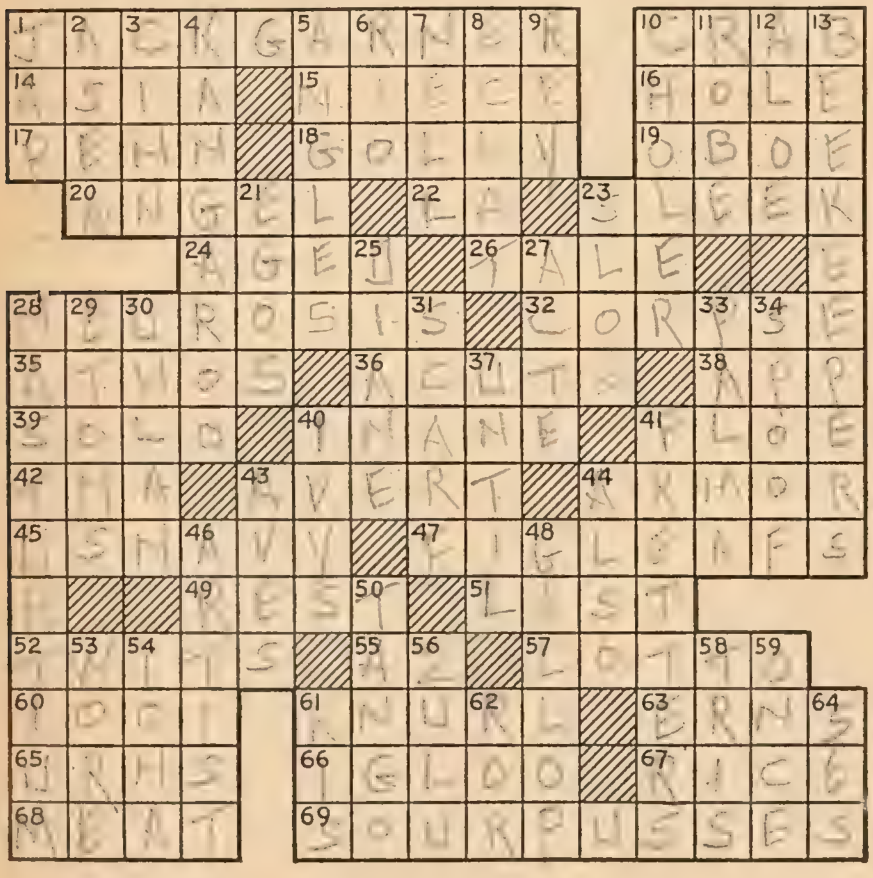
As I walked casually over to the poker table, I recognized every one of the five men who sat there. I recognized them with a thrill of triumph, a thrill of grim foreboding.

But my pan, I hoped—I *prayed*—was as dead as a pickled herring.

Who are these men of mystery? And why does Bill fear to reveal that he recognizes them? Next week the startling secret is disclosed, Mary finds herself in a dangerous spot, and Bill is headed straight for trouble.

COCKEYED CROSSWORDS

by Ted Shane



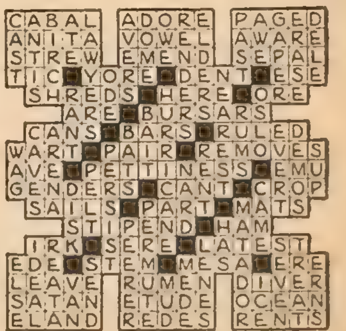
HORIZONTAL

1 Texas' pride (two words)
10 Sufferer from gripe
14 Japanese dream world
15 Your wife's mother's son's daughter
16 The more you take from it the bigger it grows
17 The more he quaked the better he grew
18 What farmers do things by
19 It goes with the wind
20 We all marry one
22 Gumbo Land (abbr.)
23 How actors keep their hair
24 What liquor did in 24 hrs. during prohibition
26 It was told by an idiot, means nothing
28 Freud's favorite flower (gives me the jitters)
32 Body of evidence
35 D'Artagnan's teammate
36 Kind of 20 horizontal we all marry (two words)
38 Short appointment
39 Flight of the Lone Tonsil
40 Kind of phlyah!
41 Coldest gal in Iceland
42 Tennessee Naggers Authority (abbr.)
43 Side-step
44 Iron pants
45 America's steel shield
47 A new suit for Adam (poss.)
49 Stand at ease!
51 Narrow closed-in spaces
52 Kids
55 They hold exactly 24 letters
57 St. Bingo's favorite game
60 Number of things on the busy bee's docket
61 Starts like a knave and ends like a churl, turns out to be a lump
63 Lindberghs with bills
65 Hotel lobby pushovers
66 Home of God's Frozen People
67 Chop-suey mattress
68 Ex-cow
69 Sufferers from the gripe

VERTICAL

1 The Chinese are dying to be friends with him
2 Aflounder
3 Where the Reds hang out (abbr.)
4 Half monkey, half pogo stick, half baby carriage
5 Wise guys know them all
6 Isn't this Grande!
7 Gwyn
8 What the Four Hundred shine things with
9 Del of Cal.
10 Fight promoter
11 It covers a multitude of skins
12 It's bitter, sweet!
13 No matter how good their business is they're bound to be stung
21 The I's have it (pl.)
23 Fast gin
25 Roman goddess, adapted to the fancy suburbs
27 It's an act in France
28 One of the summer's best smellers
29 Where Englishmen raise their pups (pl.)
30 He's death on a German horse
31 Adam's apple blanket
33 Ralph De, Canary island
34 Kid
37 Renovate, as the dirty family linen
40 It grows around the domes of old profs (poss.)
41 Would you call them people who worry over bananas?
43 Alleys that made good (abbr.)
44 Too
46 To show your appreciation, you've got to hang him
48 Dobbin in high
50 South American hip switch
53 What maw was plumb out tryin' ter get pawr ter bathe
54 Name for a possessive young woman
56 African belle, usually unpeeled
58 Well known Speaker in the sports world
59 Front end of a tale
61 Short kiss
62 Nothing between two growls
64 Shane Ends Silliness (we hope!) (abbr.)

The answer to this puzzle will appear in next week's issue.



CABAL ADORE PAGED
ANITA VOWEL AWARE
STREW EMEND SEPAL
TIC■YORE■DENT■ESE
SHREDS■HERE■ORE
ARE■BURSARS
CANS■BARS■RULED
WART■PAIR■REMOVES
AVE■PETTINESS■EMU
GENDERS■CANT■CROP
SAILS■PART■MATS
STIPEND■HAM
IRK■SERE■LATEST
EDE■STEM■MESA■ERE
LEAVE RUMEN DIVER
SATAN ETUDE OCEAN
ELAND REDES RENTS

Last week's answer

You don't have to go to Java or the Gobi desert . . . Start at home . . . One prisoner's find

BY FRANK CLAY CROSS

An odd lump of clay was uncovered. Louis Shultz broke it open.

EXPLORING AMERICA FROM PRISON

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 20 SECONDS

SO you would like to be an explorer —to make some big discovery, like Roy Chapman Andrews who found the famous dinosaur eggs in the Gobi desert; like Admiral Byrd and Kermit Roosevelt and all the other glamorous adventurers? If you could only get away—get away to the far places where things are to be discovered! Ah me! You have no more chance to make an important discovery than a man in a penitentiary. Than Louis Shultz, for example.

Louis Shultz is Prisoner No. 16722 in the State Penitentiary at Canon City, Colorado. He spends his time inside prison walls. Yet he has made a discovery—probably one of the most important archaeological discoveries ever made in North America.

Several years ago the authorities of the penitentiary decided to build a new wall inside the grounds, and gangs of prisoners were put to work, excavating for the foundation. Louis Shultz was among them. The other diggers cared little for the strange specimens brought to light during the progress of the work, but he collected them—peculiar stones, the teeth of prehistoric sharks which had inhabited the valley millions of years ago when it was the bottom of a sea.

Then, one day, an odd lump of reddish clay was uncovered. It was wholly different from the soil around it. What was inside it? Louis broke it open to investigate. Buried in the center was an object that looked like a large needle of bone or ivory. It was almost completely petrified.

Louis knew that he had found a specimen of more than ordinary interest. He sent it to me. "It looks to me like ivory," he wrote.

I examined it; showed it to several of the foremost archaeologists in America. "Bone," they said. "A rather queer gadget, but you know the Indians made some queer things."

A bone needle—yes, that was all it seemed to be. Yet if it was not bone —if it were really made of ivory—it must have been fashioned thousands of years ago.

Then I noticed something: the needle had a slight curve—just the curve of a mammoth's or a mastodon's tusk.

I polished a small surface of the needle and examined it under a magnifying glass. It *was* ivory! No doubt about it. Louis Shultz had found new proof that men inhabited America when the mammoth and the mastodon were here. He had found the first ivory artifact in the Western Hemisphere, outside the Arctic regions.

No, you do not have to go to any far land to explore for relics of ancient man. You may not find another ivory object made by the first Americans, but the peculiar stone dart points which they used have been found in nearly every state in the Union. We call them "Folsom points." Unlike an ordinary Indian arrowhead, a Folsom point never has a stem at the base, and no notches on the edges to hold a thong, such as the Indians would have used, to bind it to a shaft. It has a wide shallow groove along each side, extending from the base often almost to the point. If you should ever find one you should report it, even though you do not wish to sell it for the good price it will bring. Such finds help the archaeologist to plot the migrations of those earliest Americans.

Nor do you have to go to far lands to explore for the fossil remains of prehistoric animals. America has plenty of them—the fossil bones of mammoths and mastodons, of dinosaurs and other strange creatures that lived in bygone ages.

You might not think that Illinois would be a very fruitful field for exploration, but several months ago a nursery salesman named Amiot, who likes to hunt for peculiar stones and fossils, made what may be a spectacular discovery in a limestone quarry not far from Kankakee. He found an oval piece of stone almost five inches long, with a thin shell-like rim around it; and inside the rim of shell, plainly visible, was a formation that looked like an embryo of a giant shark.

If it was really a fossil, it would be perhaps two hundred million years old—the oldest fossil egg ever discovered. Even yet I hesitate to say that the specimen is a fossil. Yet—well, it surely looks like one.

We Americans are a funny people. We get wide-eyed about the wonders of other lands and often almost ignore the wonders of our own country. We read with eager interest about a great crater in the interior of Australia where an enormous mass of iron hurtled down from the sky to bury itself in the earth countless centuries ago. Yet our own Meteor Crater in Arizona, the most spectacular on our planet, seems very commonplace to us. We visit the Hayden Planetarium in New York City, and stand in awe around the great Cape York meteorites, brought from Greenland by Admiral Peary, and let the numerous meteorites which have been found in our own land go almost unnoticed.

Why yearn for adventures in foreign lands when America itself is filled with things yet undiscovered? Wherever you live you may find the relics of prehistoric man not far away. You may find fossil shells, fossil coral, fossil bones, or even the fossil footprint of some strange animal. You may find a meteorite which will bring you to the attention of scientists and put money in your pocket too.

No continent under the sun offers more opportunities for the amateur explorer than our own.

THE END

I HAD A Baby AFTER FORTY

And the worst of it was, the columnists told the news

BY MARIE E. KILLACKEY

READING TIME ● 5 MINUTES 30 SECONDS

UNDER the caption, "Signs of Coming Prosperity," in a well known New York tabloid on a Monday morning appeared the following:

"The John Killackeys, he's the Waldorf nite manager, expect Sir Stork."

Only one person in the world could be responsible for that piece of unwanted publicity, I decided—my husband. His chest swelling with pride at becoming a father at fifty—and at my becoming a mother at forty-two—he had doubtless given out the information.

I like babies, and as mine grew up—my son is nineteen and my daughter seventeen—my husband and I often declared we would love to have another. Friends scoffed at the idea. They argued that it would tie me down, be lots of work, and dangerous at my age. But I finally decided for myself. I am not the streamlined type and nature had definitely fashioned me for motherhood. In my two confinements I had had little trouble and my old doctor had said to me on both occasions, "I wish all my cases were like yours."

I hadn't been ready to broadcast the news just yet, but now that it was out, there was nothing I could do about it. My first thought was, How will the children take it? Not at all well, I expected. And oh, how right I was on that!

The telephone rang all day. I kept answering it and confirming the report. But all the while I was wondering, What will the children say?

Jack, Jr., would probably be sensible. (He takes after me.) But Jocelyn, the lovely, tempestuous, dramatic Jocelyn—her nose would be put greatly out of joint and I could expect reverberations.

Time marched on to two thirty and Jack came home with a pile of newspapers under his arm. Before I could say anything, he leaned back against the door and said, "Mom, you darn fool, a baby at your age! Look what's happening to Barbara Hutton." Barbara was just then going through a difficult period following her baby's birth, and the papers were full of direful predictions, which happily turned out false.

So all young Jack's fears were for my well-being.

After I had laughed at his fears—for I was surely no Barbara Hutton either physically or financially—he became deeply interested and hoped the new arrival would be a boy. He began immediately to plan for his hoped-for brother's future.

Jocelyn arrived, and a glance at her expressive face told me that she hadn't seen the paper. After dinner she decided to visit friends. In five minutes she was back, making a whirlwind and highly dramatic entrance.

"Where is the News? Let me see Ed Sullivan's column!" she shouted. "Oh, to have this happen in my family!"

If one of us had robbed a bank she couldn't have taken it any worse. She stormed and wept and wailed, and finally retired into a silence that lasted a week.

Time continued to march on. I was commiserated with and commented upon by my friends. "Poor Marie, at her age!" One would think I was as aged as Sarah in the Bible! I who felt perfectly fine—or would have, if only solicitous friends and relatives would cease their anxious questioning and pestering!

It was my young married sister Ruth who insisted on escorting me to a good obstetrician. I hadn't had a doctor for myself for seventeen years because I hadn't needed one.

After hearing my history—"youngest child seventeen; age, forty-two"—the learned gentleman didn't look exactly jolly.

"Oh, I'm not going to have any trouble," I told him.

And I was right, as later events proved.

He asked me why I had not come to him sooner, and I replied that this was soon for me. It was, in fact, about five months earlier than I would have let my own doctor in on the secret. At that, he shook his head dolefully, and my sister remarked, "Doesn't she sound like some one from the Dark Ages?"

The doctor said "Walk," so I walked, and I ate calcium tablets and kept cheerful. (This last was made easier by the fact that Jocelyn had recovered from her tantrum and was behaving like an angel.) I also had my teeth extracted, got a good-looking new set, and moved into a new house.

My daily walks took me by our local movie house, and if the feature was interesting I usually bought a ticket. I became such a devoted fan that as the weeks went by the manager began to look rather anxiously at my steady attendance.

In the list of coming attractions there was one picture I was particularly anxious to see, and I hoped the stork would not flap his wings until it was run.

I need not have worried. That doggoned stork was so leisurely that he delayed his arrival until five weeks after I had expected him!

The last weeks of waiting in the good old summertime, with the weather as hot as blazes, was not exactly a picnic. The nerves of the family—all but mine; I was only having the baby—were worn thin.

The arrival was expected in July. As Jack had been a Valentine's Day baby, Jocelyn had chosen Good Friday on which to make her appearance, and my own birthday was on Hallowe'en, we had hoped to add another holiday to the roster of family birthdays by welcoming the baby on the Fourth of July. But the Fourth came and went, and July faded into August with no increase in the number of our income-tax exemptions.

The doctor came to see me one Saturday evening.

"On Monday morning," he said, "take some quinine, then go to the hospital."

But when Monday morning came, I knew I could do without the quinine.

John was working on his usual night shift. Jack was visiting friends out of town. At six o'clock I woke Jocelyn and asked her to go with me to the hospital. She was calm and collected—a brick. No dramatics now.

When we reached the hospital I told her to call her dad at six forty-five and just say to him, "Never mind the quinine." And did he come a-runnin'!

In all my life I was never so glad to see any one as the doctor, because the stork seemed to be trying to make up for his tardy flight with a speedy landing.

At eight eighteen I was back in my hospital bed reading the Monday News, and my lovely chubby bundle of baby boy was snug in his basinet in the nursery.

Again I was in a column the following Monday, with Walter Winchell giving all the credit to dad, saying:

"August 10. John Killackey increased the Irish papa-lation by one."

THE END

WHY DID THEY LET HIM GO?

A teammate's view of "Zeke" Bonura, baseball's color boy

BY HARRY DANNING

as told to Jerry D. Lewis

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 7 SECONDS

THE jockeys were in full cry. "Jockey" is dugout slang we baseball players use for a needler, a ribber, a sharp-tongued goat-getter. The jockeys were directing their fire at a newcomer in our camp—a newcomer in our league, for that matter. He was an amiable-looking six-footer who appeared to weigh about 215.

I walked out on to the field at Hot Springs, crammed my face into my mask, and then peered through the wire at first base.

"So that's our new Giant first baseman," I said to myself.

The jockeys, all brother Giants, kept up their good-natured chatter as spring drill went briskly on: "Hey, Hal Chase with reverse English!" . . . "Where's your butterfly net?" "Oop—ya judged every hop right but that last one!" . . . "Better build a brick fence down there, Bananas." And so it went.

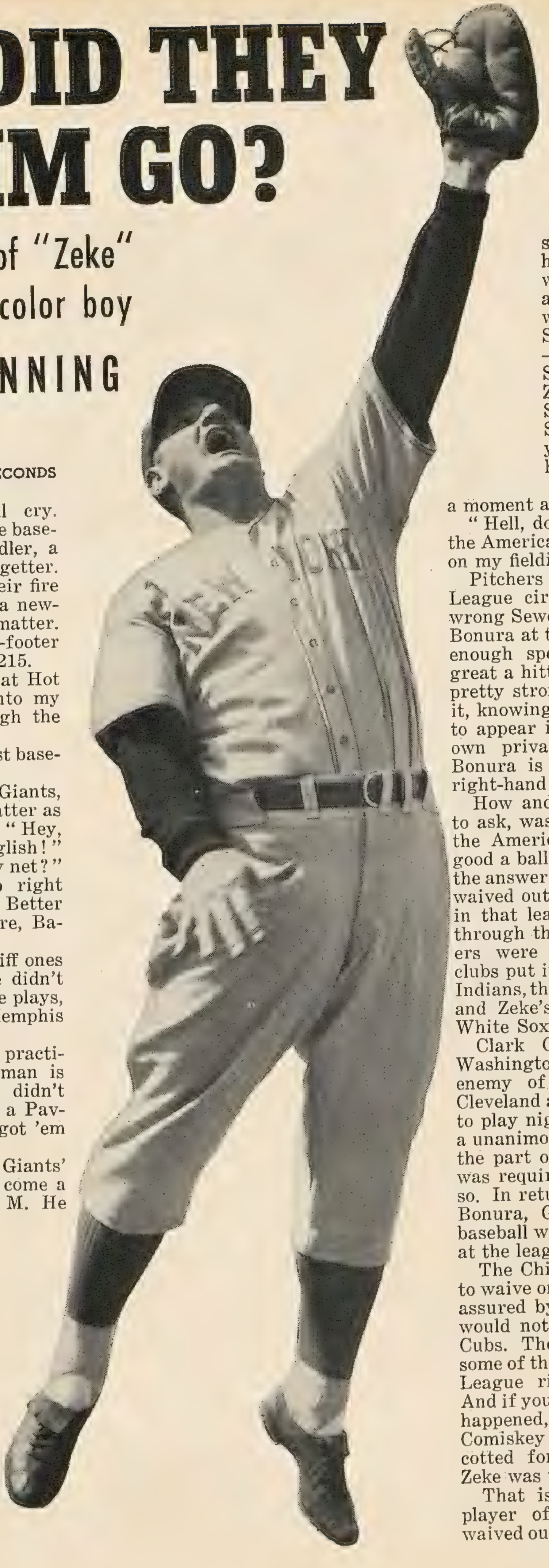
I began to peg a couple of stiff ones down there myself. True, he didn't look like Bill Terry making the plays, but then, who has since the Memphis Master laid aside his mitt?

That day Zeke Bonura made practically every play a first baseman is supposed to make. That he didn't make them with the grace of a Pavlova is beside the point. He got 'em made!

The "key man" in the Giants' power bid for a pennant has come a long way since that sunny A. M. He is certainly an improved first baseman today compared to the man fans knew for five years in the American League. And I predict he'll be the number one first baseman in our circuit come the World Series!

He is improved due to the fact that we play more baseball in the National League than they do over in Zeke's old stamping grounds.

Zeke told me his real pride is his hitting. Only once did I ever hear him say anything against his own fielding. That was the day I met him and all the jockeys were working on him in Hot Springs. One of them—I think it was Pancho Snyder — said, "Hey, Zeke, what's this Luke Sewell, your old White Sox buddy, says about you not being able to hit a low curve?"



Henry John Bonura, the Giants' giant.

Zeke eyed Pancho for a moment and then roared:

"Hell, do you think I stayed in the American League for five years on my fielding alone?"

Pitchers all over the National League circuit can tell you how wrong Sewell was. I have watched Bonura at the plate now for a long enough spell to know just how great a hitter he really is. This is pretty strong language, and I say it, knowing how strong it is likely to appear in cold type, but in my own private book, Henry John Bonura is every whit as good a right-hand hitter as Joe Medwick!

How and why, you are entitled to ask, was Bonura waived out of the American League if he is as good a ballplayer as that? Here is the answer: In order to get a player waived out of a league, every club in that league must let him pass through their hands. When waivers were asked on Zeke, three clubs put in claims—the Cleveland Indians, the Philadelphia Athletics, and Zeke's old club, the Chicago White Sox.

Clark Griffith, owner of the Washington team, was an ardent enemy of night baseball. Both Cleveland and Philadelphia wanted to play night ball this season, and a unanimous vote of permission on the part of the eight club owners was required before they could do so. In return for their waiving on Bonura, Griffith voted for night baseball when that matter came up at the league meeting.

The Chicago White Sox refused to waive on Bonura until they were assured by Washington that Zeke would not be sold to the Chicago Cubs. They were afraid of losing some of their fans to their National League rivals if that happened. And if you doubt that it would have happened, let me remind you that Comiskey Park was actually boycotted for about a month after Zeke was traded.

That is the answer to how a player of Bonura's talents was waived out of the American League

—waived out despite the fact that he drove in 114 runs, many more than such vaunted headliners as Bob Johnson, Hal Trosky, Charlie Gehringer, Tommy Henrich, Earl Averill, or Joe Cronin could paddle across the plate.

So much for skullduggery. Zeke is a Giant now, and from what I have heard Bill Terry say, he'll be one for some time to come.

Born in New Orleans in 1908, with the name Henry John Bonura, our hero is thirty years old by the book. Actually, he's the youngest kid on the ball club. He has brought more real enthusiasm for baseball to the Polo Grounds than I have ever seen anywhere before. He pounds his big mitt, calls balls and strikes from his first-base position for the umpire behind the plate, and yells from the minute the ball game starts until the last out is recorded on the scoreboard.

What he yells is almost unintelligible, although one day he did scream, "Hurry up! Take it easy." Anything that comes to his mind is apt to be on his lips a split second later. Anything, that is, except obscenity. He doesn't drink or smoke, and he'll walk out of the room if any one starts to tell an off-color yarn.

That goes back to his early school training, which was of a semireligious nature. After grammar school, Mother Bonura packed young Henry off to St. Stanislaus College, a Bay St. Louis, Mississippi, high school despite its title. There he found himself under the friendly guidance of Foster Commager, the athletic coach, and there it was that he decided the one thing he wanted more than anything else in the world was to be a big-league ballplayer.

He is a man of prodigious strength, and he must have had the same quality as a boy. When he was sixteen, Commager spent six weeks showing him how to throw a javelin, took him to the National A. A. U. championships, and Zeke broke the world's record, heaving the spear 213 feet 10½ inches!

Two years after that the American Olympic team was being rounded up for a trip to Amsterdam. Zeke was invited. It would have been a pretty nice trip for a nineteen-year-old youngster to have made. But Zeke turned the invitation down—because he wanted to play baseball for the Kaplan, Louisiana, semipro team!

HIS enthusiasm for the game once cost his father a lot of money. Bonura senior is in the fruit business in New Orleans, and on this particular day he had a five-carload shipment of watermelons coming in. They were to be sold to wholesalers right off the freight cars. Every one else was busy, so papa sent young Henry down to handle the sales.

But it was a Saturday afternoon, and Henry had a ball game to play at two o'clock. When that hour approached, only one and a half cars had been sold. Playing ball was more important to Henry, though, so he calmly ordered the cars locked, pocketed the cash receipts, picked up his glove and spiked shoes, and went out to meet his teammates.

When the cars were unlocked on Monday morning, your guess is as good as mine as to the condition of the melons.

In 1929 he signed with the New Orleans team for his first job in organized baseball. He played there until 1932, at which time the Dallas team of the Texas League purchased his contract. He spent two years at Dallas, and then came up to the major leagues when the Chicago White Sox bid higher than any one else for him.

If there is anything Bonura lacks, that missing quality is definitely not a lack of confidence. Lou Fonseca was playing first base for the White Sox at the time. Mr. Fonseca was also manager. Four seasons before, he had led the American League in hitting, with a .369 mark. Zeke's first remark on reporting to Fonseca was:

"O. K., Lou, you can put your glove away. There's a real first baseman on the team now!"

And he proceeded to play first base with such reckless abandon and he showed so much power at the plate that Fonseca benched himself!

THE acquisition of his nicknames came about this way: One afternoon when Coach Commager was teaching Bonura to throw the javelin, a reporter happened to see Zeke. He whistled and said to Commager:

"What a physique! What a physique!"

Bonura looked around and said: "Where does he come off, calling me Zeke?"

His other nickname of "Bananas" comes from the fact that John Bonura & Son (the "& Son" being Henry) of New Orleans makes a comfortable living each year selling the yellow fruit. The fruit business in this country can never really get bad while Zeke is around. He'll keep it on its feet singlehanded. For he never retires for his eleven hours' sleep without eating an apple and a few bananas.

I am not kidding when I mention eleven hours as his nightly period of sleep, either. Shortly after Zeke first reported to the Giants, he came up to Bill Terry and said:

"I don't like your system of checking in the players at eleven thirty every night."

"I'm sorry, Zeke, but it's got to be done," Bill said. "You know you shouldn't be out later than that."

"Out later, nothing! What's the idea of waking me up at eleven thirty to ask me if I'm in? By that time I've been asleep for an hour and a half!"

He is one of the most popular ballplayers with the fans I've ever seen. Two days after he became a Giant, he had the Polo Grounds regulars—those Giant fans who see every ball game—rooting hysterically for him. Baseball writers who have been in New York longer than I have tell me that no one has captured the rooters like Bonura since Andy Cohen came up from Waco, Texas, to take over second base for John McGraw, succeeding Roger Hornsby. That was eleven years ago.

That popularity is due, I guess, to Zeke's tremendous enthusiasm. He has something of the flair that Babe Ruth had for making his every act, his every gesture, a dramatic thing. The fans can tell whether a ballplayer likes to play, or whether he is in there merely because he can earn a better living on a diamond than anywhere else.

Bonura gets $15,000 a year from the Giants. You couldn't get him to quit baseball for anything else if you offered him twice that.

Part of his popularity is due to his love of what Jimmy Walker once called "the dirty-faced kids in the street." Zeke spends a half hour after every game outside the Polo Grounds signing his autograph on old pieces of paper, schoolbooks, hats, and a million other things. He also makes about four speeches a week before boys' clubs, and rather than considering these hours an imposition on his time, he actually feels hurt if some other player is asked to speak and he is omitted.

He's the best storyteller in baseball, because he tells stories with the same flourish he shows on the field. His favorite tale is about the outfielder in the Texas League who was a good hitter but a horrible fielder. His team was fighting for the pennant in the closing days of the season. In the second inning this outfielder belted a home run over the right-field wall. Inning after inning rolled by with both pitchers working carefully and effectively, and as they went into the eighth, the score was 1 to 0—the homer being the only score.

IN that eighth inning, this outfielder dropped a fly ball, and the manager called time. He waved to the outfielder, calling him in to the bench, and replacing him with a better defensive player. When he found out what the manager was doing, this goof ran out to the scoreboard and took the "1" down.

"What are you doing that for?" yelled the manager.

"If I can't play the whole game," he answered, "you can't use my run!"

Zeke will probably stop telling that one now that it's been printed, but don't worry. Like Jimmy Durante, he's got a million of 'em.

When he reported to the Giants Bill Terry took him aside and gave him the training rules he has laid down for the boys. Bill went through them for a few minutes, with Bonura listening almost expectantly. When Bill was finished, Zeke patted him on the back, and said:

"I approve of them, Bill!"

And, by the way of closing, let me add that if Zeke approves of our training rules, we on the ball club, in turn, approve heartily of Zeke. He's a nice fella.

THE END

Filmdom's four daughters in their latest. Gale Page, Lola, Rosemary, and Priscilla Lane in Daughters Courageous.

Four Daughters Bloom Again

The Lanes and Gale Page are back in a film in which John Garfield—it's a habit of his!—wins top honors

BY BEVERLY HILLS

READING TIME ● 9 MINUTES 35 SECONDS

4 STARS—EXTRAORDINARY
3 STARS—EXCELLENT 2 STARS—GOOD
1 STAR—POOR 0 STAR—VERY POOR

★★★ DAUGHTERS COURAGEOUS

THE PLAYERS: John Garfield, Claude Rains, Jeffrey Lynn, Fay Bainter, Donald Crisp, May Robson, Frank McHugh, Dick Foran, George Humbert, Berton Churchill, Priscilla Lane, Rosemary Lane, Lola Lane, Gale Page. Screen play by Julius J. and Philip G. Epstein suggested by a play by Dorothy Bennett and Irving White. Directed by Michael Curtiz. Produced by Warner Brothers. Running time, 107 minutes.

THE success of Four Daughters obviously inspired this yarn of another household with a quartet of feminine offspring. Maybe it will confuse you just a bit, with the same folks back again with new names and new problems.

Mama Nan Masters is just about to marry the well-to-do phlegmatic Sam Sloane, with the enthusiastic approval of her four daughters, when Papa Jim Masters, long divorced and an absentee for some twenty years, suddenly appears. Daddy is tired, hopeful of a fireside, full of tales of far Cathay and palm-studded coral atolls. In no time at all he has turned Mrs. Masters' well regulated household topsy-turvy. Even the daughters are swayed paternally toward the insidious fabricator of tall yarns. One, in fact, has fallen in love with the rebellious work-hating son of a Portuguese fisherman.

Far be it from me to tell you how the household gets its sanity back, but the picture is worth seeing. It has dull stretches, but it also has humanness, nice little touches, and several swell performances. That young iconoclast, John Garfield, is vivid and real as the Portuguese rebel. With one close-up, Garfield can throw any picture out of balance. And Claude Rains is excellent as the tired Marco Polo longing for an escape from day coaches. There are innumerable pretty Lanes playing the daughters, and Fay Bainter's Mrs. Masters has intelligence and color.

VITAL STATISTICS: Fay Bainter hails from an authentic wagon-train family. Father and Mother Bainter (Mr. and Mrs. Charles Francis Bainter) went to California in the days just after the Civil War. Mama Bainter was the only woman in the train of nine wagons. Fay started on the stage as a child in the Brownie chorus of a Los Angeles society pageant. . . . That house of the Masters girls? The Warner location man found it off Seventeen Mile Drive on Stillwater Cove in Monterey. Belongs to the wealthy widow of a Chicago builder of road machinery. . . . While the company was on location at Monterey, John Garfield found time to play softball at night on a team against the local coppers, and to take a turn at tennis, besides being a guest of Mayor Emmet McMenamin. . . . The average American household inventories between 900 and 1,400 articles. Ask the Warner property man who outfitted the Masters house. The inventory covered sixteen sheets of paper, included 2,100 odd items. At that, it enumerated no wardrobe, although umbrellas come under the head of properties. . . . When Jeffrey Lynn was between stage jobs in his pre-Hollywood era, he worked as a Manhattan house wrecker. And now he's a heart wrecker. . . . Director Michael Curtiz paid his way through the Hungarian Royal Theatrical Academy by working as a strong man in a circus. Mike was born in Budapest in 1888. After serving two years with the Austrian army in the World War he got a job with Max Reinhardt. Mike is a fanatic for detail. Insists that the gas stove really work in the kitchen scenes, that real water come out of the pipes, that the refrigerator, actually connected, contain a healthy load of food. It's details like that that sway audiences, he says.

★★★ MAN ABOUT TOWN

THE PLAYERS: Jack Benny, Dorothy Lamour, Edward Arnold, Binnie Barnes, Monte Wooley, Isabel Jeans, Phil Harris, Betty Grable, E. E. Clive, Eddie Anderson. Screen play by Morrie Ryskind from a story by Mr. Ryskind, Allan Scott, and Z. Meyers. Directed by Mark Sandrich. Produced by Paramount. Running time, 85 minutes.

HERE is radio top comic Jack Benny's best film yet. In style it more closely resembles the staccato wise-Benny air fooling. The comedian wanders through the proceedings armed with flip casual comments as a stage producer and star in London with his own company. He'd like to be a gay Lothario but is a dud romantically — until a titled English wife and her Parisienne house guest decide to use him to arouse the jealousies of their respective spouses. In no time Benny is a harassed Romeo with irate armed husbands in pursuit.

There are lavish harem scenes from the show, but most of all the episodic film gets over better than past Bennys because of the star's improvement in film methods—and because of a dark gentleman called Rochester. Rochester, in real life Eddie Anderson, is Benny's airway valet, and here he steals Man About Town pretty completely. The fellow has a singular comedy sense, does everything very neatly.

VITAL STATISTICS: You know Eddie Anderson over the air paths as the Rochester of Jack Benny's ether shows. Eddie is an Oakland, California, boy. He completed his education near San Francisco, as far as two years in high school in San Mateo. Then the stage, long jobs in Coast night clubs, finally a chance to be Noah in the film version of Green Pastures. Benny wrote him into an air program in 1937, Eddie scored, and he's been more or less a part of that half hour ever since. Unmarried, he lives with his mother. His two extravagances are a valet and a stable of four or five race horses. Sometimes they win. . . . That big London theater set was built in the huge Paramount tank. . . . There are 300 extras plus the big cast. . . . Phil Harris seemed to be conducting, but Matty Malneck actually did the job with his band. . . . Dorothy Lamour is tired of being a sarong-and-dance girl. The nearest approach to this is a brief harem costume. Meanwhile Dot has given her St. Louis Blues sarong to the Los Angeles Museum of History,

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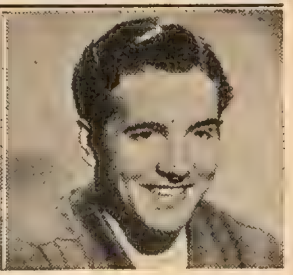
FRED MacMURRAY



JOHN PAYNE

Are Men Fed Up With Working Wives?

Some men say that a wife who continues to work after marriage endangers their married happiness. Others say that theory is all bunk. Which side is right? On behalf of its myriad young married women readers, Movie Mirror asked John Payne and Fred MacMurray for their opinions. John Payne answered, "My wife works and I am glad she does." Fred MacMurray said, "I don't want my wife to work and never will."

Each backed up his belief with reasons that will interest every married girl and every girl who expects to marry.

The revealing story appears in Movie Mirror. Be sure to read it and also the many other absorbing features in the August issue out now at all newsstands—10 cents.

movie MIRROR

Science, and Art. It's displayed under Science. . . . The Abbott Dancers, who do the acrobatic Scheherazade, were found dancing in a Los Angeles hotel supper room.

★★½ CLOUDS OVER EUROPE

THE PLAYERS: Laurence Olivier, Ralph Richardson, Valerie Hobson, George Curzon, George Merritt, Gus McNaughton, David Tree, Sandra Storme, Hay Petrie, Frank Fox, George Butler, Gordon McLeod, John Longdon. Scenario by Ian Dalrymple from a story by Brock Williams, Jack Whittingham, and Arthur Wimperis. Directed by Tim Whelan. Produced by Columbia. Running time, 82 minutes.

HERE you have Scotland Yard on the trail of a sinister espionage ring. Planes disappear in mid-air with their flyers, leaving no trace. It is all baffling until a whimsical detective gets busy. He is an odd fellow who continually is losing his umbrella, forgetting engagements with his sweetheart, bickering with his butler. But he does find out how and why enemy agents pick off England's best planes—and he finds out what happens to them. Far be it from us to tell, but deadly death rays are involved.

The plot is a bit complicated and puzzling until you are clear about the principal players. Ralph Richardson is amusing as the Scotland Yard sleuth, Laurence Olivier is subordinate but properly heroic as a stunt flyer who fears nothing, and Valerie Hobson is diverting—in a nice way, you know—as the detective's sister who works as a reporter for a sensational London tabloid. This Richardson is versatile. Remember his doctor in The Citadel? Only last week your Beverly Hills complimented his work in Four Feathers. And here he is, stealing another film.

VITAL STATISTICS: In England, where it was made, this was called Q Planes. . . . Ralph Richardson is an ardent aviation enthusiast, pilots his own plane, frequently comes to work in it, landing on a small field near the Denham studios. He was technical adviser on the air angles of this picture. Richardson drives a high-power speedster with chromium-plated exhausts and capable of a hundred miles an hour. The lad loves speed. He comes of a Quaker family. Was born in Cheltenham. His father, Arthur Richardson, was a landscape painter. Ralph started as a painter, doing the sets for a provincial theatrical company. He has played a lot of roles on the London stage, including appearing with Katharine Cornell in St. Joan and Romeo and Juliet. . . . Speaking of La Cornell, Laurence Olivier has been playing behind the footlights on Broadway in No Time for Comedy, opposite the lady. . . . Olivier has a home in Chelsea once owned by Whistler. . . . Tim Whelan, who directed Clouds Over Europe, is a graduate of Hollywood slapstick comedy. He's an Indiana boy who landed a job with Hal Roach as writer and gag man. He worked with the Harold Lloyd forces up to and including Safety Last. Then he was script man for Frank Capra when that director was starting. After that Whelan wrote and directed the Wheeler-Woolsey pictures. In 1932 he went to England to direct, stayed on. . . . Valerie Hobson was born at Larne, Ireland, twenty-two years ago, daughter of a British navy captain. She's made films in Hollywood, more in London. Now one of the top charmers in English films.

SHORT REVIEWS:

★★.MAISIE (Metro-Goldwyn-Mayer). A slangy showgirl (flip, jazzy, with a heart of gold) is stranded in Wyoming, invades a cattle ranch as lady's maid to the rich owner's philandering wife. Ann Sothern is the hard-boiled chorine who tries to straighten out folks' lives.

★★ SONS OF LIBERTY (Warners). An interesting two-reel (21-minute) historical film in color, telling of the part played by the Jewish banker, Haym Solomon, aiding General Washington in the dark days when all seemed lost. Claude Rains is the farsighted Solomon who helped finance the Revolution.

FOUR-, THREE-AND-A-HALF-, AND THREE-STAR PICTURES OF THE LAST SIX MONTHS

★★★★—Goodbye Mr. Chips, Only Angels Have Wings, Union Pacific, Juarez, Stagecoach, Idiot's Delight, That Certain Age.

★★★½—Young Mr. Lincoln, Wuthering Heights, The Story of Vernon and Irene Castle, Three Smart Girls Grow Up, Midnight, Dark Victory, The Little Princess, The Oklahoma Kid, Ice Follies of 1939, Jesse James.

★★★—Jamaica Inn, Four Feathers, Blind Alley, Invitation to Happiness, Rose of Washington Square, It's a Wonderful World, Confessions of a Nazi Spy, For Love or Money, Back Door to Heaven, East Side of Heaven, The Hardys Ride High, The Story of Alexander Graham Bell, The Hound of the Baskervilles, Man of Conquest, Dodge City, The Flying Irishman, Let Freedom Ring, Yes My Darling Daughter, Love Affair, The Three Musketeers, The Mikado, Café Society, Made for Each other, Huckleberry Finn, Wings of the Navy, Persons in Hiding, They Made Me a Criminal, Honolulu.

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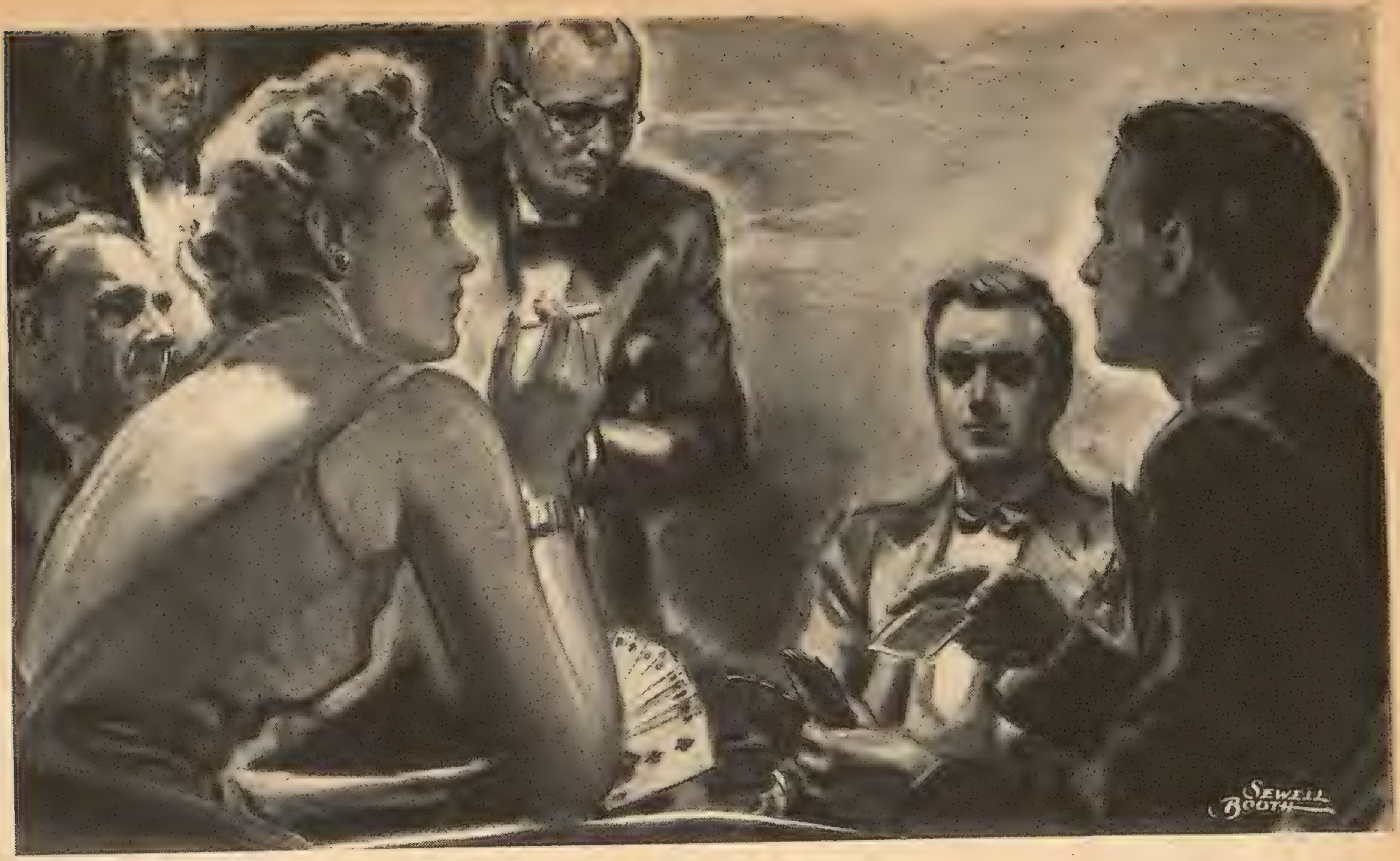
PULVEX 6-USE DOG SOAP kills fleas, oils, tones, deodorizes, grooms, cleans, 50c. Pulvex Flea Soap, 25c.

..helps SOOTHE Irritations Due to Scratching

Answers to Twenty Questions on Page 34

1—Dorothy Dix (Mrs. Elizabeth M. Gilmer).
2—Four or more, at least two across and two deep.
3—Tennis is played on an enclosed court; lawn tennis on a court without side walls.
4—1823.
5—The letter "e."
6—By the discovery of insulin.
7—The Half Moon.
8—When prices tend to rise.
9—One.
10—A replica is made by the maker of the original work; a copy by any one.
11—Seven years.
12—Declining.
13—American bittern.
14—Lillie Langtry.
15—Vermont.
16—Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs.
17—Troy weight, 12 ounces to the pound.
18—Three: Lincoln, Garfield, and McKinley.
19—Eskimos, using walrus skin, which the dogs can eat, stuffed with salmon for themselves.
20—

Frances F Cleveland



"This seems to be the exact hand I held that evening."

THE BLUE DECK

READING TIME ● 10 MINUTES 3 SECONDS

The play of this deal

N.
♠ J 6 4 3
♡ 4 3
◇ NONE
♣ A Q 9 7 6 5 2

W.
♠ A K Q 10
♡ A K Q 10 9 6 5
◇ A
♣ 8

E.
♠ 5
♡ J 8 7
◇ 9 7 6 3
♣ K J 10 4 3

S.
♠ 9 8 7 2
♡ 2
◇ K Q J 10 8 5 4 2
♣ NONE

produces the clue that definitely locates the murderer in the following story. Can you guess who it is by the time you have seen the hand repeated, together with the bidding and opening lead on page 50?

IN the penthouse apartment of Peter Rossiter an exciting game of bridge was going on.

A play of rare brilliancy had just been consummated, when suddenly the room was plunged into darkness. Some one shouted, "What's wrong with the lights?" Then—a moan and a crash.

Almost two minutes elapsed before the butler entered with lighted candles. And there on the floor lay Peter Rossiter, dead, stabbed through the heart. The dagger with which he had been killed had been taken from a cabinet near the bridge table.

Rossiter, a widower for several years, was a well known collector of curios.

No fingerprints were found on the dagger, and the police could not locate any clue or find a motive to suspect foul play. Their verdict of suicide seemed plausible.

Then a private investigator was called in.

Elie Alley was a unique personage in criminology. He was a keen student of playing cards, and specialized in solving bridge problems, both in actual play and in restricting the activities of the gentry commonly known as cardsharpers.

On the evening of the tragedy five persons, besides the victim, had been present:

Frank and Joan Rossiter, son and daughter of the deceased collector.

George Hamilton, bank cashier, and fiancé of Joan.

Ralph Stevenson, a friend of the family and also a curio collector.

Samuel Jenkins, butler in the family for twenty years.

After a thorough examination, Alley gleaned these facts:

On the eventful deal, Frank and Joan Rossiter played against Hamilton and Stevenson. After spirited bidding, a slam contract was declared, and young Rossiter made a wager with Hamilton on the result.

Peter Rossiter had not been present at the commencement of the game, but entered the room during the play of the hand and stood back of Hamilton, watching the action.

The singular behavior of the electric lights had been caused by heavy rains flooding one of the plants of the power company.

Only one of the two packs of playing cards was found. The pack from which the fatal hand had been dealt could not be located. None of the players could account for its strange disappearance.

The decedent's estate proved to be considerable, with his two children named as heirs.

Jenkins was left $10,000, although he had had a disagreement with his employer and had been given a month's notice.

Joan was in bad grace because her father objected to her marrying Hamilton, whom he disliked. He had threatened to disinherit her.

A novelty! Here is a contract hand in which murder and mystery play their part

By the famous bridge maestro

SIDNEY S. LENZ

Frank Rossiter, a handsome young man, had many of his father's characteristics. The two had just returned from a Mediterranean cruise.

Stevenson and the elder Rossiter had been good friends for many years, but had quarreled a short time before over a collector's item. Rossiter had refused to remain home to participate in the card party. Therefore his unexpected return had been a surprise to every one.

Stevenson noticed that Rossiter's face, smiling as he entered the room, suddenly appeared to freeze into an expression of bitterness. As the lights faded, and just before the crash, Rossiter gasped what seemed to be, " She, she—"

As to the exact nature of the deal that had occurred, the players were rather hazy, except that Frank had trumped his partner's ace on the opening play, which had turned out to be a brilliant coup.

To Detective Alley it seemed that the solution of the case would be found with the missing pack of cards, or if the exact distribution of the last deal could be ascertained.

A WEEK passed, and at the request of Alley, the five participants in the drama were assembled in the Rossiter apartment. The bridge table was set up with the still deck on the table, and the cards of another deck were distributed, face down.

The four players were asked to take their places exactly as they had been seated on the evening of the tragedy.

Detective Alley smiled as he said: " I was correct in my surmise that the solution of the mystery lies in the play of this deal. Before I point out the actual murderer, I wish to explain a few points that tended to throw suspicion in a certain direction.

" To start with: Jenkins was not in accord with his employer and had been discharged. The cause of the disagreement has some bearing on the case. Jenkins, incidentally, had resigned and been dismissed a dozen times, so it never was taken very seriously. Furthermore, he gave me such help in my investigation as to place him beyond suspicion.

" It is true that Miss Rossiter had had a tiff with her father when she had refused to terminate her engagement to Hamilton. Although he had threatened to disinherit her, he did not mention the subject to his lawyer, with whom he had discussed his will a few days before his death.

" The quarrel with Mr. Stevenson over a trivial matter had been due to Rossiter's quick temper. He had discovered on the evening of the bridge party that Stevenson was blameless, and had doubtless hurried home to apologize to his friend.

" This narrows us down to the two young men. Will each of you take up the cards in front of you and see if you recognize the hands? "

An expression of astonishment appeared on the face of Hamilton as he said: " This seems to be the exact hand I held that evening."

" How about you? " Alley inquired of young Rossiter.

" I would say the high cards are about the same," he answered.

" Suppose we bid and play the deal as was done originally," Alley said.

This was the distribution:

♠ J 6 4 3
♡ 4 3
◇ NONE
♣ A Q 9 7 6 5 2
JOAN ROSSITER

N.

♠ A K Q 10
♡ A K Q 10 9 6 5
◇ A
♣ 8
HAMILTON

W. E.

♠ 5
♡ J 8 7
◇ 9 7 6 3
♣ K J 10 4 3
STEVENSON

S.

♠ 9 8 7 2
♡ 2
◇ K Q J 10 8 5 4 2
♣ NONE
FRANK ROSSITER

Hamilton was dealer and opened with two hearts. Joan declared three clubs, and Stevenson doubled. Rossiter rescued with three diamonds, and Hamilton now bid three spades. Joan passed. Stevenson supported his partner's original bid to four hearts. Rossiter passed, and Hamilton jumped to six hearts. The final declaration was doubled by Rossiter and redoubled by Hamilton.

Joan led the ace of clubs, and as Stevenson exposed the dummy hand, Alley inquired:

" Was it at this point that the bet was made? "

" Yes," answered Rossiter. " I bet George five thousand he couldn't make it."

" How did you play it? " asked Alley.

" Why, I trumped the ace and returned the deuce of diamonds, which Joan trumped, and the hand was set a trick," said Rossiter.

" Very clever—very clever! " Alley complimented. " Can you give me your reasoning for your play? "

" Certainly, it was quite simple," said Rossiter modestly. " I had bid diamonds, and when the dummy went down with four of them, I added the eight in my hand, which accounted for all but the ace. If my partner had that card, she would surely have led it. I trumped the ace of clubs because Hamilton would hardly have bid for the slam and redoubled the hand if he held two losing clubs. Unless he had one club, he would probably have bid for a grand slam."

" Very true," said Alley. " I don't suppose you ever saw a deal like that before? "

" Hardly," laughed Rossiter.

" Did you play much bridge with your father while on your cruise? "

" Not very much."

" I am asking," continued Alley gently, " because my friend Harold Wilkinson, the well known bridge authority, was on the staff of the Conte as bridge lecturer. He remembered playing in a duplicate game on board ship against your father and yourself. A hand came up that was precisely the same as the one we played this evening. At that time you *did not* trump your partner's ace, and Mr. Wilkinson pointed out how you might have defeated his contract. The hand was so neat that a copy was taken of it and the play illustrated in Wilkinson's lecture.

" Mr. Wilkinson was reluctant in relating an incident on shipboard wherein you had been accused of crimping the cards, and other irregularities at the bridge table. Instead of defending you, your father said in Mr. Wilkinson's presence that it was not your first offense, but it certainly would be your last. His exact words were, ' The next time you cheat at the card table, you will cease to be a son of mine.' I need hardly dwell on the improbability of the two deals being merely coincidental."

" Identical hands would be impossible, but here we have merely a general situation which can and does occur often. It's too bad the second deck has been lost," said Rossiter coolly.

" Not so," said Alley. " I have the missing deck right here and the cards are precisely the same as tabulated by Wilkinson. Jenkins had been instructed by your father to keep an eye on you, which was the real cause of the clash between them. During the excitement on the eventful evening, he gathered up the blue deck that had been in play, believing it possible that the cards had been marked. He kept each hand separated with an elastic band, and we jointly checked the cards with the deal played on the boat. The microscope showed that the deck could not have been in play more than one or two deals. Evidently the pack had been switched.

I WILL reconstruct what took place," went on Alley inexorably. " Frank Rossiter had incurred considerable losses at the bridge table which he was unable to pay. Knowing his father would be away, it appeared to be a propitious time to ring in a cold deck during the evening's game. The hand played on the Conte, of which he had a copy, was an ideal one for his purpose. He arranged the cards before the game, taking a blue deck similar to the one in play. Introducing the prepared deck from underneath a handkerchief that was in his lap, he made the switch for the still deck, and cut the cards for Hamilton's deal. A crimp facilitated the cut at the exact spot.

" The unexpected appearance of his father was a great shock, especially when Frank realized, from the expression on his face, that the extraordinary hand had been recognized. At that moment the lights faded. Frank Rossiter sprang to his feet. As his left hand rested on the curio cabinet, his right hand, still holding the handkerchief, grasped the dagger and delivered the parricidal blow. The exclamation heard by Stevenson was doubtless, ' Cheat—cheat! ' "

For a moment Elie Alley and Frank Rossiter faced each other. Rossiter's face was bloodless as he stepped to the window. There was a crash of glass.

" Thirty-two stories," Alley murmured. " Well, that's one problem he needed no help to solve."

THE END

The Story of George VI and Edward VIII

KINGS AND BROTHERS

READING TIME ● 25 MINUTES 15 SECONDS

After his second talk with Baldwin, Edward pondered. Renounce his intended marriage—or "go." Was there no third way out? He thought of a personal appeal to all the peoples of the Empire. He wrote such a speech; Mr. Ludwig has read it and thinks well of it, the circumstances considered. The Cabinet read it and turned it down.

Slanders were spreading. Mrs. Simpson was called pro-Nazi and her name was coupled with Von Ribbentrop's; this, among other slanderous allegations, Mr. Ludwig refuted last week in some detail. The King's friends were advising him to seem submissive, go through with the coronation, and then marry without asking anybody. He insisted it wouldn't be fair to his people. Even when a morganatic marriage was discussed, he punctiliously asked for an express authorization. Baldwin didn't think Parliament would pass such a bill. Edward agreed to the question being laid before the Cabinet, and Baldwin brought him its negative reply, in which the ministers are understood to have threatened to resign. Baldwin is also said to have received assurance that, should they resign and should the King summon the leader of the Opposition, the latter would decline to form a Government.

The lid was still on the press of England. It fell to the Bishop of Bradford and the Yorkshire Post to take it off, the former with two demure sentences in a speech, the latter with a guarded view-with-alarm comment. The next day stocks went down and the London press came up like thunder. Baldwin had consulted the Dominions' premiers by cable; all five replies were adverse to the King's hopes. Edward had no way to ascertain whether the premiers were speaking for their peoples or only for themselves.

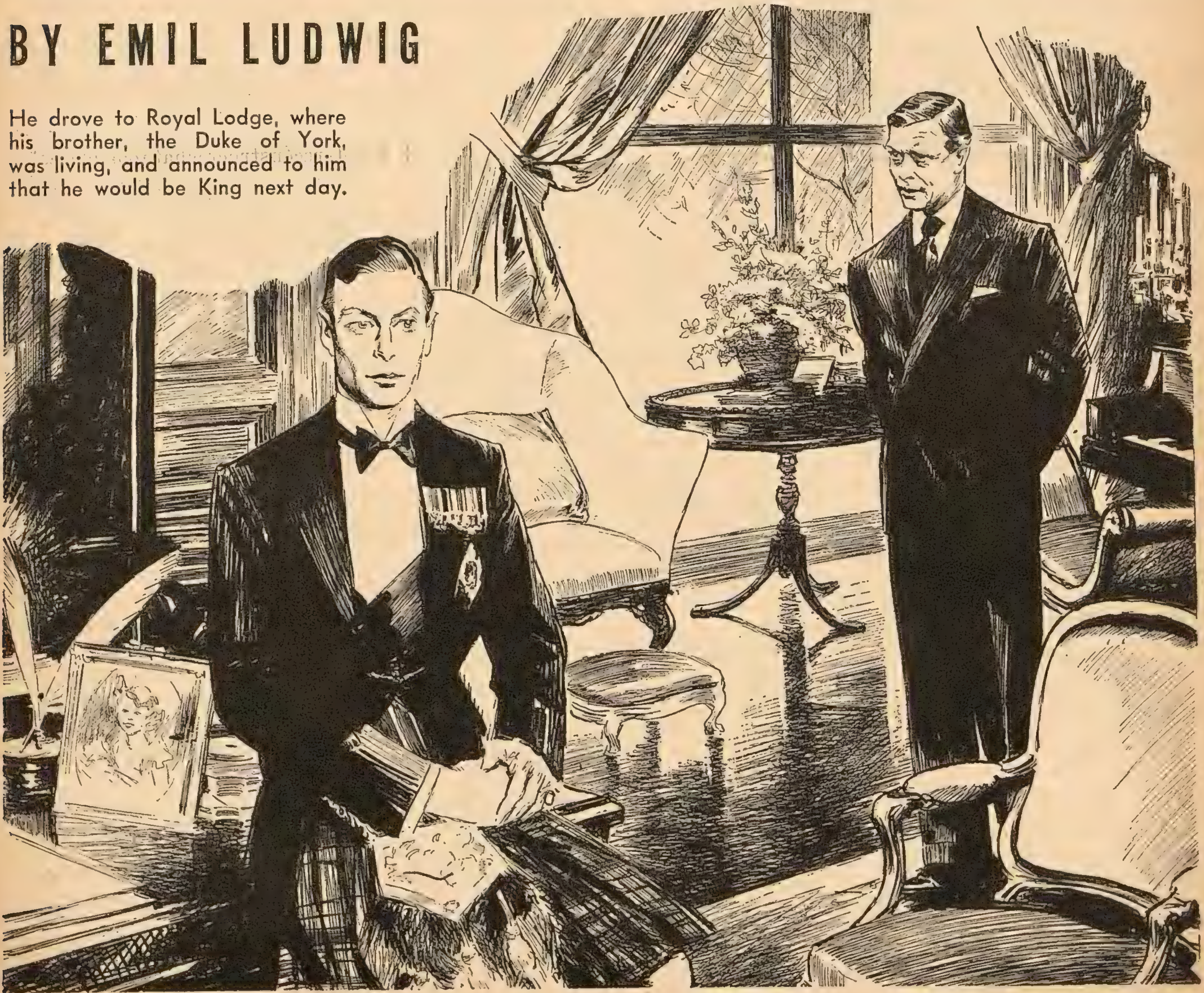
PART ELEVEN—" UNFIT TO BE QUEEN "

BACKED by so formidable an opposition, Baldwin could risk the game. The only thing to trouble him was the possibility that the King, whom he was now preventing from speaking, might, after his abdication, tell his side of the whole story in so impressive a way that it might provoke a general election, which could put Baldwin and his party out of office.

There were only two men in the House of Commons at the moment

All Britain seethed while on its royal stage the historic drama proceeded inexorably

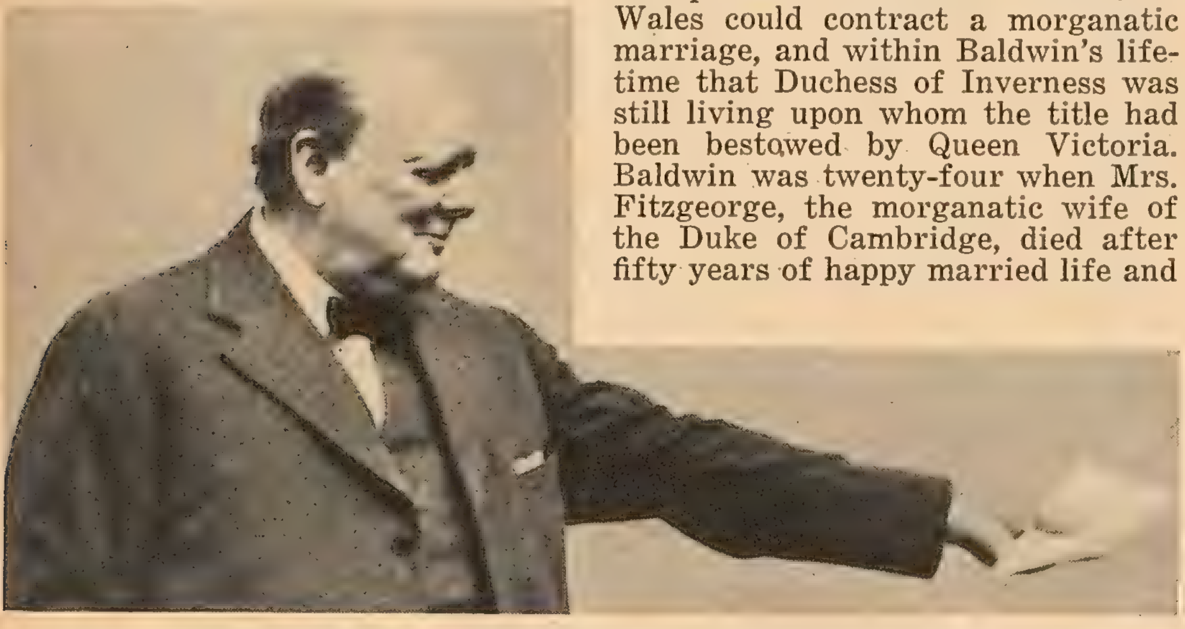
BY EMIL LUDWIG



He drove to Royal Lodge, where his brother, the Duke of York, was living, and announced to him that he would be King next day.

who had any ideas at all. One was Churchill who, faced with the steady silence of the Prime Minister, asked for an assurance that no irrevocable steps would be taken before a formal statement was made to Parliament. The other was Colonel Wedgwood, who moved that the House express the opinion that the oath of allegiance binding it to King Edward VIII would be valid regardless of any coronation ceremony. This was in case the Archbishop should refuse, as had been rumored, to crown the King.

In the press too there were reasonable proposals. The News Chronicle suggested that the King should marry as the Duke of Cornwall.



Winston Churchill, who battled for Edward—and who was shouted down.

In this chaos, when the lonely King more than ever needed a support, he had to part from his friend. The only course left open to her was to leave the country as soon as possible. If she remained, the world would say she had forced him to abdicate. If she went away, she could show the world that she was exercising no influence. All that was left was the telephone, that great messenger of love.

Anxious for her safety, the King lent her his own car and sent his own lord-in-waiting with her, who took her to the house of his American friends, the Rogerses, in Cannes. The next day, December 4, the King himself retired to Belvedere. That, too, may have been a tactical error. His reason, as he said later, was to prevent any possibility of disturbance in London. He spent his last, most critical week in the Fort, surrounded by the lonely gloom of winter. He saw only his closest friends. The only other voice to reach him, in hour-long conversations, was the distant voice of his friend conjuring him to do what he was resolved in no case to do —to give her up.

" What would you have done," a friend asked recently, " if she had escaped from France to America? "

Without a moment's hesitation he replied, "After her with the first steamer, and married her over there." Then he laughed at the thought.

At the very hour of the King's arrival at Belvedere, Baldwin made his first definite statement in the House. In answer to a question by Attlee, he said: " There is no such thing as what is called morganatic marriage known to our law." On the contrary, the lady whom the King married would become Queen, unless special legislation provided otherwise. The present government was not prepared to introduce such legislation. The Dominions, whose assent would be necessary, had indicated that they would refuse it.

All three statements were erroneous. The Dominions had not been consulted, but only a single individual in each of their capitals. George IV had proved that even a Prince of Wales could contract a morganatic marriage, and within Baldwin's lifetime that Duchess of Inverness was still living upon whom the title had been bestowed by Queen Victoria. Baldwin was twenty-four when Mrs. Fitzgeorge, the morganatic wife of the Duke of Cambridge, died after fifty years of happy married life and was mourned by the whole of England. And the Times had written in its obituary notice of the Duke of Cambridge, published March 13, 1904, that he had " married morganatically the late Miss Louisa Fairbrother."

On December 5 Winston Churchill, with whom the King had been on friendly terms for many years, gave to the press a statement in his defense. It was a masterpiece both in form and content. It contained the following passages:

" I plead for time and patience. The nation must realize the character of the constitutional issue. There is no question of any conflict between the King and Parliament. . . . The question is whether the King is to abdicate upon the advice of the Ministry of the day. No such advice has ever before been tendered to a Sovereign in Parliamentary times.

" This is not a case where differences have arisen between the Sovereign and his Ministers on any particular measure. These could certainly be resolved by normal processes of Parliament or dissolution. In this case we are in presence of a wish expressed by the Sovereign to perform an act which in no circumstances can be accomplished for nearly five months, and may conceivably, for various reasons, never be accomplished at all.

" That, on such a hypothetical and supposititious basis, the supreme sacrifice of abdication and potential exile of the Sovereign should be demanded, finds no support whatever in the British Constitution. No Ministry has the authority to advise the abdication of the Sovereign. Only the most serious Parliamentary processes could even raise the issue in a decisive form.

" The Cabinet has no right to prejudge such a question without having previously ascertained at the very least the will of Parliament. This could, perhaps, be obtained by messages from the Sovereign to Parliament, and by addresses of both Houses after due consideration of these messages. For the Sovereign to abdicate incontinently in the present circumstances would inflict an injury upon the constitutional position of the monarchy which is measureless and cannot fail to be grievous to the institution itself, irrespective of the existing occupant of the Throne. . . .

" If the King refuses to take the advice of his Ministers they are, of course, free to resign. They have no right whatever to put pressure upon him to accept their advice by soliciting beforehand assurances from the Leader of the Opposition that he will not form an alternative Administration in the event of their resignation, and thus confronting the King with an ultimatum. Again, there is cause for time and patience.

" Why cannot time be granted? The fact that it is beyond the King's power to accomplish the purpose which Ministers oppose until the end of April surely strips the matter of constitutional urgency. . . .

" Lastly, but surely not least, there is the human and personal aspect. The King has been for many weeks under the greatest strain, moral and mental, that can fall upon a man. Not only has he been inevitably subjected to the supreme stress of his public duty, but also to the agony of his own personal feelings. Surely, if he asks for time to consider the advice of his Ministers, now that at length matters have been brought to this dire culmination, he should not be denied. . . .

" The King has no means of personal access to his Parliament or his people. Between him and them stand in their office the Ministers of the Crown. If they thought it their duty to engage all their power and influence against him, still he must remain silent. All the more must they be careful not to be the judge in their own case, and to show a loyal and Christian patience even at some political embarrassment to themselves. If an abdication were to be hastily extorted, the outrage so committed would cast its shadow forward across many chapters of the history of the British Empire."

The immediate response to this courageous and chivalrous defense was a rumor that Churchill's aim was to launch a " King's Party " and to become Prime Minister.

OUTSIDE of London were the provinces and the Empire, their peoples numbering millions. What were those peoples' feelings?

Baldwin had declared out of hand that the Empire was against the marriage. Actually, he had received five cables from five Prime Ministers who had had time to consult neither their Parliaments nor their press. What did it really signify when the Times published a cable from Sydney under the headline: "Australia solidly behind Mr. Baldwin"? Solidly? One minister and one newspaper correspondent had satisfied themselves that the lady's divorces "had left a bad impression." And was some pundit, Garran by name, who had once played the part of Solicitor General of Australia, completely ignorant of constitutional law? Or did he refuse to consult it before writing, for the instruction of Australians, that the Royal Marriage Act of 1772 applied to the King himself, as a descendant of George II? This nonsense was exploded by Baldwin's own statement.

What did it signify when Mr. Joseph Lyons, the Prime Minister of Australia, declared that his whole Cabinet stood behind him and with Baldwin, considering that the Labor heads meanwhile were accusing Mr. Lyons of having short-circuited the Australian Parliament in giving his momentous answer? Baldwin took good care not to inform the House of Commons, or even the King himself, that the Constitutional Association of New South Wales had cabled to him: "Strongly urge full delay. Public opinion in Australia seriously divided. Widespread feeling exists that abdication would be major disaster." The matter concerned not only Parliament but the millions. Nor did any one in London learn that the Sydney Daily Telegraph was complaining that the people had not been consulted, while in Australia these statements had been broadcast: "In this battle, the King is on the side of democracy." "Mr. Baldwin is not speaking for the mass of the people." "Mrs. Simpson will make the finest queen England has known."

THE Canadian government papers were quoted in London, but nobody there knew that the Ottawa Citizen was writing that this King wished to improve the lives of the poor, and had hurt the feelings of society by the mere fact of pointing to the forgotten. In Smithfield, South Africa, a bearded old Boer farmer had called out to General Herzog: "What's going to happen to our King?" He received the grotesque answer: "If your father or your mother did wrong, you would not refer to it publicly. Let us show delicacy." In India the native press was writing for the King and against Baldwin, and huge headlines in Ceylon proclaimed: "The King must not go. The people are with him."

This was the natural expression of gratitude for the years of work which the King when Prince of Wales had done in all corners of the world. It was an injustice for him—snowed up, in every sense of the word, in his fort—to be kept in ignorance of it all.

Among the people—that is, the workers and farmers—Mrs. Simpson's divorce was only of second-rate

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importance, unless in Scotland where, every Sunday, the clergy thundered from the pulpits: "The King loves a woman who belongs to another man!" That her divorce was not yet absolute was against her; that she had been divorced twice, not less so. That her former husbands were still alive—one of the most ludicrous accusations that can be brought against a woman!—constituted a situation which had at all times been regarded with horror in the traditions of the Church. In reply to a question I put to one of the leading historians of Oxford, he said in all earnest: "If her two husbands had not been alive, the whole question would have looked quite different."

If the King had chosen some little English girl, she would have been in a better position as regards the people, but not as regards society. The point at issue was not that the King's future wife should be of royal blood but that she should belong to society. The deepest and only reason why the English people refused to have this woman as their Queen was not her nationality, nor her appearance, nor her rank, nor her past. Any one studying the question on the spot today, and inquiring of men and women of all classes, will realize that the main motive for the general veto was her reputation, based on the well planned campaign of slander. As the millions had known nothing till the day before, had had no opportunity to judge the woman for themselves, they could not but believe what they heard.

THEY were the more ready to believe the gossip because it was word-of-mouth, not printed, and because it was bad and not good. The women, particularly, were inclined to believe the rumor that their dear, good King, whom they had loved for so long as Prince, had fallen victim to the wiles of a "foreign" Circe. Frightful things, which could not be spoken of by name, had been going on without their knowledge in that secluded Fort Belvedere! Surrounded by greedy good-for-nothings, who lay about all day in pajamas on deck chairs, the adventuress was out to gobble up England at a bite!

Haven't you noticed that our dear King is always laughing in the photographs with her? Didn't you see that he had her standing by him in the window at his proclamation last January? Didn't he insist on having her at his side when he drove through foreign towns to visit foreign kings? And her mother kept a boarding-house! Foreigners, who can't even speak our language properly, have crept into the machinery of the State without our knowing anything about it! They can sell our country or cause a revolution! You can see the result already. Trade is at a standstill. Christmas buying has stopped. Baldwin, who talked to the King like a father, is going about pale and haggard, and hasn't even the heart to smoke his pipe! Queen Mary is sitting in tears at Marlborough House! The Archbishop has called on all Christians to pray for the poor King, and is himself doing his utmost in prayer for mercy for our country!

Such were the whispers that went about among the people that memorable week-end. At first, feeling did not run against the King, who was regarded only as a victim. It ran high against the woman and was provoked by the suggestive word "exotic," which was used by the papers hostile to the King about the circle in which the two moved. The fact was that among the guests at Belvedere were three or four Americans who could only be distinguished from the English by their laughter.

There were, to be sure, unprejudiced people who did not grudge their former Prince some human happiness, or who were simply glad that he was not marrying a princess. A few papers published fervent letters in his defense and in Mrs. Simpson's.

The papers which were for the King were either anti-Baldwin or pro-Churchill, or had social reasons. One reputable paper of radical leanings in social questions wrote: "We are on the King's side. We are against the financial and political powers forcing King Edward from the throne." The best commentary of all, as usual, came from Bernard Shaw, who brought the King, the Prime Minister, and the Bishop together in a delicious piece of imaginary table talk.

In the streets of London, processions paraded with placards and flags: "God Save the King from Baldwin." "We Want Our King." An evening newspaper wrote: "You cannot smuggle the greatest living Englishman off the throne of England during the week-end. A concerted effort is being made to do this. The present haste is giving rise to unpleasant rumors affecting high political and other personages."

But to the open warnings against haste, the Sunday Times replied that the King must not be allowed to yield for the time being on the chance of a change in public opinion. "Decision cannot, once the issue has been thrust before the public, be delayed or compromised. It must be made now."

With this wave of its mailed fist, the government standing behind the paper ushered in the decisive week.

The haste which ruined all chance of due consideration of the whole question of the King's marriage, and against which Churchill had appealed, was due simply and solely to the fear that business might suffer.

ANY one sauntering through the red-and-gold halls of Westminster any morning that week could have realized by a look at the pictures on the walls how easy it is for a king painted in heroic pose to receive homage hundreds of years after his death; but how difficult it is for him in his own momentous hour.

The general gloom of the House of Commons, due to its construction and situation, requires, in winter at any rate, artificial lighting throughout the day. The six hundred and twelve men and women who assemble on those benches and who, that Monday, December 7, crowded them, were feeling very historical. Two thirds of the House was for the government on that day, but hardly more. The arguments against the marriage to be heard in the corridors were always the same—fear of a "King's Party," of damage to trade, of Hitler—but they were reinforced by reports from Scotland and Wales, all hostile to it. At such moments, everybody believes what he would like to hear, and nobody inquires about the sources of what is called "feeling."

Baldwin, acclaimed as master of the situation, was in such a good mood that the Times described him as "grave and somewhat worn, but certainly fresher than at any time since the present trying period began." Nothing, however, transpired as to what the vanquished King was looking like. In a general way at this time the interest in the kingmaker rose in proportion as the interest in the King flagged.

WHEN Colonel Wedgwood rose to put a question, he was shouted down; and when Churchill rose, so was he. The Times called it "the most striking rebuff of modern parliamentary history." A Communist and a Labor leader were, on the other hand, allowed to put questions, for both alluded to the adverse effect of the crisis on trade and industry.

Baldwin echoed his friends' warnings in the Times and urged haste, since every delay would involve a "risk of the gravest injury to national and imperial interests"—that is, loss of money. Although the official attitude of the Cabinet had long been common knowledge, Baldwin even now maintained that he had spoken to the King in a purely personal and informal way. Moreover, after publicly warning him that he must come to a decision at once, Baldwin could not conclude "without expressing—what the whole House feels—our deep and respectful sympathy with His Majesty at this time."

That same Monday evening Lord Brownlow, the King's lord-in-waiting who had accompanied Mrs. Simpson to Cannes, gave the press a statement, signed by her, that "she is willing . . . to withdraw forthwith from a situation that has been rendered both unhappy and untenable."

One would have thought that the London press, the following day, would be full of chivalrous comments on this gesture of renunciation on the part of the foreigner. The Times, however, published her declaration in small print somewhere, and had leading articles in which, to its own satisfaction, it disposed of her, giving her chances of becoming queen their deathblow.

After a scathing allusion to her "dramatic offer" and the importance that was being attached to it, the Times repeated the statement that in England, for the Sovereign, there was no such thing as morganatic marriage; that the King was perfectly free to choose his wife, who would become Queen in the full sense.

Thus far, everything would seem to be in order. Can the Constitution, the Archbishop, the Prime Minister, the House of Commons, even the Times, do nothing if the King insists upon marrying this woman? The dart still hovered in the air. Then it struck. In form, it was a dissent to the proposals that a morganatic marriage be specially sanctioned:

"The disqualification here is not, as on the Continent, one of law, but of fact. What is demanded is statutory recognition of the fact that *she is not fitted to be Queen.* [Italics mine.] The Prime Ministers of the Empire are to be asked to propose, and the Parliaments to accept and ratify, a permanent statutory apology for the status of the lady whom the King desires to marry. The Constitution is to be amended in order that she may carry in solitary prominence the brand of unfitness for the Queen's Throne. Can anyone in possession of his faculties imagine any Prime Minister moving, or any Parliament undertaking to support, a proposition so invidious and so distressing?"

Imagine the King in his lonely fort—or rather, imagine some writer, lawyer, banker reading this insult to the wife of his choice in the greatest paper in his country; its object is to prevent him from introducing her as his wife to the circle of his colleagues. Imagine the feelings of a man who loves a woman, who wants to marry her and present her to his friends and subordinates, since from now on she is to share his life, his duties, and his interests. By two legal marriages she formerly belonged to other circles: that is the story of her heart; he knows that story and it is nobody's business. Insofar as the courts are ever in a position to decide matters of love, she has been twice declared innocent, her partners guilty, in the conjugal disputes.

NOBODY has ever seen this woman in an equivocal position, in mean surroundings, in circumstances that would exclude her from association with other social circles. And now she is publicly pilloried with the one statement: She is unfit for her position!

What would a commoner do in such a situation as the King's was?

But the statement was made indirectly, was formulated as a rebuke to a proposal to do a thing that would ruin a woman's reputation in the eyes of the world. The protest that this latter should not be done afforded the opportunity for doing it, at least for the time being, in a way that would evade prosecution for libel. It was done. The goal was reached. In everybody's ears the statement rang: She is not fitted to be Queen.

And why was she not fitted? What is expected of a queen? That she

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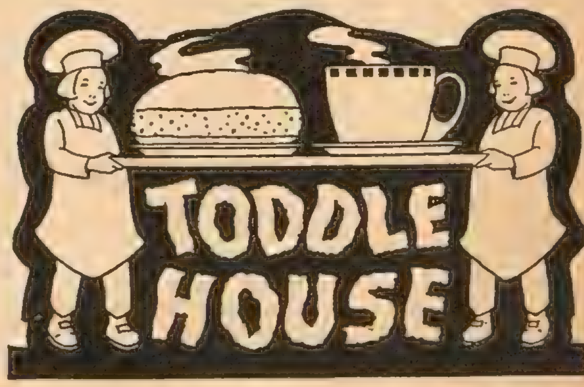

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should hold herself well at court. That she should be able to wear a pearl necklace. That she should be able to bow with dignity, not too little and not too much. That she should be able to speak to her guests in several languages. That she should combine grace with dignity. That she should laugh at the right time and smile at the right time. That she should pass first and erect through a door, swing her train at the right angle, bow gravely but kindly from a box or balcony, and hold her hand at the right height to be kissed.

Was this lady lacking in any of these qualities? She most likely had them all, and a little more, and some wit into the bargain.

Why had Baldwin never attempted to get to know the woman he was bent on undoing? It had not been by chance that, in summer, the King had once invited him and Mrs. Baldwin to a small house party with Mrs. Simpson. If Baldwin had been what he pretended to be, the King's friend, he would have observed the lady of his choice a little more closely—her mind, her manners. He would have striven to find out from her own lips what she thought of the King and how she felt about him, one evening hour after dinner which had been set apart for the purpose; the few other guests had at once understood and left the two alone. But Baldwin's prejudice was so ineradicable that he never addressed one word to the "foreigner" that day. Doubtless he simply regarded her as "unfit to be Queen."

But now, when she was publicly stigmatized to that effect, no allusion was made to her divorces, her rank, her nationality. Consequently the implication was bound to be interpreted as concerning her reputation as a woman. On this day slander, skillfully veiled in decorum, found its public expression.

In 1931 Baldwin had berated the Daily Mail and the Daily Express for insulting his wife by failing to report a public appeal of hers for charitable service in maternity cases.

The King was defenseless. The King had to read and be silent. King Edward, who had begun the game of chess without a queen, had lost.

BALDWIN, who was far superior to the King as a tactician, was able yet again to combine his interests with morality; not for nothing was he descended both from steel magnates and nonconformist clerics. The Times wrote of him in those days how fatherly and kind, how free and without constraint he had been with the King. In order, however, to appear in the eyes both of his contemporaries and posterity as the good old mentor of a bewildered young King, he discovered yet another gesture which was to demonstrate the extreme efforts he was making up to the very last minute.

In the meantime, pressure from unknown sources was put on Mrs. Simpson's solicitor, Mr. Goddard, to make him go to her and demand an explicit withdrawal. On December 8, a certain man whom nobody had ever heard of had paid half a crown at the Divorce Registry and filed application to show cause why the Simpsons' divorce should not be made absolute, alleging that he had fresh evidence.

Four days later this man of straw withdrew his allegation, which was groundless. When Goddard, meanwhile, announced that he must go to Cannes, the King forbade him and told him he would telephone this new turn of affairs, with his own opinion of it, to Cannes. Goddard nevertheless flew to Cannes on December 9, the King only being informed of his departure after his arrival there. To give the whole a yet more pathetic appearance, the old gentleman, who had never been in an airplane before and who was alleged to have a weak heart, was accompanied by his doctor, Kirkwood, who was to keep his finger on his patient's pulse and administer restoratives if necessary.

This farce was the more transparent in that Mrs. Simpson had already explicitly offered to withdraw, and the King had forbidden Goddard's journey as being needless.

THAT same day, December 9, Baldwin made his gesture. He made it with a suitcase.

On the 8th the King announced to the Prime Minister that he would abdicate, but had not yet put it in writing. To a polite request from the Cabinet that he reconsider his decision, he replied on the 9th that his mind was made up. He then ended his six days' incarceration, drove to Royal Lodge, where his brother was living, and announced to him that he would be King the next day. He found him quite prepared. The Duke of York had been familiarizing himself with the idea for weeks past. The conversation was in the best English style; feelings were suppressed; a look, a pressure of the hand sufficed to assure the brothers of the old friendship which had united them since childhood. The idea of a regency for King Edward's niece, still a minor, was never even considered.

That evening the King had invited his three brothers to Belvedere, together with a few official friends with whom he had business to settle. He had also invited the Prime Minister, simply because he regarded that as a necessary act of courtesy before his departure. There was nothing further to discuss, nothing further to write.

The King was therefore astonished to see Baldwin appear with a secretary and a suitcase, prepared to spend the night at Belvedere. Since this did not fit in with the King's plans, he asked Mr. Baldwin, through his secretary, to return to London after dinner. Baldwin will never forgive the King the affront.

The suitcase, which was carried back unopened to London, would, if the whole story should ever appear on the London stage, make an effective curtain. It contained not only a toothbrush and pajamas and the like but also pseudo-solicitude. It was a sign that the fatherly friend wished, that last evening, to stand by the unhappy King throughout his hour of trial.

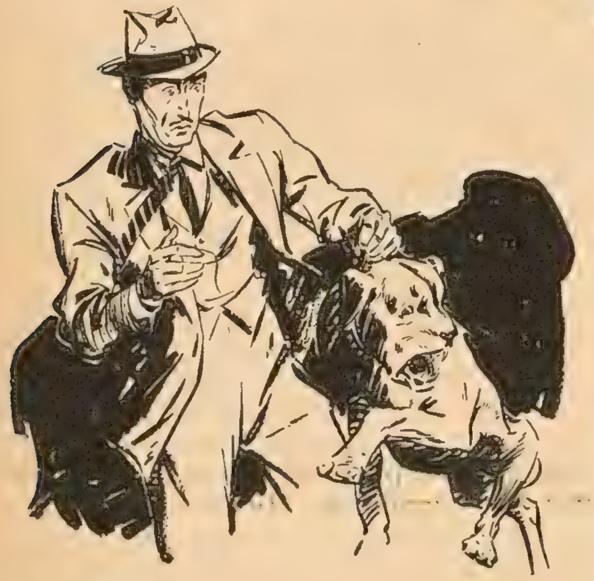
The King, however, knew what he owed to himself and to his fate. He appeared in a kilt, sat at the head of the table, and entertained his constrained and silent guests the whole evening. That last dinner at Belvedere, which has been the subject of romantic stories, was, as I am assured by two who were present, one of Edward's most brilliant moments. He was "every inch a king"; that is, in the hour of farewell he maintained the bearing of his fathers. Not a word about abdication, no word of farewell. A gay story or two, a question or two about European politics, promotions, golf and skiing.

Brothers and friends alike that evening were deeply impressed by the composure of a man who was to renounce on the morrow such power, or at least the show of it, simply because he would injure neither the name of his future wife nor the confidence of his people. Mr. Baldwin, who hardly opened his mouth, had time to consider his great speech.

That speech is historic indeed—and even more so are Edward's farewell broadcast and the accession of George VI! Look behind those scenes with Emil Ludwig next week, when his Kings and Brothers will be concluded.

THE HEROISM OF HANK FLETCHER

Two-Minute Story



HANK FLETCHER was a coward. Everybody in Moretown knew it, for he had always been a coward. As a small boy, when unregenerate village lads applied insulting epithets to him, he would retaliate with: "Sticks and stones may break my bones, but names will never hurt me." Even little girls passing him on the way to school would sing out tauntingly, "'Fraid cat!"

Hank played right field on the Moretown High School nine until one day he was beaned by a wild throw, after which he renounced all athletic sports forever.

A few years later he decided he wanted to join the Odd Fellows, a laudable ambition fostered by his father and grandfather, both of whom had been respected members of that fraternal order. He was proposed and elected, but on the night he was to ride the goat he was missing and they never found him for three days.

When America went to war, he spent sleepless nights worrying over the chance that he might be drafted, which he wasn't.

From the foregoing it may be seen that Hank's moral courage was in inverse ratio to that of a brave man, which made it all the more difficult to understand when suddenly, without warning, he was transformed into a hero.

Springvale, which joins Moretown on the north, was the home of Melissa Crouse, relict of Hiram P. Crouse, who had been the town's richest—and stingiest—resident. When the old miser died, leaving no will, his young and attractive widow inherited considerable money.

All her married life Melissa had craved things Hiram had been too mean to purchase, and she began to put some of the money into circulation.

On the day Hank Fletcher drove into Springvale, she was making the rounds of the chief marts of trade, dolled up in purple and fine linen and wearing the first silk hosiery she had ever owned.

Hank, who had parked in a vacant lot, was walking in the direction of the business center. He got an eyeful of her as she turned into Main Street.

At that moment a huge mastiff darted out of a dark alley and jumped on her, throwing her to the ground. Two men stolidly watched her efforts to get up. As I have indicated, the dog was a formidable brute.

Hank came running. He rushed in, got a grip on the spiked collar of the beast, dragged him off the fallen woman, and with a swift kick sent him away howling.

Melissa was mussed up some but unhurt. After all, it may have been just a rough but friendly gesture on the part of the dog, but Melissa insisted that Hank had saved her life and proclaimed him a hero. She was so grateful and so filled with admiration that one day, much to Hank's surprise, she married him.

And nobody ever told her it was Hank's dog.—HERBERT HALL TAYLOR.

Have you a Two-Minute Story? Liberty will pay top rates for good ones. Address: Two-Minute Man, Liberty, 122 East 42d Street, New York, N. Y. Manuscripts will not be returned unless accompanied by a stamped, self-addressed envelope, nor can we enter into correspondence regarding them.

GOTHIC INITIAL KEY CHAIN

Now, your own initial, in Gothic style, will individualize this new SWANK Key Chain. This latest aid to good grooming can be attached to trouser top, belt or watch pocket. The key ring has the improved SWANK Click-on action. At better jewelers', department stores and men's shops, at $1. Gothic Elbo-Links at $1.50 and Gothic Tie Clips at $1, are also available separately or in matching sets.

Swank Products, Inc.,
Attleboro, Mass.

TOUGH LAMB

BY

ROBERT ORMOND CASE

READING TIME ● 4 MINUTES 45 SECONDS

MR. CROWLEY'S secretary paused at Joe Northrup's desk. “The gentleman who pays the bills wants you to step in a moment. ‘Forthwith’ was the word he used.”

Joe sat for a while looking at his desk and the ruins of his career with Crowley Concrete & Tile. Then he straightened his tie and squared his shoulders and went up front.

The Old Man said, “Sit down, Northrup,” and sat there for a minute, chewing his cigar.

Finally he swung around and looked at Joe from under his bushy eyebrows. It was a hard-boiled look.

“This'll be a little personal, Northrup. It can't be helped. How long have you been keeping company with my daughter Mary?”

Joe pursed his lips. “Let's see. I've been out of school six weeks. Going on three months, I guess.”

“That's longer than usual,” said Mr. Crowley. “They come and they go. What was this free-for-all last night? Mary told her mother, and her mother just now told me, that you bruised her sensitive nature.”

“Maybe I did,” said Joe recklessly. He was sunk anyway. “She had it coming to her. Look, Mr. Crowley. She got me this job. You only hired me because you were humoring her. You looked upon me as one of her ‘college chumps,’ as you called it.”

“Right,” said Crowley. “I started as a bricklayer. I never went to college. This company is now the third largest in the game. So what?”

“But I don't want to hold the job because Mary's your daughter,” said Joe. “I've tried to make good.”

Mr. Crowley nodded. “I've had an eye on you. In fact King needs an assistant upstairs right now.”

Joe groaned inwardly. Assistant purchasing agent! A big step up, and he'd been right on the verge of it.

“He still does,” said Mr. Crowley. “What was this wrist-slapping and squalling contest last night?”

“It's been on the make for a long time,” said Joe miserably. “I've been trying to save money. I don't like her crowd. She makes me tag along and then rides me all the time, pointing out my faults. When I argue with her, she goes high-hat. When I get tough, she throws a fit and screams.”

“Yes, yes,” said Mr. Crowley impatiently. “She's my daughter. I've also been married to Mrs. Crowley for thirty years. Last night?”

“Last night,” said Joe, “came the last straw. She had tickets for the Artists' and Models' Ball, which is tonight. I couldn't afford tickets but she could. I didn't want to go. And the costumes she picked out for us! It's a masquerade, you know—”

“Yes,” said Mr. Crowley. “Mrs. Crowley informs me that I'm going, Northrup, as King Neptune. Barelegged and with seaweed whiskers. Carrying a pitchfork!”

“But you don't get this,” Joe groaned. “She wanted us to go as Mary and her little lamb. She had a nice woolly costume for me. The tail wagged every time I took a step. She wanted to lead me on a long ribbon, and every time she shook it I was to bleat. And all her crowd knowing how it was with Mary and me—about this job—”

“That's enough,” said Mr. Crowley. “I see your point. Nobody's better equipped to sympathize with you. So what? I've got to live with Mary and her mother. Good billing clerks are easy to get. Yes, even assistant purchasing agents. The answer is, my boy, that you'll do as I do: you'll take it and like it, or else.”

“No, sir,” said Joe firmly.

On the Air!

Fulton Oursler, Editor in Chief of Liberty, speaks every Tuesday at 9.55 P. M., Eastern Daylight Saving Time, over most stations of the NBC Blue Network, coast to coast.

Mr. Oursler's subjects are selected with a view to their timeliness and importance in a rapidly changing world.

A Short Short broadcast for liberals with common sense! Be sure to

TUNE IN!

Besides the regular price Liberty pays for each Short Short, an additional $1,000 bonus will be paid for the best Short Short published in 1939; $500 for the second best; and extra bonuses of $100 each for the five next best.

They looked at each other, and Mr. Crowley's bushy brows lowered.

“Understand me, Northrup,” he said. “I'm selfish in this. I admit it. Get back to your desk. Within the next fifteen minutes—no more—you'll call up Mary and tell her you're sorry you got so tough last night. You'll tell her you've reconsidered about the masquerade—”

“Look, Mr. Crowley,” said Joe. “While I'm talking, shall I bleat?”

“Certainly you'll bleat,” said Mr. Crowley. “And you'll wag your tail. Just like I'll spread my seaweed whiskers tonight and grin like a fool.” He grunted, sinking his teeth into his cigar. “All right, Northrup. Report back in fifteen minutes. If you haven't called her, bring your hat in your hand. McPherson's desk is down the hall, as you know.” McPherson was in charge of the pay roll. “Just beyond is the elevator—down to the street. . . . That's all, Northrup.”

Joe went back to his desk, head up. When he got there he slumped and began to perspire. Twice during the fifteen minutes he reached for the telephone. Twice he drew his hand back. The third time he reached for his hat. When he came in, Mr. Crowley glanced at Joe's face and at the hat in Joe's hand, and nodded.

“Give this to McPherson on the way out.” Mr. Crowley slid a note across the desk. “Good luck, boy.”

“Good-by, sir.”

McPherson had carried a hod for Mr. Crowley thirty years before. He scowled at the note. He scratched an entry out of one page of a ledger and wrote it in another.

“I don't want to hurry you,” said Joe. “My check, please.”

“Check?” McPherson looked at the note again. “There's nothing here about a check. Here—read it.”

Joe read it:

McPherson:

Fire Northrup. Then hire him again—King's department, the new assistant. He'll fit in among those wolves. First, before he reports to King, have him step back here. I want him to stand by while I do something I should have done long ago: cancel that seaweed-and-pitchfork order.

CROWLEY.

“Now then,” said McPherson, “don't stand there blinking like an owl. What's this seaweed-and-pitchfork business? Did it come through the purchasing department?”

“I wouldn't know,” Joe lied. He clutched his hat. “I guess I'd better find out before I go upstairs.”

THE END

FUNNY FILL-INS

REG. U.S. PAT. OFF.

WILL PAY $2,000 IN CASH!

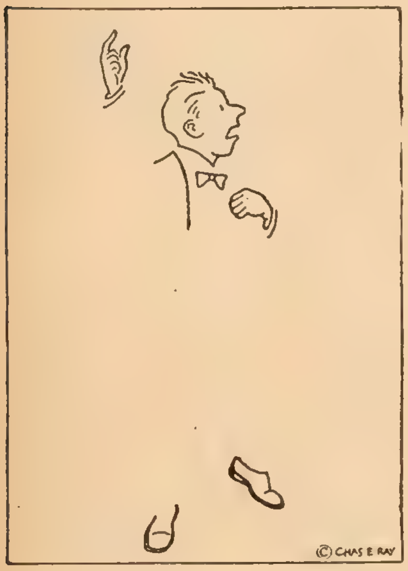
WIN YOUR SHARE

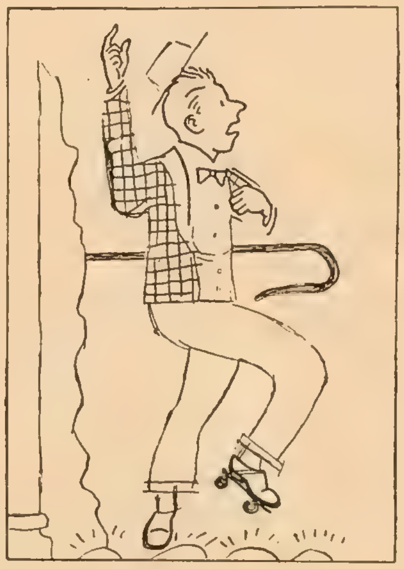
Artistic Talent Unnecessary

THIS contest is open to every one. All you have to do is add a few pencil lines and complete the Funny Fill-In outlines appearing each week. No artistic ability or special talent is required. It does not matter how crudely your Funny Fill-In is drawn. A child has as much chance to win as an adult. Fill in the missing parts of the costumes, faces and figures as they appear, endeavoring to make the result as funny or ludicrous as possible. Of course your entry will not be complete until you have a complete set of ten Funny Fill-Ins at the end of the final week of the contest. Read the Rules carefully so that you will know just how to go about making a winning entry.

TO HELP YOU GET STARTED!

Below you will find a sample Funny Fill-In together with a completed version of the same drawing to illustrate this game. Why not use this for practice? You can probably draw in results much more amusing or more ludicrous. Then complete the first of the contest Funny Fill-Ins. It may help you to make tracings of this before preparing your final version. The second contest Funny Fill-In will be printed next week.





CASH PRIZE SCHEDULE

FIRST PRIZE	$500
SECOND PRIZE	200
THIRD PRIZE	100
TWENTY PRIZES, Each $10	200
200 PRIZES, Each $5	1,000

Copyright, 1939, by Charles E. Ray

THE RULES

1. Each week for ten weeks, ending in the issue dated September 30, Liberty will publish a Funny Fill-In.

2. Clip out each Funny Fill-In as it appears and draw in the missing parts of the face, body, and costume, making whatever additions you choose. Make each picture as funny or amusing as you can, using your own ideas about what will give the desired effect. A soft black pencil is recommended.

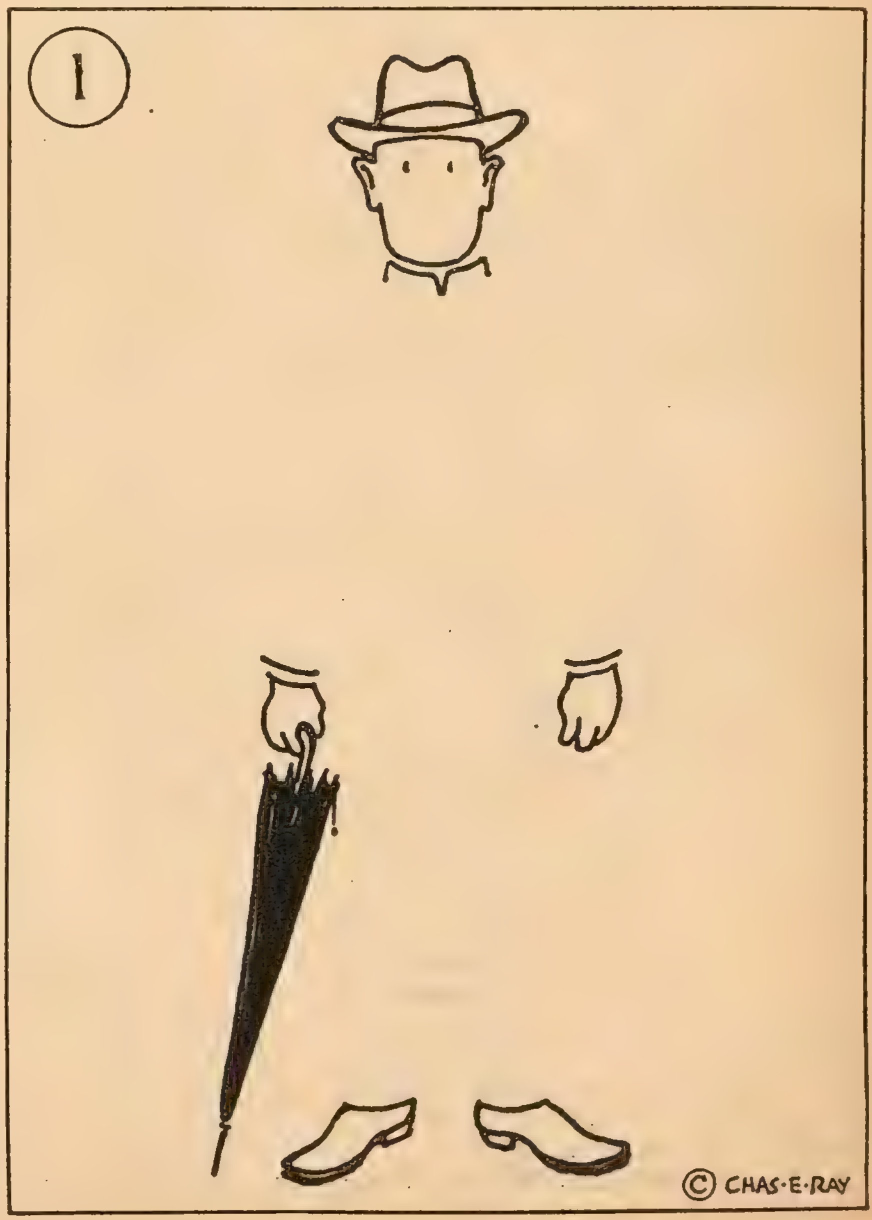
3. Send no entries until your set of ten completed Funny Fill-Ins is assembled. Then send them in as a unit. Address your entry to Funny Fill-Ins Editor, Liberty, P. O. Box 556, Grand Central Station, New York, N. Y.

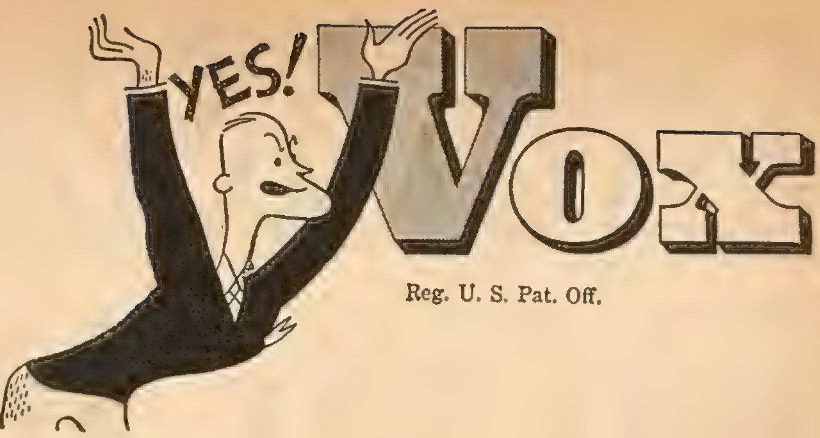
4. The judges will be the Contest Board of Liberty and by entering you agree to accept their decisions as final.

5. Entries will be judged on the basis of amusingness, originality, and neatness. On that basis the entry rating highest will be awarded a First Prize of $500. In the order of their excellence other entries will receive the following awards: Second Prize, $200; Third Prize, $100; Twenty Prizes, each $10; 200 Prizes, each $5; a total of $2,000. In the event of ties duplicate awards will be paid.

6. No entries will be returned, nor can we enter into correspondence relative to any entry.

7. All entries must be postmarked on or before midnight Wednesday, October 4, 1939, the closing date of this contest.





Reg. U. S. Pat. Off.

LIQUOR AND TOBACCO ADVERTISEMENTS

BLUEFIELD, W. VA.—The purpose of this letter is twofold. First (because it's most important) I want to thank you for publishing Dr. Sheldon's What Would Jesus Do About Anti-Semitism? I think it the best article in your April 29 issue. It is because of your willingness to publish such literature that I read and at every opportunity boost Liberty. I am representative of Universal Book and Bible House of Philadelphia, Pennsylvania, and among our highest type literature we have Dr. Sheldon's In His Steps, which I have sold extensively in this immediate section. Therefore I read his article absorbingly.

I've said the purpose of this letter is twofold. What would Jesus say and think of a publication that will publish an article like the one by Dr. Sheldon and by a man of his reputation, and in the same issue publish elaborately engraved (and obviously costly) advertisements of the type on the double-page center of your April 29 issue? Would He be right if He would term Liberty " the publication without a conscience "?

Why does Liberty say to its readers, " You can buy any product advertised on my pages with complete safety and confidence "?

The advertisements of tobacco companies and distilleries are nothing less than fallacious. Science has proved the use of their products to be most detrimental, increasing with usage.

I realize Liberty is not the one and only publication guilty of these charges, but it is one of the leaders and a member of the prominent Macfadden magazine family—every campaign needs strong leaders for best results.

Several times last year you permitted beautiful articles anent answered prayers to be published in issues which contained the fallacious advertisements of tobacco companies and distilleries. Why? —*Lyle W. Morgan, Jr.*

The following is Mr. Oursler's reply:

I very much appreciated your letter, which I know was written from a full heart. I realize how deeply you feel on this subject and how kindly you feel toward me. An editor receives so many abusive letters from those who disagree with him that it is a happy experience to hear from one who feels so deeply and yet says what he has to say with such kindly conviction.

Now, of course, I don't agree with you, and I am going to try to tell you why. But first let me make clear to you that I am intimately familiar with your side of the question. When I was a child I went to a Baptist Sunday school. Later I joined the Baptist Church. As a reporter, I heard the late Billy Sunday deliver more than a hundred sermons, including his famous one against the liquor traffic. I tell you this—and I could tell you much more along the same line—to convince you that I know just how you feel.

Nevertheless, let me repeat, I don't agree with you; and now I am going to tell you why. You feel that strong drink is wrong. I don't think it is wrong, if taken in moderation. Nor do I believe that people who can take it in moderation should be deprived of it because others become drunkards, commit crimes, or do any of the other things which are due to the weaknesses of the individuals themselves and which are blamed on liquor.

You must realize, if you have read these advertisements in Liberty, that the liquor manufacturers themselves are courageously taking the lead in this educational process.

I have received many letters condemning liquor and tobacco advertising, but I have yet to receive one letter praising the liquor advertisers for the educational work that they are doing. I believe from the bottom of my heart that one of the greatest things that could happen in this country would be for all people who are interested, as you are, in combating drunkenness and the dangers of liquor to combine forces with the liquor manufacturers and work the problem out, instead of denouncing them as enemies of public good.

There are a great many people who would like to see prohibition restored to this country, in spite of the destruction and havoc that it caused, far surpassing any of the evils it was supposed to cure. Yet, as a Christian, I have always felt that the principle of prohibition was definitely anti-Christian.

The example of the Master on the mount of temptation is clear and unmistakable. He taught us not to prohibit evil but to overcome it. He fasted for forty days and then was tempted with bread. Under the prohibition theory, there would have been a law passed by which He could not so be tempted. The great Christian aim is the overcoming of evil, not to spare oneself contact with it. Self-discipline is the greatest of Christian virtues, is it not? Prohibition substitutes for that a policeman, and with him the man with the bribe.

I think it is a heartening sign that liquor advertising today takes into account the dangers of the traffic and shows a public-spirited sense of responsibility. The American people have demonstrated that they do not agree with the theory, held by a minority, that drinking is wrong of itself.

Again I say, you people of good will should combine with others of good will to work out a common purpose, that purpose to be a continuing educational effort that will teach people to drink moderately or smoke moderately if they wish to and are able to, and to leave it alone if they are the sort of people who should leave it alone.

" TO MAKE THE WORLD SAFE FOR DEMOCRACY "

SYRACUSE, N. Y.—I want to congratulate Mr. Macfadden on his short and concise editorial " To Make the World Safe for Democracy " (June 17 Liberty). We are sorry that our finances are at an ebb whereby we are unable to distribute fifty million copies of this editorial.—*Bert Alexander.*

NO 25-ROUND MEN!

TOLEDO, OHIO—Tom Sharkey states in his article, Is Joe Louis Unbeatable? (June 3 Liberty) that a title fight should be for twenty-five rounds or more.

Just previous to this he mentions Louis' one-round knockouts over Max Schmeling, John Henry Lewis, and Jack Roper.

It seems Sharkey must still be punch-drunk to advocate twenty-five-round fights, when nowadays a fifteen-round fight is fourteen rounds too many!—*Morris Close.*

EVER SEE AN ANGLEWORM?

PHOENIX, ARIZ.—I wonder if W. H. Temple, author of Disturbance on Detler Street, appearing in Liberty of June 17, ever saw an angleworm.

In this story, which is well written, there appeared the following: " and when he scooped up a handful of earth a resident angleworm eyed him with dislike."

Having fished for the past forty-five years, using every species of angleworm for bait, I positively know that they do not have eyes, ears, nor toes. If Mr. Temple will send me an angleworm with eyes, I'll send him a fish that can walk on dry land.—*Bill Williamson.*

WHY HE PREFERS LIBERTY

TOPEKA, KAN.—There are two reasons why I prefer and always read Liberty. First: the " reading time " head tells me how much time is required to finish the article. Second:

I know, if it's a controversial question, Liberty will publish both sides—and each will prove conclusively that the other is all "hooey." So I can take my own choice, or stand right where I stood—undisturbed.—*J. W. Newell.*

CONTENTS NOTED

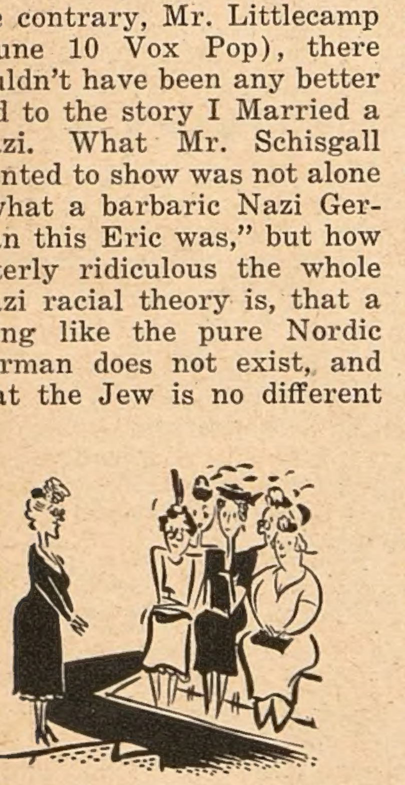
MOUNT VERNON, ILL.—Nice fella, this Vox Pop editor! Thanks for letting us in on what the April letters to Liberty contained.

Up till now I thought that only a few letters "popped" into the magazine, while the others, vaguely noticed, melted into oblivion.

Now I am assured that these missiles on paper are opened and their contents noted.—*Margaret Shirley.*

A BETTER END IMPOSSIBLE

LOS ANGELES, CALIF.—On the contrary, Mr. Littlecamp (June 10 Vox Pop), there couldn't have been any better end to the story I Married a Nazi. What Mr. Schisgall wanted to show was not alone "what a barbaric Nazi German this Eric was," but how utterly ridiculous the whole Nazi racial theory is, that a thing like the pure Nordic German does not exist, and that the Jew is no different from any other human being.



We need stories showing us the ugly sides of Fascism and of racial intolerance, especially at a time when even this haven of democracy is threatened by the "anti-Semitic bug" trying to get a foothold in America.—*W. F. G.*

WINNER OF VALOR MEDAL THANKS MR. MACFADDEN

NEW YORK, N. Y.—It is with great difficulty, after days of thought, that I try to appropriately acknowledge and thank you for your recent grand tribute to me. I cannot adequately tell you how deeply I appreciate being chosen to receive the Liberty Medal for Valor in Citizenship award. To believe that my humble contribution to society was commensurate with this high honor is in itself difficult.

The medal will always remind me of the greatness of a great man; to inspire me to try to be worthy of his acknowledgement as he continues his crusade to make ours a better country for all Americans. Mr. Macfadden's crusade is a greater tribute to him than all my humble words could express.

To know that I have contributed in a small way to make such a grand cause eventually successful is inexpressibly gratifying.—*Maynard M. Berry.*

TWO YOLKS IN ONE EGG

GALVESTON, TEX.—Two yolks in one egg is a very common occurrence where poultry is handled extensively. It is much larger than the natural egg and has a ridge around its center. It is not an egg that one would select to place under the hen or incubator. For that reason the double-yolked egg seldom gets a chance for a test in hatching. Adam Carnavelli (June 10 Vox Pop) has asked: "Was it ever possible for two chicks to hatch out of one egg?" The answer is no! But often two-in-one chicks will grow to hatching maturity, then die in the shell.

A double-yolked egg is as fertile as any egg. But it would be impossible for two chicks grown together to break the circle around the shell required to set them free. —*A. B. Caldwell.*

LADY ASTOR'S FIRST HUSBAND

HONOLULU, T. H.—There is a letter headed Cliveden Set Exists in June 3 Vox Pop. Would the writer please tell Liberty readers who was the first husband of Nancy Astor?

Could Nancy have been the one of the famous Langhorne girls who was married to an army captain who was stationed at Fort Scott (San Francisco), California, about 1903?

Very interested, so please give us the data.—*Martha Colin.*

[Yes, Nancy Astor was one of the Langhorne sisters of Virginia. Her first husband was Robert Gould Shaw, whom she divorced in 1903.—VOX POP EDITOR.]

TELL CAPTAIN W. A. FROST

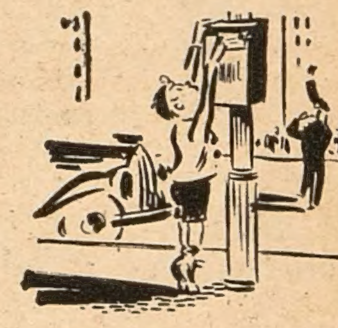
SEATTLE, WASH.—Tell Captain Walter Archer Frost (June 10 Liberty) that all the Nevada range horses which were bought on contract at Reno stockyards for the United States army were halter-broke and ridden for wind by cowboys — inspected and branded by officers sent out from Fort Keogh Remount Depot (Miles City, Montana), before being shipped to remount camps for training and assignment to units before transported overseas.

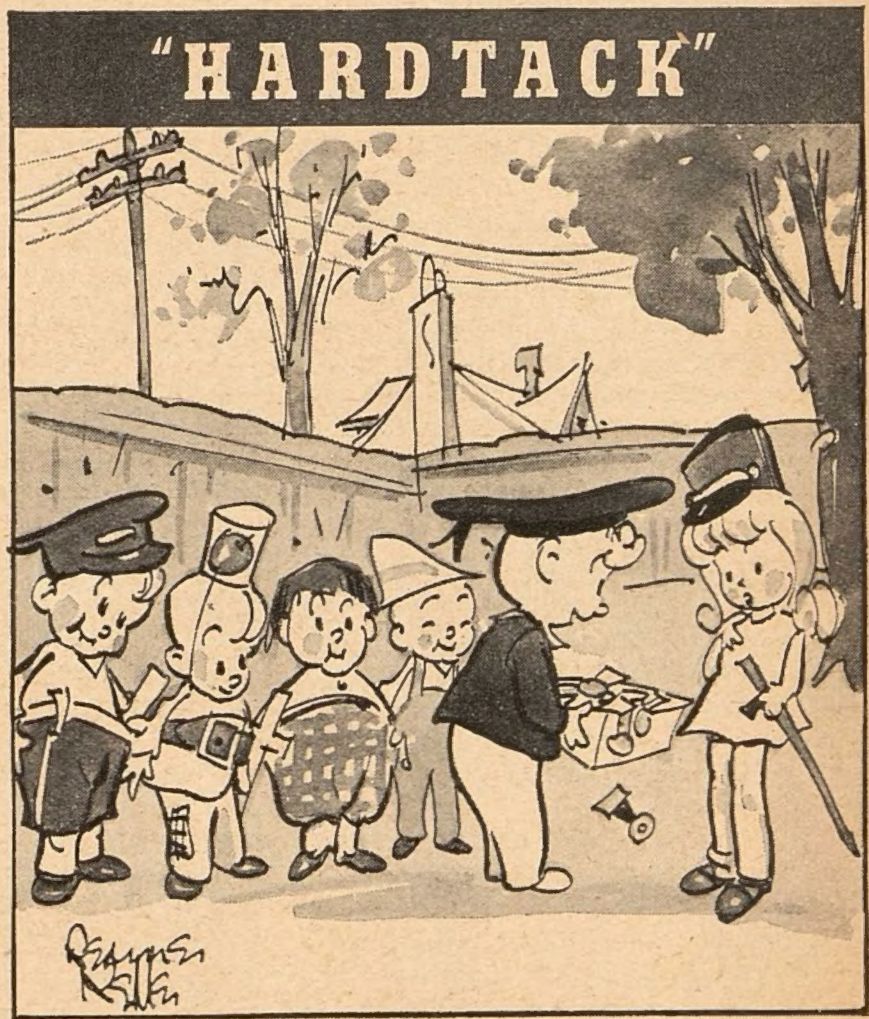
And they rode in cattle cars —not in freight or box cars. Bet his Dunkirk horses came from Spain—if his "true tale" ever happened in France.—*Yohn Yohnson (Clerk, Q. M. C.)*

DUMMIES ARE EQUAL

NOGALES, ARIZ. — Letters have now been published from a couple of dummies in Vox Pop, so it becomes obvious that one way of getting into print is to be a dummy.

However, all of you unhappy flesh-and-blood letter writers may get a few sweet drips of consolation from the following happy thought: If you send in a letter and it is not published, that proves you are considered of less importance to the other readers than a dummy. If you do get it published, about the best you can figure is that you and the dummies are equal. That goes for me too! —*Gabe.*





"You're supposed to be a French general an' every time you pin a medal on us you kiss us! See?"

The Lawyer-Criminal

FULTON OURSLER
© George Maillard Kesslere

WE AMERICANS are a strange people. We believe in freedom so deeply that we surround even the worst criminals with extraordinary safeguards. In no other country in the world can a man accused of a major crime delay his final punishment for so long a time as in the United States of America. Our laws pile up methods of delay higher and higher, and they are full of loopholes. This has resulted in a prosperous business for lawyers who specialize in criminal defense. . . . Now, of course, there is nothing intrinsically despicable in the practice of criminal law. Instead, the right of accused citizens to a full defense is a precious part of Americanism. The whole fabric of our criminal jurisprudence is based on the theory that a man is presumed to be innocent until he is proved to be guilty. . . . Members of the American bar who practice criminal law are, for the most part, men of unquestionable integrity. There are, however, lawyers, in the minority, who can best be described as lawyer-criminals. These scoundrels not only defend lawbreakers, once they are in the toils, but they also counsel their clients on how to commit high crimes and escape punishment. . . . As State's Attorney Courtney of Cook County, Illinois, once put it: " What would you think of doctors who, faced with an epidemic of smallpox or yellow fever, would sedulously go about spreading the germs? " Yet that is what these lawyer-criminals do. Furthermore, as many distinguished attorneys have pointed out, the organized legal profession has been slow to attack these parasites. One president of the American Bar Association reproved his fellow members for their inattention to this great and growing evil.

I AM CONVINCED that the American people do not realize the seriousness of this situation. To bring the whole matter out into the light, Liberty, next week, will begin the publication of an extraordinary series of articles. I say extraordinary advisedly. The revelations of legal duplicity contained in this series amount to treason against society. . . . The authority for these revelations is equally extraordinary. The facts will be brought to you by Samuel S. Leibowitz, one of the most successful modern practitioners in criminal law. I do not have the figures, but I am told Mr. Leibowitz has saved nearly one hundred persons from the electric chair. He knows as do few men the truth about the practice of criminal law. Next week he will point a straight finger at these malefactors who as members of the bar are officers in the American courts. . . . Here we go to the very core of our crime problem—a problem which is costing the American people not only in taxes but in increased cost of living more than $15,000,000,000 a year. If you could correct the conditions which Liberty will expose to you in next week's issue, every meal that you eat, every month's rent that you pay, every garment that you wear would cost you a great deal less. These are more than merely exciting articles: they are something which every American citizen should know and ponder.

THE WHOLE ISSUE next week is filled with dramatic and exciting material. First, among the contributors is Mahatma Gandhi, wise man of India, who will tell you some interesting facts and opinions about birth control. And Margaret Sanger, leading American advocate of birth control, will take the other side of the debate. Anthony Eden will tell you in so many words Why Britain Needs Russia. There will be interesting short stories and articles by Ethel Doherty and Louise Long, Elisabeth Sanxay Holding, Floyd Starr, and Fred Collins, together with installments of our current serials.

A CURIOUS THING happened at a meeting in a great Eastern university recently. The president of the university was making a speech to students and their friends. We will call him President Blank. One of the students in the audience disliked President Blank exceedingly, and all during the speech he made contemptuous remarks, most of which he directed to a woman who sat beside him. Finally the woman asked:

" Do you know who I am? "

" No," said the young man. " Who are you? "

" I," announced the woman, " am Mrs. Blank."

There was a moment's silence. Then the young man asked:

" Do you know who I am? "

" No," replied the lady.

" Then," said the young man, " thank God! "

☆

THANKS! Hope to see you all right here with us again next Wednesday.

FULTON OURSLER.

Liberty

for Liberals with Common Sense

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The names and the descriptions of all characters in the fiction stories appearing in Liberty are wholly fictitious. If there is any resemblance, in name or in description, to any person, living or dead, it is purely a coincidence.

COVER BY GORDON RAYNER

$ $ YOU CAN EARN $ $

Turn your HUMOR into MONEY by SIDNEY K. MARGOLIS
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WILLIAM ALLAN
Making Amateur Photography Pay
HOW TO SELL YOUR PICTURES
Introduction by D. MORGAN
A Small Business of Your Own
WITHOUT CAPITAL INVESTMENT
1000 SPARE TIME MONEY
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Physical Culture
MAKING ART PAY
THE SECRETS OF CARTOONING
AN INSTRUCTION BOOK ON HUMOROUS DRAWING
PRICE $1.00
BY CHUCK THORNDIKE

1. HOW AND WHERE TO SELL JOKES, WISECRACKS, ETC.—By S. Margolis
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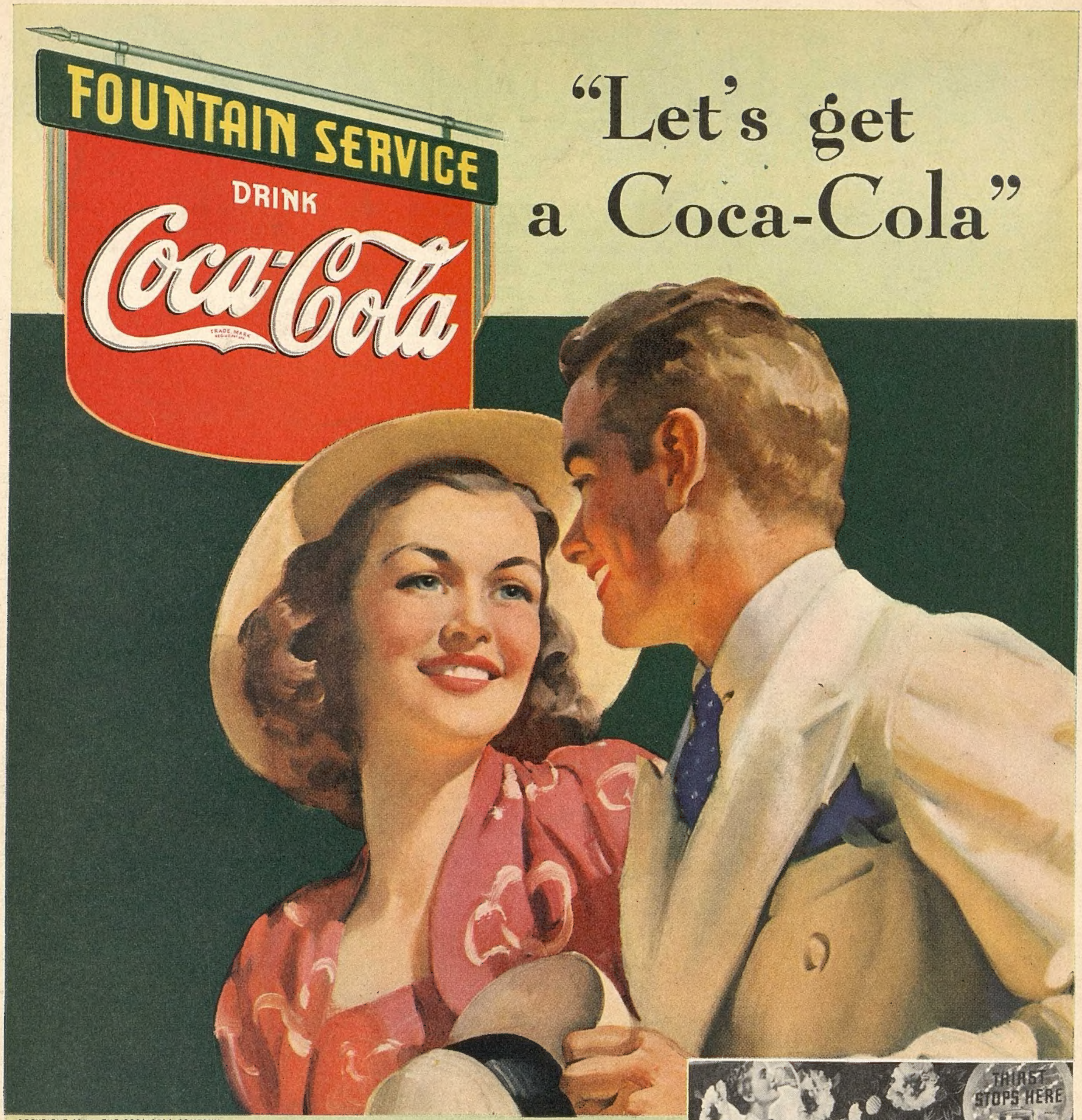
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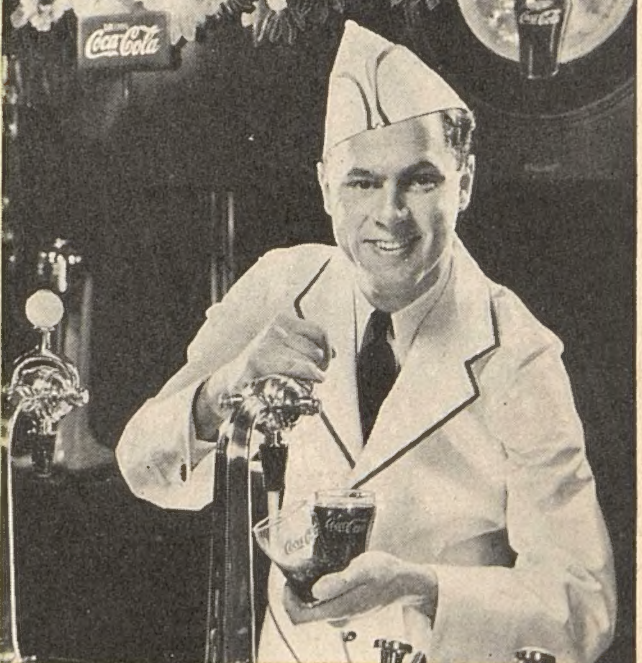
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